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JONES WISTER'S
REMINISCENCES

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**JONES WISTER'S
REMINISCENCES**

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Jones Myster
1917

JONES WISTER'S "REMINISCENCES

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION BY

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DEDICATED
TO
THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDFATHER
JOHN WISTER, OF GERMANTOWN
WHOSE PURE AND SIMPLE LIFE
HAS BEEN AN EXAMPLE TO HIS
DESCENDANTS

M178994

FOREWORD

ALL those who had the pleasure and privilege of knowing Jones Wister, and appreciating a personality genial and magnetic, will enjoy reading these reminiscences which, written in terse style, cover a long period of time. His contemporaries can recall and live again the good old times when Germantown and its surroundings were practically suburban farms, and the streams which have become culverts were fishing grounds for the neighborhood. The days when, as children, they indulged in adventures and escapades, will be recalled only by the reiteration of memories of landmarks now covered by the extension of a large city.

The descendants of Mr. Wister and his contemporaries can read of what their ancestors and their elders did when they were young and active; the introduction and beginnings of the game of cricket in Philadelphia and the history of the various clubs.

Mr. Wister's reminiscences of the Civil War recall to us the personalities of many of our friends whom the younger generation know as old men, and they will marvel at what they did in those perilous days when Pennsylvania was invaded by the Confederate forces and the battle of Gettysburg was fought.

It was about the beginning of the Civil War that Mr. Wister first began work in the iron business, and the vicissitudes and successes of several furnaces near Harrisburg are extremely interesting.

As Mr. Wister grew older he was fond of travelling.

His descriptions are unusual and intimate. Wherever he went he met or travelled with people we know of, and with whom we are personally acquainted, which makes these reminiscences particularly interesting, imparting, as they do, the feeling almost of companionship, while their parties are enjoying scenery and various incidents.

Mr. Wister also touches on club life and social functions in which he was active.

Mr. Wister had intended to collate and prepare these papers for publication himself, but such literary work, as in this case, is usually interfered with by death and must be finally arranged by the survivor most interested in its completion.

A biography or book of reminiscences is one of the most lasting monuments to the memory of a loved individual. It was with this thought that Mrs. Wister has endeavored to carry out his wishes, and edit the present volume.

J. BERTRAM LIPPINCOTT

May, 1920

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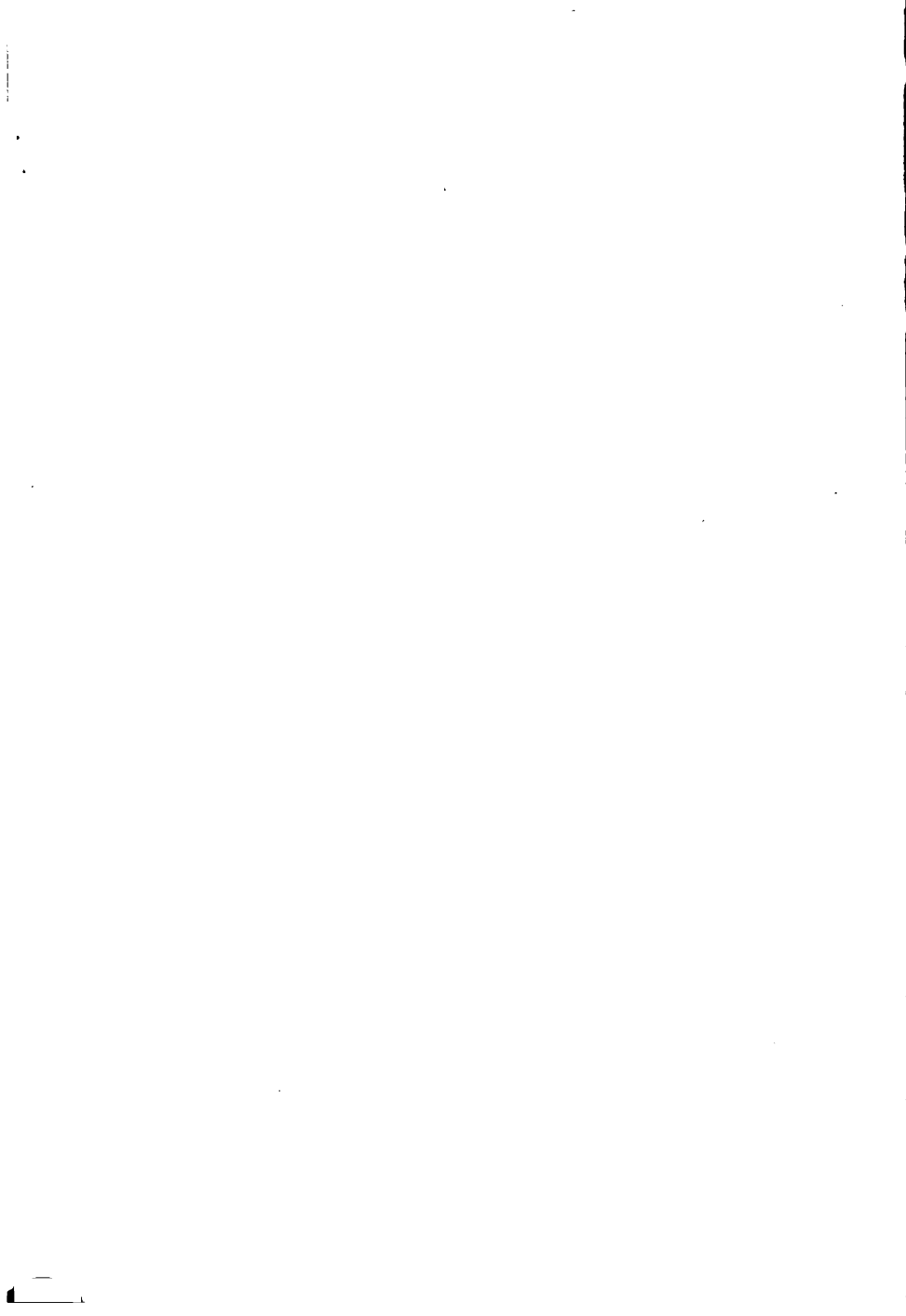
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INTRODUCTION

THE Raim Tuppani Society, of which Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer was originator and first president, met February 4, 1913, at the house, 321 South Fourth Street, of her successor in office, Mrs. Charles Penrose Keith, my cousin and daughter of Louis Wister of Wynnewood. Usually there was a lecture, or pictures, or something provided in the way of entertainment. This evening, however, was expected to be one of conversation only, with refreshments later. I had written a doggerel on Jonah that morning and took it with me, thinking that it might amuse the company. In introducing the subject I could not help bringing in my memories of Vernon, my grandfather, Daniel Stroup, etc., and applause encouraged me to continue. Later in the evening several of my friends begged me to write down my reminiscences before I forgot them. This I have endeavored to do in the following pages.

JONES WISTER



JONES WISTER'S REMINISCENCES

ORIGIN OF THE WISTERS

THE first Wister of whom we have authentic record was named Wüster, as evidenced by the musty church-record in the village of Hillspach near Heidelberg. Hans Caspar Wüster was chief jager, or huntsman, to the Prince Palatine of the Duchy of Baden. He had two sons, Caspar, born 1696, and John, born 1708. Caspar was intended by his father to be his successor in office, and to this end was presented with a rifle and trained to become a good shot.

Caspar, however, had other views for himself. He was ambitious and adventurous, listened to wonderful tales of the New World, and, disregarding the wishes of his father, emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1717, bringing his rifle as a mascot. Either it, or his own ability, brought him success, for he prospered and made friends, became rich and influential, and wrote many letters to his brother John, urging him to join him. One of Caspar's daughters married a Morris, hence the connection between the two families. Caspar established the first glass and button factory in America. Caspar had a mind of his own, and was independent of public opinion. He was also something of a politician.

Once he was persuaded to become a candidate for an office in Philadelphia. Elections in those days were not

unlike those held at present. Nothing was left untried that might help defeat an opponent. Caspar's character was unimpeachable, and as they were not able to assail him on that point, they tried ridicule. An absurd rumor was circulated that in his youth he had wheeled ashes for a living. This was untrue, but Caspar considered it beneath his dignity to make denial. Coming later in the day to see how the election was progressing, he found a man wheeling a barrow full of ashes up and down the sidewalk in front of the booth. Caspar had a keen sense of humor; he saw that the laborer was awkward and new to his work, and said to him: "Friend, let me have thy barrow, and I will show thee how to wheel ashes," whereupon, taking hold of the shafts, he wheeled it to its destination, amid the cheers of the crowd, who triumphantly elected him. Many years afterwards my grandfather was twitted by a rude guest at a stag dinner, "that the Wisters were nobodies, and that his father had wheeled ashes for a living," at which my grandfather kept his temper and calmly replied: "How fortunate for you, for if your ancestors had ever wheeled ashes for a living, you might still be engaged in the same occupation." This saying became celebrated, and was many times quoted. Not so very long ago, a successful financier of this city was insulted in the same manner, and quoted the above repartee in answer.

JOHN THE FIRST

JOHN WISTER, my great-great-grandfather, Caspar's brother, was devoted to his father, who depended upon his help, the more on account of Caspar's absence. But after his father's death in 1727, there was no reason why he should not, being then nineteen years old, follow Caspar to Philadelphia.

The vessel in which he sailed took four months to make the voyage. On arriving he was warmly welcomed by Caspar, who immediately took him into partnership. They did well from the first; amassed a fortune which they invested in property, some on Market Street near Third, also in Germantown, and elsewhere in Pennsylvania, part of which is still owned by their descendants.

Deeds were not carefully made out in those days, and mistakes occurred—hence, John's name became Wister, and Caspar's surname, Wistar, which explains the difference in spelling of the two branches of the same family. Since which time there have been so many Wisters and Wistars prominent in public and social life that both methods are likely to continue.

John Wister built the house at 325 Market Street, where his children were born. He married three times; his first wife had only one child, a daughter named Salome, who married William Chancellor. His second wife was Anna Kathrina Rubehcam, daughter of a clergyman of Wangfried, in Hesse-Cassel, Germany. They had two sons, Daniel, born 1738, and William, born 1746. His third wife, Anna Thoman, was a Moravian nun

from Ephrata Cloisters, Lancaster County. She was a native of Bubendorf, Switzerland, and came to this country with her father in 1736. She was a religious enthusiast, and nearly persuaded the old gentleman to join her sect. It was through her that he met and became intimate with Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian apostle.

John Wister also built Grumblethorpe as a summer residence in 1744. It was located on Germantown Avenue, opposite Queen Lane. It was here that General Agnew, of the British Army, at the time of the battle of Germantown, was carried and laid on the floor, where he died of a mortal wound.

Everything in the house has been carefully kept as much as possible as it was at that time, more than one hundred and forty years ago. The blood stains on the floor, still visible, where they flowed from General Agnew's side, have never been disturbed, and remain as a memento of our Revolutionary War.

The house was left by will to Charles Jones Wister, my great-uncle and grandfather's brother, son of Daniel Wister. He lived at Grumblethorpe until his death. After his demise it was occupied by his son, Charles Jones Wister, Jr.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

CLEVER VERSES BY MY COUSIN, SUSAN STEVENSON

A noble family of high degree
Honest old Jagers, bold and true,
Boasted an ancient pedigree,
They spelled their name with a 'W,u.'

Would that I had both time and space
To give an account of this stalwart race,
Who really had not the wealth, you see,
Befitting this wonderful pedigree.

To the New World, then, this family came,
With a very high tree and an honest name:
"Lebe wohl dem Vaterland," said they,
And over the sea they sailed away.

They planted their tree in a favored spot,
And nice little piles of money they got:
But when buttons went up, and fortunes, too,
They said, "We will drop the W, u."

So the family met, and they all agreed
That W, i, would better read:
Said they, "We are stark und jung und frei,
Let's spell our name with a W, i."

Now their talents began to unfold,
And all that they touched they turned to gold;
The piles of their parchments and deeds grew high,
And all on account of the "W, i."

Soon came a question they could not solve,
And deep discussion it did involve,
For the learned lawyers, so they say,
Drew up their deeds with the letter "a."

Great was the shock, as you may suppose,
But Caspar, the eldest of all, arose;
"It has long been a family trait," said he,
"To hold on to our deeds; so we'll drop the e."

And then the family came out in force:
And said, "We must keep to the 'e,' of course."
But Caspar said, "Good friends, nay, nay,
Our name must be spelled with the letter a."

The discussion goes on, and it always will;
One branch holds on to the t, e; still;
But t'other half say, it is better by far
To spell the name with a t, a, r.

They all unite in dropping the u,
As the very best thing that they could do,
But the question is much more important, you see,
When one has to decide 'twixt an a and an e.

And so we leave them all by the ears;
Each branch its own little letter reveres,
And a heartless world goes on the same,
No matter how they spell their name.

MYERSTOWN

THE brothers, the original Caspar and John, leased land to the Myerstown Pennsylvania Lutheran Church, for which they charged a rental of one red rose every June. I was at Myerstown 175 years later when this rent was paid to their descendants.

Roland Morris, now our American minister to Japan, on this occasion made his maiden speech. Augusta West was then engaged to be married to him, and was, of course, very anxious to be present at the exercises. He discouraged her, saying that, "If he knew she was in the audience, he might become nervous and break down."

She pretended to acquiesce, but nevertheless coaxed her younger brother, Shippen, to accompany her to Myers-town. They took the same train we did, leaving at 7 A.M. that Sunday from Philadelphia. Having Augusta with us, we did not immediately join the other members of the family, but ate our dinner at the inn. Finding that the landlady was one of the singers in the choir, her sympathies were enlisted in the lovers' behalf, and she took Miss West to the choir loft, where Augusta could hear and see everything.

Meanwhile, we repaired to the parsonage, where an abundance of good food had been spread for the visitors—I do not think I ever saw more roast chicken and delicious fruit and cake. We found John Morris and his charming sister Lydia, also Elliston Morris and many others of the Wisters and Wistars and Morris families. A procession was formed to go up to the church. We were shown to the second pew on the middle aisle, just behind the speakers.

When Morris had finished his address, flushed and justly proud of himself, as he had made a good speech and delivered it well, I leaned over the back of the pew and asked, "Don't you wish Augusta could have heard you?" He answered, "I would give anything to have had her here." I said, "Well, I think if you will look in the organ loft, you may find her." I believe I was almost as pleased to be able to say this to him as he was to hear such good news.

WILLIAM WISTER, FINANCIER

My great-uncle, William, succeeded his father, John Wister, in business and became one of the leading merchants of Philadelphia. He never married, was a distinguished patriot, and left behind him an enviable reputation. When the credit of the Colonies was at its ebb in the 1770's, he was requested by the Provincial Assembly to endorse their currency. This he did, with the help of his two cousins, Colonel Samuel Miles, and Owen Jones, Jr., Treasurer of Pennsylvania. The value of this issue of money was based on the value of property owned by the endorsers. I possess two samples of this paper money, framed so as to show both sides of the currency, with a signature on either side, William Wister one side, and Owen Jones the other (facsimile reproduced).

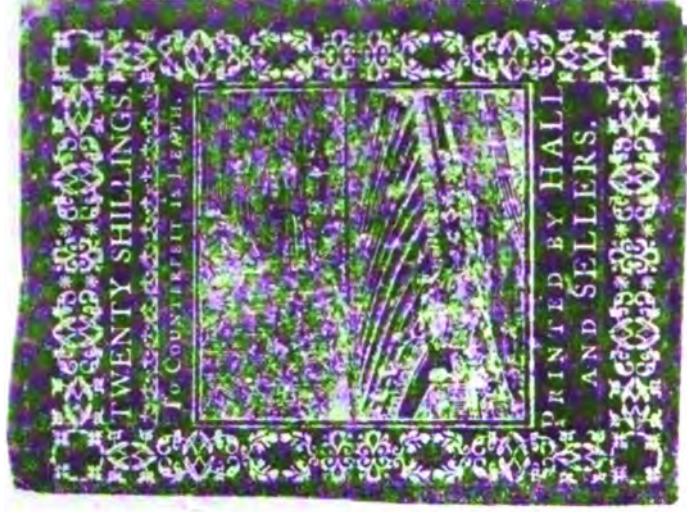
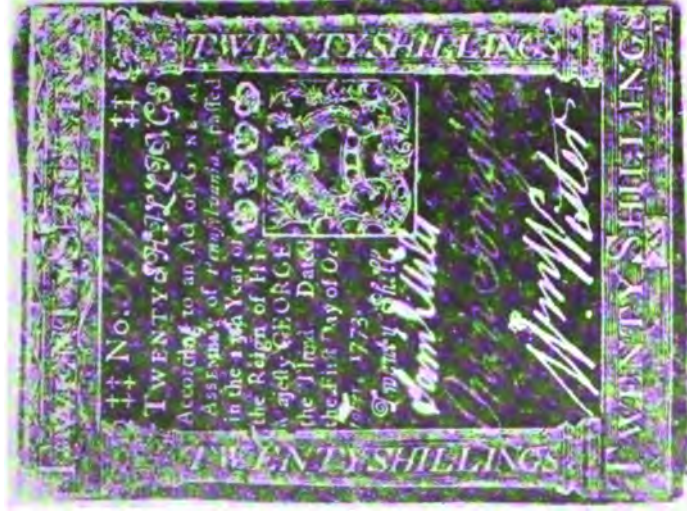
My great-uncle, William, was familiarly known as "Uncle Billy." He was genial, generous, hospitable to a fault, and rather enjoyed being imposed upon.

One morning Louis Gerranger, a Frenchman by birth, officer and survivor of the Revolutionary War, presented himself in my uncle's home presumably to make a short call. But he talked and smoked and related anecdote after anecdote—that Uncle Billy was very agreeably entertained, and the morning passed all too quickly, with such an amusing guest, so my great-uncle invited him to stay to dinner, the mid-day meal. Gerranger stayed, enjoyed the meal, liked his host, and thoroughly appreciated his surroundings.

He was no fool, and spent the afternoon as he had the morning, to such good purpose that he was invited to



COLONIAL CURRENCY, 50 SHILLINGS



COLONIAL CURRENCY, 20 SHILLINGS

stay to supper, and later, to spend the night. He accepted all these invitations and all other invitations from my kind-hearted uncle, who evidently thought it discourteous not to renew them to such a congenial companion, until having stayed on over the next day, and the day following, and so on, he remained a fixture for twenty years, until the death of his good-natured host.

He would have liked to prolong his stay as long as he lived had the family been willing, but they were tired of him. His welcome was many times worn out, for as he grew older his manners became offensive, but he was endured because he pleased Uncle Billy, and was never permitted to know what a nuisance he was considered. He disappeared from Germantown after my uncle's death, and history does not record anything further of his life. He was dubbed "Curranger, or Currant Jelly." Notwithstanding his sponging disposition, he was always treated by Uncle Billy as an honored guest.

Curranger always looked and carried himself like a soldier, was almost of his host's height and build, and Uncle Billy's discarded clothes fitted as well on him as though freshly come from a tailor. He acted as if he conferred a favor by showing them off, never appearing or considering himself an object of charity.

Uncle Billy had another spoiled parasite, a semi-civilized lazy Indian servant, from whom he endured much. His long-suffering patience at last gave way in this wise.

There was a lot of wood lying around the stable yard with the Indian lounging near by. Uncle William told him to gather and pile it up, to which the Indian impudently retorted, "There is not enough work in it for both of us, so, Billy, you had better pile it up yourself." Of course, the Indian was dismissed.

DANIEL, GREAT-GRANDFATHER

DANIEL WISTER, oldest brother of "Uncle Billy," married Lowry Jones May 5, 1760. Her father was Owen Jones of Lower Merion and Philadelphia, and Provincial Treasurer of Pennsylvania, whose signature adorned the Colonial notes with that of William Wister.

Lowry Jones was a descendant of Dr. Thomas Wynne of Wynnewood, who came over in the ship *Welcome* with William Penn, 1682. Daniel and Lowry lived in the house their father had built, 325 Market Street, and their children were born there.

The eldest, Sarah, author of "Sallie Wister's Diary," was born 1762, John Wister, of Vernon, my grandfather, born 1776, and Charles Jones Wister, my great-uncle, born 1782.

Hannah Foulke, widow, lived with her family in a large mansion built by her husband's grandfather, on a farm at Gwynedd in North Wales, on the banks of the Wissahickon. The water was dammed and its power fed the wheels of a flour mill, which had been worked by her husband, William Foulke. The mill I remember well. It has been pulled down; the house is still standing and appears much as it was in Colonial days. It is located a short distance from what is now known as Penllyn Station on the Reading Railroad. The Foulkes were connections by marriage of the Wisters, and were very intimate, called each other "cousins," and the older people were called aunt and uncle by the children.

John Wister, Daniel's father, was living at Grumblethorpe in 1776, and his son Daniel and wife spent that

summer with him. In the autumn they returned to Philadelphia at 325 Market Street, intending to winter there. Daniel and Lowry, being Quakers, found it very unpleasant to be in Philadelphia because occupied by the British, and in 1777, after the battle of Brandywine, they drove with their family to the Foulke mansion, as being far removed from the excitement of war. That they did not entirely escape its influence is quaintly told by my great-aunt, Sally Wister, in her "Diary," in the form of letters written to her school friend, Deborah Norris, afterwards Mrs. George Logan. The Norrises lived in a mansion east of the State House, located on what is now Custom House property. Deborah, then a girl of fifteen, sat on the fence rails and listened while the Declaration of Independence was being read.

Daniel and Lowry were wise parents, and brought up their children well, giving them the best education to be obtained. Daniel died in 1805, and Lowry some years earlier. He was a good manager and left a prosperous business to be conducted by my grandfather, John Wister, of Vernon.

JOHN WISTER, GRANDFATHER

JOHN WISTER, son of Daniel Wister, was one of nine children, most of whom died in infancy. He belonged to the third generation of Wisters in this country. Born in 1776, the year of our independence, he lived until 1862, more than a year after our Civil War began. I was twenty-three years of age when he died. The family mansion was located between Germantown Avenue and Greene Street, above Cheltenham Avenue, and called Vernon, after "Di Vernon," the heroine of "Waverley." The grounds were separated from Cheltenham Avenue, before the avenue was anything but a cow-path, by properties over one hundred and fifty feet in depth. This strip of ground was offered to my grandfather for four thousand dollars, but he considered the price too high and did not purchase. The eastern branch of the Wingohocken Creek rose from his spring-house in a meadow, where his milk was kept, his butter churned, and where many a poor woman received a daily supply of milk, and later shed tears over his grave.

He was a remarkable man, beloved of rich and poor; it was a privilege to know him. The affection between my grandfather and me was unusual, my respect and veneration for him amounted nearly to worship. He was my model for everything good. I carried to him all my boyhood troubles for sympathy and always found him a patient listener and wise counsellor. Many of the happiest of my early days were spent with him at Vernon. Very precious are my memories of that period. To his anecdotes I am indebted for "Reminiscences" which antedate my memory. My grandfather when quite young

went into business with his uncle, William, the financier, first as clerk, and afterwards as partner, until having acquired a competency, he retired to private life. Though a Friend or Quaker, he was not a Tory, and was a strong supporter of Washington and his governmental policy. He was therefore a Republican, opposing the views of the Federalists. Although a good business man he loved outdoor life, and in early manhood was inclined to be a sportsman. He was at that time convivially inclined, and associated out of working hours with other young men of his day. Also took delight in fox-hunting, and followed the hounds while wearing the fancy colors of that exciting amusement.

He belonged to several clubs, the most celebrated of which was "The Dennie," a musical and literary association of friends of Joseph Dennie, editor of *The Portfolio*. Charles J. Wister, my great-uncle, frequently accepted invitations to their meetings, dinners, and suppers. Josiah Quincy, in his Manual, states that "The Dennie" became the centre of a brilliant circle of accomplished men in Philadelphia, to whose social and intellectual virtues the poet, Thomas Moore, reported his authentic testimony. In 1804, while visiting Philadelphia, he was made a guest of the club. Charles Jones Wister speaks of hearing John Markoe sing Moore's Melodies and of being present when Moore was being entertained and sang some of his own songs.

My grandfather's ordinary dress at this period was that of other society men, much to the discomfort of his demure Quaker acquaintances. He belonged to the Orthodox Friends' Society and attended meeting with great regularity every First and Fifth day, wearing short clothes, his silk stockings tied at the knee with prodig-

ious bowknots of ribbon. This was considered a bad example, and he was rebuked in meeting for leading such a worldly life.

Some years after this he met with a dreadful accident which brought his active pleasures and athletic sports to a sad end. One day, while on his way to the city, his sleigh was run into on Market Street and overturned by a heavily laden ice cart, the wheel of which ran over and crushed both his legs above the ankles. They were not amputated, but the injuries were so severe that the sores never healed. He endured these wounds through his long life without complaint, though never free from pain, and bore his affliction with Spartan fortitude. He was a philosopher, fond of his home and proud of his family, so that the change in his manner of life was not so difficult of adoption as might be supposed. Always after this accident he wore long trousers, and used the help of a stick, without which he was unable to walk. But so well did he disguise his lameness that his plain hickory stick seemed only an accessory and not a necessity, enabling him to maintain a correct and manly attitude.

Great regularity now marked the life of my grandfather. His tastes were simple and rural. He was a lover of nature and admired beauty in every form, whether animate or inanimate, with the eye of a connoisseur. His was a simple life, hospitable and charitable. My memory of him dates back to 1842. There was scarcely a day, after I was able to walk, that I did not see him. Many a thoughtful act of kindness, and quiet planning for my happiness, I traced to him and loved him the more. After he died, when I was a grown man, I felt that I owed him a debt of grateful appreciation which it seemed impossible to pay. Is it then to be wondered at when in later

years I visited the celebrated Campo Santa at Genoa in 1900, where so many illustrious Italians are buried beneath those marble halls and saw their deeds in life commemorated on their tombs—a navigator would have a ship carved on the stone; an astronomer, a telescope; while a soldier would have a sword or musket to designate him—that I then and there conceived the idea of a substantial memorial to my grandfather in the shape of a statue in bronze, portraying him as he appeared in life, and placing it at Vernon? As the family estate had been bought by the City of Philadelphia, to be used forever as one of its parks, and the mansion occupied as a museum by the Site and Relic Society of Germantown, I knew that the statue would be a welcome addition to their collection. A cousin in Florence, named Caccia, recommended to me Raphael Romanelli, a celebrated sculptor of that city, to execute the work. I visited him, was pleased with his surroundings, admired the sculpture in his studio which showed him to be a man of genius, made arrangements, and learned what would be required before he could begin the task.

There were difficulties to be overcome. When I returned home I found that my grandfather had never been photographed, and that the only likeness of him in existence was a plaster cast of his head and face taken after death by John Furness, by order of his brother, my great-uncle. This was all I had to begin with. Romanelli desired the figure to be in short clothes as most artistic. It was impossible to buy such a suit, so I ordered one made for myself, such as my grandfather must have worn before I remembered him. He always wore a white beaver hat, which seldom left his head, except when he was asleep. At first it seemed impossible

to secure one of these, but I discovered an old white beaver hat like his on loan in the Pennsylvania Museum at Memorial Hall. After writing to the owner, I secured permission to be photographed with it on my head. I was about his size and build, and arrayed as I wished the statue to appear, with a stout stick such as my grandfather always carried in my hand. I was posed many times by my friend James Wood of Philadelphia, and photographs taken from every side, so that Romanelli's work should be as accurate as possible.

However, when Romanelli had finished his first model in plaster, and sent photographs of the same to me, I exhibited them to members of the family and friends who had known him in life. They objected to the levity which would be associated by posterity with the dignified John Wister of Vernon if thus exhibited, although they all knew he had worn them before they were old enough to remember him in short clothes. Charles Jones Wister, Jr., my cousin, seventeen years older than I, and Mrs. Caspar Wister advised long trousers. So I reluctantly consented to wear pantaloons for further photographs. After a year or more, with many exchanges of letters and photographs, the figure was boxed and forwarded to America.

For a long while the statue stood in the house, in front of the mantel at Vernon, in what had been the library of my grandfather. It seemed, however, too large to remain indoors and I consented to have it removed outside, in front of the house, the more readily as there it would be safer in case of fire.

After much deliberation I feel glad that my grandfather will forever be remembered as I remember him, in the garb of his mature years, rather than as he appeared in the days of his rollicking youth. The statue



BRONZE STATUE

Erected by Jones Wister, of John Wister, his
Grandfather, at Vernon, Germantown

THE
WISTER
STATUE
AT
VERNON,
GERMANTOWN

70 1961
1960 1961

portrays his habitual attitude, the stick being his constant companion. His statue is garbed as a plain Friend, a dark brown shad-belly coat and vest, with light drab-colored pantaloons. Low shoes with silver buckles and a light grayish drab color beaver hat—the latter an object of pride with many Quakers of that period. My grandfather was singularly oblivious of adverse criticism. Many times have I seen him brush the long silk of his hat to the utmost smoothness and then undo the beautiful gloss by brushing it all the wrong way, compelling every hair to stand out from the hat, then placing it upon his head would walk to meeting, situated then as now on Main Street between School Lane and Coulter Street. He never, to my knowledge, went out of evenings. He enjoyed sitting in his library with as many of the family assembled as possible. I loved those evenings, and to be privileged to sit near him in front of the open fireplace while he read the daily newspaper, his Shakespeare, Walter Scott, the works of Voltaire, or his Bible.

The following is an obituary notice which appeared after his death. It is taken from Mr. C. J. Wister's memoirs:

“Within a few days death has taken from us one of our oldest and most valued residents—one whose high respectability was patent and unquestioned. Mr. John Wister was the head of a large, influential and wealthy family; his name and position were as familiar to this community for half a century, though living in close retirement, as if his life had been the most ostentatious and prominent. Few of our citizens can remember when, more than forty years ago, he retired with a very large fortune to his late residence in Germantown, where he found, during that long period, those enjoyments in the midst of a devoted fireside, which few so fondly appre-

ciated, and with which fewer have been blessed to the same extent. His peace appeared to lie around his own hearth. His home was his paradise, and all were made happy who came within its gates. Mr. Wister affected no display; there was not a grain of factitious pride in his nature. He possessed a firm and manly will, and had a decided opinion upon all questions; but in it all, there was an ever-flowing spring of geniality, extremely pleasing, and at once putting everybody at ease.

"If the acts of Mr. Wister are to be received as the best evidence of character, then there was no better Christian than he. Indeed, his whole life was a beautiful model for example. To an austere uprightness he added an unchangeable consistency and a religious affluence that pervaded his well-balanced mind, and illustrated his daily practice.

"No charity passed under his eye unassisted; nor no one deserving pity left him empty handed. Thus, while he shut himself up, technically, from 'society' and the 'world,' no one fulfilled his allotted duty more studiously, more usefully and more in accordance with the truest dictates of a discriminating wisdom and humanity.

"From our personal knowledge of the deceased, we are warranted in thus speaking of him. His memory requires no eulogium at the hands of any one. Sufficient, be it to say, that no man has passed through life more scathless, so entirely unaffected with its worldliness, and heresies; or when laid in the receptacle of all the living, was more devoutly regretted than John Wister."

CHARLES JONES WISTER, GREAT-UNCLE

THE life of my great-uncle was dissimilar in many respects from that of my grandfather. His honored son, Charles Jones Wister, Jr.,* has written an interesting account of his life. The youngest of his family, born 1782, he early showed desire for learning and excelled at school and in college. He was celebrated as an astronomer, poet, lecturer and skilled mechanic.

Much time was given to his books and philosophical studies. His recreation was found in his workshop, where he had a forge, two turning lathes, and a cabinet-maker's workbench, together with numerous mechanical tools.

At the last visit I paid my cousin at Grumblethorpe, I asked permission to revisit his father's workshop, and found it just as I remembered and my great-uncle had left it, everything covered with dust, but intact, as it was sixty or seventy years ago. Nothing had been disturbed. He was to Germantown what the Weather Bureau is to the country. Three times daily he took the temperature, read his barometer, making careful notes, which were regularly published in the *Germantown Telegraph*, then owned and edited by Philip R. Freas.

The falls of snow were measured, noted, and published with his weather records.

He had also an observatory, equipped with a telescope, through which he watched the heavens, and upon

* The writer begs to say that he has read the memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Wister, Jr., and made extracts more or less extended, wherever possible, for which he desires to make thankful acknowledgment.

every clear day, observed the sun crossing the zenith. He issued bulletins of the time, and every clock in Germantown was set by his standard. After his death, his son Charles continued these observations, faithfully following the lines laid down by his father.

Charles Jones Wister was one of the founders of the Bank of Germantown, was elected its president, and the lithograph of his face decorated the notes of that institution. He remained at its head until his death in 1865. He was a remarkably versatile genius, for besides all his other accomplishments, he could repair clocks, and many which needed repairs were put into working order by his deft hands. As he charged nothing for his services, he always had plenty of business, and he specially delighted to repair as many clocks as the poor people of Germantown would bring to him.

There were many highly decorated English clocks, which were thought by the Quakers of Colonial days to be too gay for their domiciles; indeed, at one time this amounted to a Puritanical frenzy, and they banished from their houses everything beautiful, or which they considered gaudy. They even daubed paint over artistic designs.

At one time my father took one of these old-time pieces to Uncle Charles to repair. By a fortunate accident, his tool slipped, scratched through the paint, and showed bright brass beneath. This paint he carefully scraped off, and my father, when he went for it, could scarcely believe that it was the same clock, as it now boasted a bright gold and silver face, which had long been hidden and disfigured by a heavy coat of dark lead-colored paint, to make it conform to the spirit of the age.

I should have taken more interest in my great-uncle's educational researches, had not his shop possessed greater

attractions. The long and short foot lathe, beautiful cabinet-maker's bench, not to mention the blacksmith's forge, won my enchanted admiration, and were much more to my taste. For here it was that he turned the Wister tops, celebrated among all Germantown boys. These tops were made from dogwood, could not be split, but could split the tops of any playmate opponent, whose top was unlucky enough to be hit. A boy must be exceptionally agreeable to my uncle in order to get a top. He turned *lignum vitæ* tops and also of other materials for some of the boys he specially liked, and I remember that Jimmy Gates was presented with an ivory top, which boasted a brass plug, and was envied by every boy in Germantown.

There are a few men still living for whom my great-uncle turned a spinning top. I had one until recently, and think it only mislaid, and that some day I may find it. He was a merry and humorous old gentleman, and when a new boy would be presented to him would astonish him by asking, "Why is a cranberry tart like a pump handle?" After the boy had puzzled awhile, he would quietly say, "There is no resemblance."

My great-uncle died July 25, 1865.

CASPAR WISTER AND WISTAR

SEVERAL generations later Doctor Casper Wistar, born 1801, a descendant of Caspar, the emigrant, was a distinguished surgeon and professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania. He died in 1867. His popularity and hospitality were recognized by the eminent men of his generation. Every Saturday evening his salon was the resort of scientists, diplomats, and leaders of social life. His name is honored by a club bearing his name, called "Wistar Party," which meets on Saturday evenings.

Doctor Casper Wister, descendant of John, the emigrant, born 1818, died 1888, was equally well known for his intellectual attainments and great ability as a prominent citizen. He was a traveller and explorer, and an authority on professional matters. The Wistar Parties having been discontinued during the Civil War, on account of heated political discussions, they were not renewed until after the death of Caspar Wistar, when his cousin Caspar Wister assisted in reestablishing the Wistar association and Saturday Club.

He was married twice, his second wife being Annis Lee Furness, celebrated as a scholar and social leader, and also as an untiring worker in hospitals during the Civil War. Many a time have I heard her sing to the boys with a wonderfully modulated voice, which was so sympathetic that one felt as though one could listen to her forever. She was an accomplished linguist and translated many books from the German language. It was a rare privilege to hear her recite "The Old Cavalier."

Not the least impressive occasion was that of our

last visit to her, a few months before her death. She received us seated in her old-fashioned high-back arm-chair, in the dark-panelled room, with background of shelf upon shelf filled with rare books—gowned in white brocade satin and bag, with snowy lace upon her white hair, she made a never-to-be-forgotten picture, and looked like a sainted queen, too pure and good for this world. I forgot her age and helplessness and remembered only the alert, sprightly woman of Sanitary Fair days. We reminisced—the memories of her youth gave her inspiration, and with a voice strong and musical, she recited once more “The Old Cavalier.”

CHANCELLOR FAMILY

WE were connected with the Chancellors through the marriage of Salome, my great-aunt, with William Chancellor. The generation older than my own, the first I can remember, consisted of Wharton Chancellor, and his brothers Harry and William. The latter we called "Uncle." There was also a widowed sister, whose husband, William Twells, had been a great friend of my Uncle John's. She kept house for her brother, Wharton, at his beautiful country place, corner of School Lane and Township Line, now Wissahickon Avenue. I never could learn how it was that Wharton was wealthy and the others comparatively poor. Fortunately, Wharton was generous in the extreme.

He was peculiar, did not care for company, shunned society, was almost a recluse in his Germantown country home, and in his winter home on Chestnut Street.

Mrs. Twells had two daughters, Mary, who married a Mr. English, and Fanny, who remained single, and was a welcome guest at the house of her nephew Chancellor English, after the death of his mother. The latter married Emma R. Hughes.

William Chancellor was almost constantly outdoors, and his sun-burned face beamed with good humor. Uncle William, as we called him, was one of the best dressed men of his day. He took daily exercise on the back of an extremely well-groomed horse, spurred and gloved, and dressed in a dark coat with snow-white pantaloons. Every Sunday he rode over to Belfield to

see my father, but though he always stayed fifteen or twenty minutes, he never dismounted.

William's brother, Harry Chancellor, lived next door to the Germantown Academy; he and William both belonged to the Madeira Wine Party who met regularly once a week at each other's houses. His wife was hospitable and loved to entertain at dinners and parties and was good company. She was very stout, and would tell us many times how once when she had asked my brother Rodman, then a small boy, to sit on her lap he answered, "But you have no lap." This she considered a fine joke. The Chancellors were gourmands, and her table was renowned.

She regularly invited John Tucker, William Wynne Wister, Jr., Chapman Mitchell, George R. Wood and me to supper on Sunday evening, and we often met there.

She had five children: Mary, a beauty, who married Moffit and died in childbirth; Louisa, whose chief accomplishment was putting salt in the cup of tea of the one who had the misfortune of sitting next her at table. Caroline, another daughter, was very pretty, had plenty of attention, and later married George R. Wood, and had several children, one of whom painted excellent pictures.

There were also two sons, William Chancellor, Jr., and Harry Chancellor, Jr. The latter was a boy of ten or twelve, when we visited there. He was a great tease and torment to his sisters, but full of fun and a favorite with everybody.

After the Civil War began and Harry was a grown man, he volunteered for service in my brother Langhorne's Bucktail Regiment. He was a brave and gallant soldier, but lost a leg at Gettysburg and died of his wounds. This was a great trial to his family and friends.

William Chancellor, Jr., went to the Germantown Academy and was president of the John Dick Club, which met in the Chancellor barn to spar, have chicken fights, and play cards. Bill was an excellent man. He married twice.

My father was trustee for William Chancellor, Jr. After my father's death, my brother Langhorne inherited the trust. After Langhorne's death, the trust was inherited by my brother Rodman. Still later, after Rodman's death, his son, my nephew, Langhorne Wister, buried Mrs. Chancellor, and administered her small estate.

FIRST RECOLLECTIONS

My first recollection is of the large old-fashioned four-poster mahogany bedstead in which my parents slept, and of a trundle bed for my brother Frank and me, which was rolled under the big bed every morning out of sight, until needed again for us at night.

Christmas looms up in the misty beginning of all things, a prominent and joyous memory. We had been petted and spoiled by our mother and aunts, until we thought the world was made for us, and cried if we did not get everything we wanted. All our views of life were optimistic, we believed implicitly everything we were told. We thought our parents could do no wrong, therefore it was a great shock to me to learn that we had been systematically deceived, that there was no Santa Claus who drove his reindeer through space from chimney to chimney, but that it was our parents who filled our stockings and gave us our toys. I shall never forget my disappointment at the disillusion—not that it made any difference how my gifts came, so that I received them.

We had coaxed aunts and nurses to write letters to Kris, telling him of our wants, and for days before Christmas had had many misgivings lest he should get an inkling of some forbidden act, and deposit in our stocking a switch instead of something coveted.

Looking back, I think our parents enjoyed our pleasure on Christmas morning as much as we did ourselves, else they would not have hung our stockings by the fireplace in their bedroom, and were, in consequence, awakened by us at dawn, when we pried into our new treasures.

We then thought all the marvellous tales true of Jack, the Giant Killer, and Jack of the Beanstalk, and longed to rival their exploits, to kiss the beautiful sleeping princess in the wood, and carry her off in triumph. Fairies were as real to us as Santa Claus. I deplored the stupidity of the countryman, who killed the goose that laid golden eggs, and wished I could find the giant and kill him, who had so many bags of gold in his cellar!

What optimist could offer better imaginings? Perhaps the supernatural element about Santa Claus enhances his interest, but I question if it is right for parents to deceive their children even with the best intentions.

I know that at first I refused to be persuaded that it was our father who impersonated Kris, until the ridicule of my older brothers convinced me of the fact.

Periodical interruptions to this happy existence made play all the more enjoyable. Tortured experiences of having to be washed and dressed, however useless and unnecessary we thought them at the time, were delightful after endurance.

I wore short skirts, and was proud of my long golden curls, which my mother brushed around her fingers, for she had no girls, and loved to keep her youngest boy in frocks as long as possible. But one important day looms in recollection, when I was incontinently changed from a pretty little girl into a boy. I shed bitter tears at first, my curls were cropped close to my head, and I could not be reconciled until I was shown a boy's knickerbockers—bright bottle-green they were, too,—and was told that now they were mine, and as they displaced my dress and apron, my heart swelled with manly vanity, and I felt that I must proclaim my emancipation.

The first available person I thought of to whom to

show myself was Hans, the gardener, a valued friend of mine, and great was my disappointment to find that he was away on an errand that day. Whether he ever saw the new suit or not, I cannot remember.

1842-1843

My next exciting memory is of a rat hunt. My father and elder brothers kept rat-terriers, which required training in the delectable sport of killing rats. We had a square stone chicken house, which was selected for the amusement. Boylike, though so young, I ran after the others and was lifted and stood upon the top of a rack of hen nests, out of danger. My father laughed and said, "Fatty is a bird of our feather, he does not want any fun to escape, which he can enjoy." "Fatty" was my pet nickname, because I was round and plump with rosy cheeks. So I saw the rats let out of the cage, and "Trip," our beautiful black-and-tan, kill rat after rat, until the supply of vermin was exhausted. In after years when I measured the space in which I stood erect with ease, I realized that I could not have been more than three years old at the time.

I must have given great amusement to my elders, for I tried to do every stunt of my brothers, which resulted in many failures and much ridicule. However, at last I achieved distinction. When I was four years old I wanted to skate, and my mother put me in charge of my good brother Langhorne, who took me to the mill dam, which fed my father's bleaching works. There he strapped on my feet a diminutive pair of wooden skates, which had been handed down from brother to brother. I was too little and too inexperienced to do this for myself. He then stood me at the edge of the pond, but my feet slipped

from under me, and down I fell upon my back. He patiently again stood me up, and again I fell. In the morning the dam would be full, but as the water was used at the mill, it receded, producing a slanting surface which must be crossed before the level in the centre was reached.

I was not having nearly as much fun as my brother and his companions, who kept calling out, "Go it, Fatty, the ice is soft." But it was not soft, my legs would fly up, and at last I came down hard on my face and nose, with a lump over my left eye which seemed as large as a goose egg, and was very painful, and made a big black mark which remained a week or more.

But by this time my pride was aroused. I was determined to do better. I was angry and cold and my patience and good temper were not at that time entirely developed. With skates on for the first time, I felt like a stranger in a foreign land. Something was wrong, I did not see why every boy could skate except me, so I began to look for a reason and to think. Little codger as I was, I saw that where I had been trying to stand the ice sloped. It was upon this slanting rim of ice that Langhorne had stood me. He skated so well that I suppose it did not occur to him that a beginner could not stand upon it. However, the third time he picked me up, he stood me on the level surface, where I struck out like a little man, and before many minutes had mastered the rudiments of the beautiful art of skating, rejoicing to show the others that they could no longer laugh at me. Small as I was, I had learned not only to skate, but to think, and that a head had been given me for that purpose. Many times in after life have I remembered that episode, and avoided mistakes by carefully considering circumstances.

* * * * *

ONE morning we were horrified at an accident which befell my younger brother Frank. The cook had been boiling a ham, and unwittingly set the boiling pot near a bench where Frank was playing. He jumped from the bench into the pot, and both his legs were scalded to the knees. He was then carried upstairs with the skin hanging from the flesh in great pain and danger. Doctor Betton attended him, and it was owing to him and my mother's unremitting care and devotion—she never left him night or day—that his life, after many weeks, was spared. Frank carried the scars to the close of his life.

As one or more of us were frequently at grandfather's over Saturday nights, such boy or boys would, of course, accompany our aunts to the Episcopal Church on Sunday morning. Thus we early became accustomed to services at Friends' Meeting, and at St. Luke's Church and Sunday school, where we learned the beautiful story of Christ and why Christmas is celebrated. We learned from the minister that God is love, and that he loved all good children and people, that obedience to parents and teachers is a duty, and ought to be a pleasure, and that duties performed would bring happiness. We learned also that neglecting duty and following our own wayward inclinations would forfeit our crown of diadems, that then we could not climb the golden stairs, but would go straight to everlasting perdition.

Both pictures were painted in glowing colors, but, through it all, the fear of punishment was the doctrine most carefully instilled into us, that if we did not love God and be good, we would be punished for eternity. Young as I was, I rebelled at the thought, and decided that if God really loved us, he would not condemn us forever. We listened with awe, and I question the wis-

dom which has guided generation after generation, teaching this hard doctrine to young minds in their most impressionable period, for impressions formed in early childhood are apt to last through life.

After a while, however, we became accustomed to the reiterations of our old-fashioned minister, and our thoughts wandered. Two children were not as attentive as they might have been, and took advantage of conditions to play, while their elders were not watchful. This was at old St. Luke's Church, Germantown, before the backs of the pews were lowered. My chum, George Carpenter, and I, protected from view by the high backs, made diminutive bows from whalebone, and shot arrows at each other from one end of the pew to the other. I regret to say that we also carved our initials on the woodwork. Indeed, there was no church service, Friends' Meeting, or Sunday school at which a boy might not have some fun at the expense of his elders if he only managed well. I was small, but wicked enough to take a keen delight, when Friends' Meeting was over, in watching Bill Winterbottom hunting for his hat, which I had mischievously hidden during the quiet and tiresome service. Country life for us boys was grand and glorious; the world seemed one vast playground. Lessons were easily learned and hurried over to allow greater time for play.

DOCTOR JONES WISTER

DOCTOR JONES WISTER was my father's favorite brother. He died in 1837 and when I arrived in 1839 I was named for him. He was a good student, graduated with honor as a physician at the University of Pennsylvania, and afterwards went to Europe to continue his studies at the early age of twenty-one. I have heard that he was a trifle wild, but also that he was handsome, clever, of lovable winning disposition, and charming personality.

In 1836 he returned home for a short visit to his family and brought with him as a great curiosity and gift for his father two large stones from the Giant's Causeway, expecting, of course, to leave them at Vernon, his home. His sisters and family did not appreciate them, or the trouble he had taken, and ridiculed the "absurd specimens" when he might have brought jewels or something of intrinsic value from Paris, articles highly prized in those days of long journeys across the Atlantic. He was hurt at this reception of his treasures and, losing patience, asked his Uncle Charles Jones Wister if he would keep them for him at Grumblethorpe until his final return. Unfortunately, his stay at home was short, and he went again to Paris. I say unfortunately, because he died soon after, and was buried there at Père la Chaise.

The manner of his death was a mystery. It was rumored that he was killed in a duel. The Causeway stones were pointed out to me by my great-uncle, in a corner of his garden, where they remained from 1836 to 1917.

In later years I visited his grave and arranged with the custodian of the cemetery to have it kept in order. It

seemed strange to see the name, Jones Wister, on a tombstone!

Nothing was ever disturbed at Grumblethorpe. The property was finally inherited jointly at the death of Charles Jones Wister, Jr., by two of my cousins, Alexander W. Wister and Owen Wister. It is interesting to know that they have donated the stones to the Site and Relic Society of Germantown, and that the relics from Giant's Causeway will now rest forever in the Museum at Vernon, Doctor Jones Wister's old home, their original destination.

* * * * *

As my uncle, Doctor Jones Wister, died two years before I was born, I could not be expected to have felt much affection for him or to have been distressed when I thought of him. This is by way of introduction to the account of a torchlight parade held in Germantown during the hot presidential election of 1844.

My older brothers were greatly excited, for such an occurrence had until then been unknown in Germantown. All of them expected to see it. Of course, I wanted also to go, but as I was only five years old, my father demurred; however, I pled and coaxed my mother, until at last she secured my father's consent to have me accompany them.

Torchlight processions of those days were generally marched in semi-darkness, for the pine knots would go out, and there was little to be seen. After awhile I became very tired, cold and sleepy, wanted to go home, and began to cry, whereupon my father turned round and demanded in a harsh voice, "Why is the boy crying?" A good excuse is one of a boy's best assets, and mine was

ingenious enough, though a bare-faced falsehood. My grief could not have been poignant, but I feared a whipping and said, "I am crying because my Uncle Jones Wister died." This turned my father's anger into smiles, for no one loved a joke better than he. My wife says I was an incipient diplomatist, and missed my vocation.

That night I learned for the first time a verse of the celebrated campaign song "Old Tippecanoe," and have remembered it ever since. The men sang as they marched along.

VERNON

THE presidential campaign of 1844, I am told, was mild compared to the hot political contests of 1840, when General William Henry Harrison (Tippecanoe) was elected to the presidency.

The log cabin, hard cider, and a live American eagle figured in the political processions, his opponents declaring that all General Harrison was good for was to live in a log cabin and to drink hard cider. For campaign purposes two live coons and a live eagle were contributed by Lindley and Charles Fisher, my uncles, then managers of the iron works at Duncannon.

My grandfather, John Wister, took a great interest in this campaign, and after it was fought and won, became the owner of old "Tip" or "Jim Eagle," who had distinguished himself as the mascot of the battle. Later he was joined by another bald-headed eagle, known as "Bill Jackson." These two birds were allowed full liberty at Vernon, and were the terror of dogs and children. They would utter fierce cries and pounce upon an unsuspecting victim, who was fortunate if he did not receive marks that would last through life.

One wing of each eagle was clipped every spring, thus preventing long flight. This wing-clipping was performed by my Uncle John and required skill and courage. He would approach the eagle with a horse-blanket and throw it over its head amid shrieks and cries from the bird. An exciting time resulted, as naturally "Bill Jackson" and "Old Tip" resented this treatment, and a fight to the finish must be fought with each bird before his feathers

were cut short enough. They would struggle to rid themselves of the blanket, but before they could get away, my uncle had accomplished his purpose.

Old Tip's wings once grew long enough for him to take a flight to Wister Woods, where Dan Dugan, one of Nature's gentlemen, a conductor on the railroad, happened to see him, and halted the train until he had succeeded in inducing the eagle to alight on the roof of one of the cars! Trains did not travel fast in those days, and the bird rode to the depot in style, then located at the corner of Price and Main Streets.

Hilary Kirchbaum also saw Old Tip and told us that the bird remained contentedly upon the roof of the train until it reached its destination, which was just opposite Vernon, when, recognizing his surroundings, he flew home.

I was at Vernon when this episode happened, very young, about six years old, and remember hearing every one remark about it. I never will forget my fright when "Bill Jackson," as the other bird was called, pounced upon me one day shortly after Old Tip's adventure, and would have clawed me to death had it not been for Lucy, a colored washerwoman, who drove the savage beast away and comforted me in her arms.

These dangerous creatures had been allowed to run at large and seemed comparatively tame, if not annoyed. But they were cross and malicious, and did not forget the person who plagued them. Johnny Hibberd, one of the boys, had indulged in this pastime, and the eagle then had seemed not to resent it. But his patience gave out and he brooded over his wrongs and waited an opportunity.

One day, when Johnny was suspecting no harm, Jim Eagle pounced upon him and unmercifully clawed his

forehead, and had not the angry bird been driven off, Johnny's life might have been forfeited.

My father and brother Langhorne, at this time contracted varioloid, which they caught from my uncle, Lindley Fisher, who had small-pox in its most virulent form, and died of it. My brother Frank and I were sent to Vernon until the danger had passed, while my sainted mother stayed on in the infected house to nurse our father and elder brother.

She never hesitated when there was a duty to be done; always self-forgotten and conscientious, she nursed her two loved ones back to health. Fortunately their cases were light.

At this period I could not write, but thought I could, and I remember that I was always borrowing pencil and paper from my aunts to write letters to my mother. Postage was then six cents for half an ounce, and as there was no communication between the two houses, and I never had six cents, how they could have been delivered was a mystery, until at last I was told that Old Tip had carried them to her when he was away on that flight.

At the end of the political campaign, which made my grandfather the possessor of those dreadful eagles, he also acquired a wonderful robin redbreast. It had been trained to sing the tune of "Rosin the Bow" by a shoemaker, who was induced to part with it for the, at that time, large sum of five dollars!

The robin was a remarkable bird and as he sang the tune, I tried to sing the words,

"If I had five dollars in specie,
I know very well what I'd do.
I'd buy a barrel of cider
And treat Old Tippecanoe,"

or "drown" Old Tippecanoe, according to whether the singer was a Whig or a Locofoco. Whig was at that time the term for Republican, and "Locofoco" the euphonious name for a Democrat. This bird was a prize, as no one had ever heard before of a robin learning to turn a tune.

Every morning the cook's most important duty was to assemble the potatoes (boiled over night), corn meal, milk, pepper and salt on a large tray and place it on a table in the outer kitchen in front of my grandfather, so that he could prepare the daily food for his birds before partaking of his own frugal breakfast at seven o'clock.

The bird cages had sliding bottoms which were removed and cleaned, and covered with fresh sand every day by one of the servants. Each cage had also a drawer for the food, which was daily removed, carefully cleaned, and returned to its place. Each one had also a little bath tub and a piece of fish bone. I was a proud youngster when he allowed me to assist him.

He kept at least two mocking birds and one or two catbirds, which imitate other birds almost as well as the mocking bird. Also a thrush, a Java sparrow, and a number of canaries.

My grandfather had several boxes of rare pigeons, which were allowed to fly every clear day, while he sat upon his green settee, watching their antics in the air. His tumblers, fantails, pouters and carriers were renowned for their good breeding, which was shown by the beauty of "the feather."

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THE only game in which my grandfather indulged was jackstraws, which required gentleness, skill and quiet

nerve. I think he considered it good practice for us rough boys, as it taught us to control our boisterous spirits.

During the long winter evenings, when a seat near the fire was our delight, each boy was furnished with a stick of red cedar, a penknife, sandpaper, and a bit of broken glass. My grandfather must have taken pains to get all these things together. With these crude tools, we cut the battle axes, tomahawks, spears, guns, swords, and bludgeons with which this primitive game is played, and great was the pride of the youth who earned my grandfather's praise for his greatest skill in whittling or in playing the game. I still have a set of these jackstraws in my writing desk.

Grandfather Wister loved all young people, and encouraged them to come to his house. There was a friendly feeling, seasoned with that high respect from the younger for the older generation, which is always apparent in well-reared families. His hospitable home was conducted on the open-house principle: not only to entertain Friends at the Yearly Meeting periods, but at all times; he enjoyed gathering them and his family around him. His immediate household consisted of his daughter, Aunt Sarah, the widow of John Stevenson, and her four children, as follows: Elizabeth, Susan, Anna and Crook, who lived with him. Anna died early, the others all lived to grow up. My cousin Elizabeth Stevenson kept all her grandfather's accounts and papers. Her brother Crook married Miss Duval and went West. I saw him once afterwards when he returned with a carload of horses which he sold to good advantage.

Their mother kept house. Aunt Mary, Aunt Anne, my uncles, John, Charles and Lewis, and my father, William Wister, were my grandfather's other children.



VERNON, BUILT 1746
Bronze Statue of Mr. Wister's Grandfather in Foreground

Every day at Vernon a loud bell for dinner rang out of doors at two o'clock. It was hung on a sort of gallows. The joyful notes could be heard all over the estate, and we hungry boys welcomed the sound, for it always summoned us to a bountiful, well-cooked meal. This was the event of the day, and my grandfather insisted on punctuality.

My aunts were martinets where their father's comfort was concerned. Every day after dinner he retired to his library sofa for an hour's sleep. During his siesta, no one was permitted to disturb his slumbers. Woe to the boy whose shoes were heard upon the stairway or on the oilcloth-covered halls.

We had all been sent to Bowman's shoe store across Main Street to buy slippers, and always wore them in grandfather's house. To this daily rest, together with his regular unruffled life, I ascribe the fact that he lived five or six years beyond the average of his family.

Among other Sunday visitors at Vernon was Mr. Samuel Paul, who could not speak above a whisper, owing to some affliction of his throat. Also William Twells, a great friend of my Uncle John's.

After my grandfather's death, Uncle John and his sisters Mary and Anne, lived on in the old house until their end, when the estate was converted by the city into a public park.

* * * * *

WHEN my father was quite a young man, my grandfather was talked into believing in a mechanism which solved the problem of perpetual motion. The apparatus was set up in his Market Street store, attached to a grindstone, on which Mr. Wister sharpened his knife. The machine was discovered to be an imposition. Some years

later my father told him that a message had been sent from Philadelphia to New Orleans by telegraph in one minute and an answer received in another minute, to which Mr. Wister replied: "William, it's a lie." "But," said his son, "Pa, you believed in perpetual motion, why not believe in this?" "Yes," said his father, "but I ground my knife on that." My grandfather, once thus deceived, ever afterwards distrusted modern inventions. Grandfather Wister was never in a railroad car and but once on a steamboat.

On Sundays Uncle Louis came over from Wynnewood and said he fasted six days, and ate enough on the seventh to get even. This pleased Aunt Sarah. My father and mother and several of their boys were often among the guests. Uncle John always presided at the foot of the table while opposite to him was his father. Uncle Charles sat next to him. We saw little of the latter between meals. Charles was always scrupulously clean and well dressed; John careless about his clothes. I heard Uncle Charles more than once tell him that it was just as easy to put on a clean shirt as a dirty one, that he had tried it.

Seated at the head of his long table, his white beaver hat on his head, my grandfather would welcome one and all to his board in a glass of old Madeira; filling it to the brim he would drink half of it, then refill and hold his glass out at arm's length, as steadily as if he were twenty instead of seventy or eighty, when he performed the feat. This wine was imported in casks from the Madeira Islands, and placed in the cellar of the Vernon house to ripen.

Patrick, an Irishman, was the man servant who acted as butler and served the meals. Whenever he committed an error or anything went wrong his proverbial saying was, "Shure, an it mought a bin wust."

One day when the butler was carrying most of the dinner to the table on a large tray, he seemed unsteady. His foot slipped, prostrating him, the tray, and its contents upon the floor. He stupidly picked himself up into a sitting posture and surveyed the ruined viands around him. Recovering himself, he exclaimed: "Shure, an it mought a bin wust." I had never seen my grandfather angry, but this time he came very near losing his temper, and said, "Thee blockhead, what could be worse than spreading the meal on the floor instead of upon the table?"

Too free libations of wine may have helped him to fall, for Uncle John appeared soon afterwards, very much excited, and reported to his father that every drop in one of the casks had disappeared, whereupon Pat was dismissed, but that barrel of old Madeira wine was gone.

Soups were not held in as high esteem between the decades of 1820 and 1840 as now, so the dinner usually began with a boiled shad when in season, or a rock, or some other fish in gastronomic favor.

The next course generally consisted of three meat dishes, two roasts and one boiled.

There were generally twelve to sixteen covers.

My grandfather was very methodical; although in constant pain, as I have related some pages back; he was so kind and uncomplaining that it was a pleasure to be with him and to carry out his every wish, though they were seldom expressed, as he never wanted to give any one the least trouble.

Grandfather Wister was in the habit of employing boy apprentices to assist in the housework, wait on the table and run errands; one of them was named Edward Cope, an English boy, a most exemplary youth, who later became a good business man, earning a handsome living.

Another boy, Bill Winterbottom, was apt to be in trouble. One day in racing from the barn Bill ran into the pump and got the worst of it, for he hit his face, the blood spurting from his nose, and for a while was most uncomfortable. Then another day we all jumped clear of the rails of the garden fence while climbing it, except Bill, whose pantaloons caught on the pickets, and he hung head downward until rescued, while we unfeeling boys, instead of sympathizing, only laughed at him, considering it all a good joke. Later in life Bill had better luck, for he studied dentistry and built up a lucrative practice.

Bill Winterbottom was a discovery. His brother Henry had been pronounced an incurable bed-ridden cripple by local doctors. My aunts thought otherwise, and secured the services of Doctor Eliger, a specialist, who succeeded in getting Henry upon his feet, thereby giving him a chance to earn his own living. The family of Winterbottom were poor but grateful. Bill was taken in my grandfather's house as an apprentice, and into Aunt Anne's class as pupil.

The third incumbent at Vernon was Johnny Hibberd, the same who was clawed by Jim eagle, as related a few pages back. We were all devoted to Johnny. He, as well as the others, were taught with us the rudiments of learning by my kind and wise Aunt Anne. Johnny Hibberd had a wonderfully accurate memory. His lessons were recited verbatim without error.

Jack Sheppard and the Forty Thieves were Johnny's favorite stories, though this style of reading brought him into disgrace, for he emulated their example, scaled the roof of the porch, and, entering by the window, took some jewelry from the ladies' rooms. His excuse was that he

was playing Jack Sheppard, and Aunt Anne begged him off punishment. His good sense taught him not to repeat the experiment.

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IN the days before street cars, Germantown Turnpike was the thoroughfare over which the farmers living north of the city conveyed their produce every Tuesday and Friday to market, as Wednesdays and Saturdays were the great market days.

Grandfather Wister employed a purveyor named Daniel Stroup. It was related of Dan that he had been a drunkard in his youth, but as he joined the teetotalers and gave his solemn promise to my grandfather never to transgress again, his employer kept him, found that he could rely on him, and trusted him implicitly, never having cause to regret his confidence, though many times sorely tried by Daniel's self-assertiveness.

Dan wore all my grandfather's cast-off clothing, including the white beaver hat. My aunts hated this caricature of their beloved father. Dan's chief duty was to watch the procession of wagons, well laden with provisions for the Philadelphia markets, venison, quail, pheasants, lamb, mutton, beef, etc., the choice of which he was sure to buy for his master's and his own table.

His best opportunity came when the wagons were stopped by the toll-gate bar as it hung across Main Street at Rittenhouse, the corner of my grandfather's property. Enos Springer was the keeper of the toll gate, and made use of Dan to take charge whenever he was obliged to be absent. This was not part of Dan's work, but he was always more than willing, and we boys felt sure that Dan took care of himself in the accounting. He was a busy

man in his peculiar way on market days. What was the toll-gate company's proportion, and what was Dan's, and what was Enos's, would take a Steve Coulter to figure on.

My intimacy with Dan never grew, he was not the sort of man to be cajoled by boys. His mission of governing the Vernon household through its appetite for good food was no sinecure, though it brought him raiment and food for himself and family. Meals were prepared for days in advance. I am glad to testify, greatly to his credit, that a better caterer, or one less dignified, never lorded it over a more generous and kind-hearted master.

Often at dinner Dan would appear suddenly, throwing open the Queen Anne window near Mr. Wister and shout, "Jenkins is here, what you want?" As Jenkins brought the weekly supply of butter, eggs, and game, he was too important a personage to be kept waiting, so the answer was always, "Buy the best and plenty of it."

Dan never gained the good will of the ladies, whose digestive organs could not swallow Dan's shortcomings. The men of Vernon did not care for style, so the dinner was good, and paid no attention to him.

He was supposed to do other work than watch the produce wagons, but the gossip of the toll-house was so dear to Dan that he spent most of his time there, often to Mr. Wister's disgust. One day my grandfather particularly wished to speak to Dan and sent me to tell him to come to the house. At sight of me, as he shuffled along, he gave me his usual salutation, "Hello, Jonah in the whale's belly," to which as always I retorted, "Oh, you Daniel in the Lion's den," adding this time, "my grandfather wants to see you," to which he coolly replied, "Tell him I'm busy and cannot come." I took back this impudent answer and my grandfather again sent me to

summon him imperatively, but this did not ruffle Dan's composure, although he vouchsafed an explanation, "Tell Mr. Wister that Enos Springer is eating his dinner, and I cannot leave until he has finished, as there is nobody but me to collect the toll." This message sufficed to satisfy my grandfather who, always lenient with his employees, settled himself in his big chair and waited patiently until Dan would be pleased to put in an appearance. It hurt me more to repeat these messages to my grandfather than it did for him to hear them.

It will easily be seen that Daniel Stroup was a most important personage as regards this book. Because had it not been that I chanced to think of his daily salutation, I might never have penned my doggerel about Jonah's adventure with the whale. And if I had not written it, I certainly could not have read it before the Raim Tuppani Society, as stated in my introduction, and if I had not read it that evening, and accompanied it by various reminiscences in which Daniel Stroup figured, I might never have been tempted to write these memoirs.

THE STORY OF JONAH

To Nineveh Jonah was sent to teach,
Unto the heathen he must preach.
But he gave them the slip, and went to a ship,
To Tarshish, he prepared to trip.
The sailors thought him a silly waif
And told each other, it was not safe
To take him into their little boat,
As in a storm she might not float.
But Jonah told them a tale of woe,
'Twas very important he should go.
Trusting, they took truant Jonah aboard
Believing he was a man of his word.
No sooner was he asleep in the hold
Than the tempest rose, and the old tub rolled.
The captain was frightened out of his wits
Lest his ship be broken all to bits,
So casting lots to learn who was to blame,
Fate showed up poor Jonah's name.
"Tell us, we pray thee, how to cause
The winds to cease and the waves to pause."
Jonah soon made them understand
Of the Powers that ruled both sea and land.
"I have a mission and I shall be saved
E'en though you chuck me into the wave."
Then they dropped him over the side of the craft
Where a big black whale so slyly laughed.
This did they to save their ship,
Intending for Jonah a salt-water dip.

Again the fish smiled, and opened his jaws,
Knowing that Jonah was the cause
Of all the trouble aboard the boat,
He winked his eye, and opened his throat.
The water was wet, and the jaws spread wide,
So Jonah concluded to swim inside.
The whale's mouth closed with a sudden snap
Shutting Jonah in a whalebone trap.
There did Jonah safely hide,
Secure from tempest, storm and tide.
The whale was happy, his guest to please
And Jonah lived quite at his ease.
For Jonah was captain, crew and dean
Of this first and only submarine.
He might have lived there all his life
Secure from every care and strife,
For the whale, at first, was very proud
As he swam the sea, and snorted loud.
But gradually he thought he felt
Pain and anguish beneath his belt.
The whale was suffering, without question,
Quite an attack of indigestion.
The pain increasing, worse and worse,
Shortens my story and my verse,
For the whale swam to the nearest land
And vomited Jonah upon the sand.

MOTHER

THE guiding star of my life has been my mother. To her I am indebted for good advice and an example of stolid uprightness. She taught me to kneel beside her knee and recite the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," asking for protection until morning, but not for an instant did I expect to die so soon. As I slept on a trundle bed beside the bed of my father and mother and knew that they would take care of me during the night, I considered an appeal to any other protection superfluous, but always asked it because my mother wished it.

Neither did I ever expect to grow old. I felt that I would be young forever—that others might live to be twenty, but that such mature age would never trouble me, that I should always be a boy, and have fun and play. I think I must have had a very good opinion of myself, for I remember that more than once my saintly mother put me to sleep by reciting the fable of the vain crow who was persuaded by the flattery of the fox to try his voice, and who, when he opened his foolish beak to sing, let fall the cheese he intended for himself, to be devoured by the wily fox.

My mother and father were born and brought up Orthodox Friends, but were disowned by their meeting because married by a magistrate instead of by Friends' ceremony. This injustice did not prevent my dear mother from being a devoted and regular attendant at Friends' Meeting. She took me and some other of my brothers every First Day morning when I was not at my grandfather's, and there I learned to control my risible and

other emotions. We boys would be seated on the front bench and impatiently wait for the casting of the eye of one elder towards the other who, when he saw the extended hand, reached forth his own, for the signal to break up a generally silent meeting. Occasionally the other presiding elder did not see the sign of the willing eye and relapsing into a seemingly unconscious attitude, waited a more fitting opportunity to release us unhappy boys. Then the throats of many impatient Friends suddenly became dry, and clearing "Ahems," from all parts of the meeting aroused the forgetful elder, who finally extended the glad hand, and all began to bustle, and meeting was over.

But sometimes a preacher lifted his voice in response to the moving spirit, and made a strong, hearty appeal to true Christianity inherent in every man. Often a prayer was offered in meekness and love, for, be it remembered, there is no superior to the Orthodox Friend, when offering thanks and praise to the Supreme Being.

Sometimes cold nights conduced to short prayers or a compromise was made with conscience by saying them in bed under the covers. Tired and sleepy Nature interfered somewhat with that reverence for sacred things insisted on by my fond and faithful mother, but the impressions last—they are never forgotten through every period of life.

We were equally at home in St. Luke's Church, and later, when older, and many of our girl friends attended the latter, we did not go so often to meeting.

The flowers that bloom in the spring were a source of great trouble to me, but of intense pleasure to my dear mother, whose heart was so large that it extended to the entire juvenile population of Lower Germantown, familiarly known as "Smearsburg."

Flocks of well-dressed young people who coveted her Sunday flowers knew this and would time their coming to just after breakfast, or immediately after dinner, so as not to interfere with her walk to meeting.

My mother's garden was noted and her generosity unstinted. Bunch after bunch of lilacs I picked for this motley crew, who never were satisfied, and came Sunday after Sunday, bearing away flowers which were lavishly bestowed, but most grudgingly gathered.

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FISHER'S LANE HILL, as well as that on Duy's Lane (now Wister Street), were the scene of many a sled race. I counted as many as one hundred and twenty on Fisher's Lane one afternoon. The sport was not free from danger, as many vehicles traversed these lanes, going to and from Germantown. The horses often shied at the sleds, and the sledders sometimes lost their heads and, disregarding rules, steered into the horses' legs.

My sled was low and green, and perhaps the ugliest on the hill. I did not think so at the time, but was entirely satisfied to be the owner of the safest as well as the fastest sled on the hill. It cost \$1.25. I bought it at the blacksmith's shop just above Enos Springer's toll gate. The building of the Young Men's Christian Association now occupies the locality. I had saved my pennies many months to buy this sled, and did not discover its intense ugliness until I grew older.

My dear mother was fond of sledding and would trust herself to no one but me to steer her, and I took her down Duy's snow-covered hill many times. She enjoyed the excitement of leading in a race as much as I did. No wonder I could smile when others ridiculed my despised but loved sled, "Jack Jumper," for I knew they would

gladly make an exchange. Nothing delights the heart of a boy as much as a contest, be it a sled race downhill or a foot race, with or without skates strapped to the feet. Climbing up the long hill while towing a heavy sled was not so much fun as flying down. We had to be careful, for if we turned round to watch the result of a race, we were apt to be bowled over by a down-coming sled, much to the amusement of all, except the one that was hit. I took my mother out on a sled after she was eighty years of age.

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AUNT ANNE WISTER, my father's sister, loved children and was most kind to all of us. When we were too young to go to school, she sacrificed two or three hours each day to teach a class of from four to six boys the rudiments of learning. It could not have been easy for her, as we were healthy and full of mischief. All will testify to the strict obedience she exacted from her students, although she seldom found it necessary to enforce her authority, but if there was occasion, never spoiled the child by sparing the rod. Aunt Anne always wore little corkscrew curls on each side of her face.

Frank and I had the good fortune to belong to her class, as also William Wynne Wister, Jr., Alex W. Wister, and the two apprentices of her father, whoever they chanced to be. Outdoors there was no restraint; it was understood that at recess we could have all the fun and frolic we wished, and gather nuts or fruits from the trees, which we were supposed to eat in moderation.

Afternoon was Uncle John's time for recreation, and we youngsters anticipated with glowing expectation the afternoons in summer when Uncle John took charge of Aunt Anne's class. There was in the stable at Vernon a square-bodied go-cart used to take the laundry to and

from Mary Gyce, the washerwoman. Twice a week Uncle John packed us all in it, half a dozen boys on the one seat, or on the floor, and drove us to Flat-Rock-on-the-Dam across the Wissahickon, just above the red bridge. Arrived there we would borrow a boat which belonged to Mr. Rittenhouse, an amiable old gentleman.

Our father had charged us to be careful of our manners and always to be very polite, consequently, when we asked Mr. Rittenhouse for the loan of his boat, we did it in our very best style. He must have been amused at us, but he never refused our request, and we were able to row on that beautiful stream to our young hearts' delight. Uncle John certainly had the family trait of fondness for young people.

Frank's nickname was "Soapus," because he soaped smooth his stiff sidelocks of hair, which had a tendency to stand out straight. Uncle John loved to tease him, and as he sat in the stern of the boat would encourage our muscular efforts by calling out, "Pull, Jonas; pull, Soapus; pull away," and sing:

I've often heard John Mason say,
 "Pull away, boys, pull away.
 You get no fish, you get no pay,
 Pull away, boys, pull away."



I've of-ten heard John Ma-son say-a-a-c, Pull a-way, boys, pull a-way.
 You get no fish, you get no pay-a-a-c, Pull a-way, boys, pull a-way.

until the laggards did their best, and we early learned the value of competition. After this exercise, we would strip and dive off the rock where the water was ten or twelve

feet deep. There were then no disagreeable park guards to prevent nude bathing, and we enjoyed unrestricted use of our limbs.

Many of the boys were taught to swim by Uncle John. We must forever be grateful to his memory for his efforts in our behalf. Once, finding Frank could not swim, he pushed him into deep water and, watching him, encouraged him to swim dog fashion to the shore. After that Frank could swim as well as any of the rest of us. Would that I could forever have remained a boy!

Uncle John set an example by singing to us when out on excursions. One of our favorites was the "Sinking of the British Roguery," which was thrilling and interesting, relating how

"Up jumped the cabin boy
And away swam he
To the British Roguery,
As she sailed in the lowlands low,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

He had an instrument fitted for the use
Which bored twenty-four holes at a sluice
With which he sank the British Roguery,
As she lay in the lowlands low,
As she lay in the lowlands low."

but the cruel captain broke his promise and did not give his daughter to the cabin boy to wed, so the latter drowned himself.

"And down sank he,
Down sank he,
Down beside the British Roguery,
As she lay in the lowlands low,
As she lay in the lowlands low."

Listening to him and joining in the chorus we got in the habit, when walking along, of singing snatches of song. Thus:

" My good Massa told me so,
You're the best-looking nigger in the county, oh!
I looked in the mirror and I found it so,
The best-looking nigger, is this here Joe."

Or another:

" My Johnny was a shoemaker
And dearly he loved me,
But now he's gone to sea,
With nasty tar to soil his hands,
And sail upon the briny dee-ee-eep."

Many other old tunes were in our repertoire. When we were happy we sang.

Frank's swimming gained him distinction, for, several years afterward, when on a picnic, one of the young ladies fell into the water near " Devil's Hole," and Frank jumped in and in less time than it takes to write this had landed her safely on the shore.

The Wissahickon was narrow and a strong pull of the oar would send the boat shoreward on that side. We would all try to do this. But when in our excitement to pull fast and strong we sometimes caught a " crab " and fell on our back in the bottom of the wet boat, Uncle John would roar with laughter, and we would all join in—we were out for fun and we were having it.

Uncle John was a very early riser, for, by choice, he did yeomen's work on the little farm of Vernon, digging, delving, planting, mowing, ditching, which brought the

health and vigor in which he gloried, as well as a splendid appetite.

He stopped working to breakfast with his father at seven, and immediately afterwards resumed his self-appointed tasks out of doors, for he took great pride in Vernon and kept cows, pigs, horses, dogs, chickens and pigeons, having tastes identical with those of my grandfather. He made the hay, forked it on the wagon and into the hay mow for the pleasure and exhilaration of the exercise until noon, when having exercised himself into a heavy perspiration, he took a cold bath, followed by a nap before dinner.

He told us of a trip he once took to Niagara Falls in company with his friend William Twells. At that time there was a walk of some 30 or 40 feet, extending from the bank over the surging waters. My uncle, whose head was as firm as his step, walked out over the dangerous passage, but, turning round, for the first time in his life got dizzy, nearly fell, and was obliged to return on all-fours. Bill Twells, not to be outdone in bravery, tried to start out on the perilous journey, but my uncle would not permit him to go. He first did all in his power to dissuade Twells, as he felt that it would be almost certain death for him. But Bill persisting, my uncle saw there was no other way, and by main strength prevented him from taking the dangerous walk.

Uncle John and some others founded the Germantown Club in a small building on Price Street, where he, Charley Willing, George Thompson, Major Freas, Billy Sowers, and some others met almost every night, and where Uncle Louis from Wynnewood joined them every Saturday night. There they played whist and other games.

Heft's Tavern was the rendezvous of politicians, where

argument ran high before elections. Once an infuriated brawler, who differed with Uncle Charles, ran at him with a carving knife and tried to stab him. Uncle John seized the man's raised hand with the knife in it and disarmed him, thus saving Uncle Charles's life. Uncle John was a great favorite with all his friends. Later, when we were in charge of the iron works at Duncannon, Uncle John became a regular visitor. He belonged to the generation who thought it good breeding to ask all callers to have a drink; for this purpose, he always brought a couple of bottles of whiskey with him and some old Madeira, of which he sometimes took a wineglass at dinner, although William Wynne Wister asserted that Uncle John did not know enough about liquor to distinguish the difference between good and bad.

Though Uncle John was of a stern and severe disposition, he was like a boy when visiting us. He was very particular about not being any expense and insisted on paying us (his nephews) board, just as though he were at a hotel. We should have preferred to have him consider himself our guest, but always let him have his own way.

One dark night we drove over to New Bloomfield, and persuaded Uncle John to go with us to visit some of our girl friends there. It was a pitch-dark night, the road was bad, but the horses knew the way and my eyes were good. Uncle John said he never expected to finish the drive alive.

He would take a bath every day in Shiresman's Creek, no matter how cold the weather. I have known him to chop a large hole in the ice, and while the perspiration stood in drops all over his person, plunge into the icy water. This he thought the very best sort of exercise.

AUNT ELIZABETH FISHER never lost sight of us. Her interest in our welfare was unfailing, and we certainly reciprocated her affection. From the early days when she wrote letters to Santa Claus for Frank and me, and afterwards gave us our prized turning lathe, until we were grown men and settled at Duncannon with no woman to keep house for us, she continued to be our guardian angel. Being men, we were not very particular as to dust and dirt, if only we had plenty of good food.

But this did not satisfy Aunt Elizabeth, and she made us periodical visits, as she said, "To clean up our filthy mansion." It was true, the house had been built before the Pennsylvania Railroad was thought of, and when the line was first proposed, was welcomed by the owners for business reasons. But as the tracks were laid just in front of the house, soft-coal dust joined to smoke and grime from the furnace works, soot and dirt were the natural consequences.

Aunt Elizabeth was the spirit of order. No sooner did she arrive than a corps of scrubbers and cleaners appeared, and we were made uncomfortable until she was satisfied that everything was spotless, and left us to resume again our careless habits of housekeeping, but we were always more comfortable and happier for the changes she had wrought. She was certainly our good angel.

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AUNT MARY WISTER in her youth had been a society belle. She was a woman of great personal charm and vivacity, was clever, dressed well, and had many warm friends and admirers. Aunt Mary was at one time engaged to be married to Charles Duval, but the match unfortunately was broken off. He went to Georgia and

she to her room. I think she would have been happier had she married. It was reported that this disappointment in early life embittered and made her turn a deaf ear to all proposals of marriage, of which she had many, even up to the time of her death.

There was rivalry for her favor. At one time the Vernon household was annoyed by receiving in curious ways many anonymous letters, presumably from some unbalanced, unsuccessful suitor. These would be deposited under the door, or over the garden fence, or even in a grocer's basket. Detectives were employed, but their origin was never traced. Later in life she enjoyed a reputation as matchmaker. She took great interest in us, now grown young men, and had an idea that her nephews were spoiling to be made into good husbands. With this Christian motive, she introduced my brother Frank to Mary Tiers, and delighted to bring them together. They were afterwards married. At Duncannon Langhorne, John and I were keeping bachelor's hall. After the semi-annual house-cleaning, presided over by her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Fisher, Aunt Mary would appear with several young charming girls, as our guests.

Langhorne withstood every temptation, but earned a title of "flirt," though I do not believe he ever paid any girl serious attention.

Aunt Mary spent a winter in Charleston, South Carolina, where she became acquainted with the Macbeth, Ingram, Phoenix, and many other distinguished Southern families. She returned this civility by entertaining them at Vernon. Mrs. Macbeth came several times with her two boys, Henry and William Macbeth, Jr., who were our playmates before the war. Uncles Charles and John detested slaveholders, but, as they were our guests,

treated them with great civility, for the men were gentlemen and the women ladies.

Aunt Mary prided herself that all the matches she arranged turned out happily. She, however, did not make all the matches, only Frank's and mine, for William Rotch Wister married Miss Eustis, of Boston, John, my second brother, married Miss Sarah Boas, of Harrisburg, and Rodman, the youngest, married Miss Betty Black, of Pittsburgh.

FLY FISHING

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-eight was a banner year for me; I had several unique experiences, all of which I enjoyed to the utmost. The first was that I learned how to fish with a fly—in this wise: One evening as I sat by my grandfather in his library there was an animated discussion between my two uncles, Charles Fisher and Louis Wister, as to whether Thaddeus Norris or William Cadwalader was the champion "Fly Thrower." All were good fishermen, and seemed to understand what they were talking about, although it might have been Greek, as far as I was concerned. I was too proud and too polite to ask them what they meant, but resolved that I would learn. I knew how to throw a club up a chestnut tree, to throw a ball, or to skim a stone across water, but "throwing a fly" was an obscure science, mysterious and fascinating! An exhibition of skill was to be shown at Penn Gaskill's Dam. Thaddeus Norris had written a book on salmon and trout culture, and was considered an expert. He had bet \$100 that he could out-throw Cadwalader; the latter had his admirers, and opinions were divided.

I arranged with my aunt, Miss Anne Wister, to be absent from her class that morning, and expected to drive the long distance with my grandfather, as Wednesday was his usual day for visiting his son Louis.

But, sad to relate, though I went to bed early, I overslept myself—there were no alarm clocks in those days—and though I dressed hurriedly and ran most of the way to Vernon, I arrived a few minutes too late, only to find that my grandfather had started as usual on the stroke of eight

o'clock. I was out of breath and disappointed, but not discouraged, for the gingerbread cakes I had taken from my mother's pantry gave me fresh strength. My pockets were full of them, and I ate them for my breakfast. Feeling refreshed, I started on my ten-mile walk to Wynnewood. I had already covered two miles from Belfield. It was a fine morning in early May, and as I walked I thought more and more of this intensely interesting subject, "throwing the fly," for reasons which at this early period of my career were inexplicable, but which, youthful as I was, I determined to elucidate.

I met the fishermen at Uncle Louis's house, and as the pond was a mile further, trotted along the extra distance with them, proud and happy to be one of a party engaged in such high-class sport. My grandfather did not approve of wagers, and consequently did not accompany them. Time and again Cadwalader threw his "Fly" out over the water, trying to outdistance that thrown by Mr. Norris, but in vain, as the latter's "Fly" soared far beyond his own. Both men had beautifully equipped rods and reels, which were envied by me. The onlookers said that Norris had the best rod, which he had made himself. At any rate, it soon became evident that Cadwalader had lost the bet, and Charles Fisher, who held the stakes, turned over the hundred dollars to Thaddeus Norris. My walk of fully fifteen miles was well repaid. I had learned what an artificial fly consisted of, and how it could be "thrown," and made up my mind to learn the art.

The sportsmen went back to Uncle Louis's house, where a good dinner awaited them. Needless to say that I was a very hungry boy, and did full justice to my portion. They paid me many compliments about my being a champion walker, and my pluck, etc., but I knew it was

a very tired boy who drove home that afternoon with grandfather. That important day cannot be forgotten. I never throw the fly to lure the trout, bass, or salmon that I do not think of it and profit by my early lesson, although, as I am ashamed to confess, I caught my first trout on a garden worm and soiled my fingers many times before discarding such ignoble bait.

* * * * *

DANIEL CAMPBELL was the genius who presided over my grandfather's stables, groomed his horses, and kept his carriages clean. Each Saturday his carriage and pair of handsome bays, driven by Dan Campbell, carried my grandfather to town, where he replenished his cash, bringing home a bag of silver, which was deposited in his old-fashioned writing desk, the desk I am using at this present writing.

Every Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, with equal regularity, my grandfather left Vernon to drive over to the farm of his son Louis at Wynnewood. Therefore, I know that it was on a Wednesday that the fly-fishing episode occurred.

The family servants of those days generally remained until death removed them. Daniel Campbell was a notable exception. He was an accomplished groom, driver, and stable man, but becoming lazy and worthless, was dismissed. One day a visitor called to ask Dan's character, as he thought of hiring him. So many good traits were spoken of that the visitor was surprised. He said to my grandfather, "You say that Dan can clean a horse as well as any man, can drive a pair of horses, can wash a carriage equal to the best; why, then, did you discharge him?" "Because," said my grandfather, "he can do all those things well, but he won't!"

CAPE MAY, 1848, August

AFTER my fly-fishing experience, I began to think myself quite grown up. At any rate, when I listened at my grandfather's house to my uncles and aunts making up a party to go to Cape May, I saw no reason why I should not accompany them.

To this end I used much persuasive eloquence, and finally coaxed nine dollars, in one dollar contributions, from my relations. The board for grown people was \$18 a week, half-price for children, and as I was nine years old, and the proud owner of nine dollars, it seemed providentially arranged for me to journey with the party to that blissful place of which I had so often heard. I had the money for my board, but where the steamboat fare came from remained a mystery. I did not care, so only I could go, but thought that perhaps this was contributed by Grandfather. I was a happy youngster as I stood on the deck of our steamboat, as it slowly edged away from the old Arch Street wharf, and knew that now nothing could prevent my outing.

Cape May was then reached by two river steamers, the *Penobscot* and the *Kennebec*. They made alternate trips each day, landing their passengers at Higby's Landing on the Delaware Bay side of the Cape—if the wind did not prevent, in which case the unfortunate people on board were tossed about by rough water, seasick and tired, until the wind abating, they could go ashore. Sometimes the steamboats could not tie up at the frail wharf, and passengers were obliged to land in small boats. Two-horse wagons conveyed visitors over what could

scarcely be called roads, so deep was sand, and so rough the ruts to Cape May.

Uncle John was a regular visitor to this watering place. When alone he always went to McManus's Hotel (the old Atlantic), which stood almost in the surf, so close was it to the beach, but on this occasion he lodged with the others of our party at fashionable Columbia House, the most popular hotel and supposed to be the resort of only the "truly select" of Philadelphia and other cities. I slept on a cot in Uncle John's room, and was immensely pleased to be on intimate terms with one of such importance.

The first morning I was awakened by him calling for me: "Hello, Jonsey, want to take an ocean bath before breakfast?" Of course, I jumped up and was ready in five minutes. My first ocean bath might have proved my last, but for Uncle John. He was a powerful swimmer and, boy-like, I tried to emulate his example, and swam after him. He saw my danger and that I was too far beyond my depth to stem the undertow and, swimming back to me, caught me by the rear of my bathing suit, as I thought for a frolic, but when we reached shallow water and I could touch bottom with my short legs, he said, "Promise me, my boy, that you will never do that again, or you might be drowned." I gave him my promise, and to this day have kept it, and never again have tried to brave old Neptune's undertow, although sometimes sorely tempted. I have always thoroughly enjoyed swimming in lakes and rivers.

There was then no boulevard along the beach. Our Columbia Hotel was built far back from the ocean with a long stretch of white sand between it and the sea. Over this there was a board walk from the hotel to the bath houses, which were located just above high-water mark.

I spent most of my time on the beach or in sight of the ocean. It possessed then, as now, an unending charm for me.

All my experiences were new, and I was thrilled by everything I saw, not the least of which was our grand hotel dinner at two o'clock. Dorsey, the head waiter, was a tall important looking colored man. All the servants and waiters were colored. When the ceremony of dinner took place Dorsey stood at one end of the long dining room and marshalled his forces; they had been well drilled. There must have been three or four hundred guests seated at the long table d'hôte dining tables. When all were placed, Dorsey sounded a gong and a procession of waiters came in, each bearing three plates of soup. Each knew his assigned place and filed down the long room in military fashion; then, standing behind his charges, paused for another ring of Dorsey's gong, when the three plates of soup were deposited on the table in front of the three guests, of whom each particular waiter had charge. The clatter of dishes sounded good. I can close my eyes and hear them still.

The corps of colored attendants stood behind their charges until sufficient time had elapsed for the soup to be eaten. Again Dorsey sounded his gong. Every empty plate was taken from the table, while the waiters formed a line, awaiting another signal of the gong to march to the kitchen and bring in the next course in the same fashion. The whole meal was served in this methodical way until dinner was over. If any guest postponed his coming, woe to him, for he missed such portion of the meal as had been served before his arrival.

In the rear of the hotel stood a long low building, where people assembled after bathing and clamored for sherry cobblers. Sherry cobblers were as popular then

as cocktails of to-day, but how any one, just out of the water, could imbibe such a drink has always been to me a mystery, as it consisted of at least a pint of ice-cold sherry and brandy, and very little water, with a spray of mint.

The Columbia House stood upon property facing the beach and between Ocean and Decatur Streets. Back of the Columbia House, half-way to Washington Street, fronting on Decatur Street, stood Tom Barrett's famous tenpin and bowling alleys and billiard table halls, which were always crowded with players and spectators. Tom was a celebrated bruiser and teacher of boxing, and in Philadelphia presided over a gymnasium hall in a large loft on Market Street near Tenth, where in later years the Treichels, the older Newhalls, George Carpenter and I learned to box and to practice on the parallel bars, exercises which test one's skill and endurance. Few had arms long enough to strike Tom Barrett. He was raw-boned, expert and tall. Many a student of the manly art received taps from Tom's well-aimed gloves.

Before the Civil War, Cape May stood at the head of all fashionable watering places. All its hotels were crowded. After 1850 fires began to occur. The Mansion House, a fine hotel facing on Washington Street, and occupying the block bounded by Jackson and Perry Streets, was the first to burn. A new hotel, the Mount Vernon, was immediately planned and built on ground below what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad summer depot. This was reputed to be the largest hotel in the world, handsome and imposing. Built to accommodate three thousand people, it had ample piazzas, an enormous dining-room, and large comfortable rooms. It was burnt two years

after it was built. In 1869 the United States Hotel burned, also the American House and Barrett's bowling alley.

But the fire of 1878 was the most disastrous of all. It originated in the Ocean House, crossed the street to Congress Hall, consumed the new and old Atlantic Houses, the Centre House, Merchant's Hotel, and Columbia House. Some of these were rebuilt, but the glory of hotel life had departed. The popular landlords had disappeared and Cape May never recovered from this last catastrophe. Strange to say, the Grand Stockton Hotel, built by the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the only survivor of the tragedy. The wind changed and to that it owed its safety. It stood many years, until in 1910 it was condemned as unsafe and ordered to be torn down. The crowds of visitors who, summer after summer, regularly swarmed to this resort, were obliged to find other quarters and thus gave Atlantic City its big boom.

With the passing of the colony of hotels at Cape May, the free and easy jolly life departed. Men who came to throw away money on horse racing, betting, gambling, drinking, and every other dissipation had either been killed off in the Civil War or gone elsewhere.

On the ashes of hotels rose a nucleus of hundreds of cottages. Cape May is all the better for its ordeals of fire. The place is now like a New England village, planted by the sea, with its tree-bordered lawns, and houses surrounded by hedges and flowers; it is a place of homes. Families have their innings. Wives who love their husbands too dearly to forsake them in the summer months for northern resorts are here with their children, ready to welcome the man of the family when he returns for relaxation after a week's hard work in the hot city. The air is pure and healthful,

surf bathing as fine as ever, and children well and strong to begin school work in the autumn.

In olden times, that is, before the Civil War, everybody built on what is known as the backbone of Cape May, a narrow strip of hard soil from the Stockton to Congress Hotel, on each side of which were swamps. Even the Stockton was built upon filled-in, swampy ground. The latter was never considered healthy on this account. People have forgotten this since New Cape May has all been land re-deemed. Cape May is the only seashore resort south of Bay Head, where one can motor all the way on firm ground and avoid three miles of swamp which separates the ocean from the mainland.

With Delaware Bay on one side and the ocean on the other, the southern point touched by the Gulf Stream, the climate is equable, never too cold in winter or too hot in summer.

'Tis Delaware Bay, with its mouth wide open
From Cape May Point, to Cape Henlopen.
There lighthouse gleams to lighthouse,
Twenty miles across the bay.
Here is the fisher's paradise,
So all the old salts say ;
No bathing in the world
Equals that at old Cape May.

1848—OCTOBER

My ambition to travel had been fulfilled when, in August, I had accomplished my memorable journey to Cape May. I had looked forward to the ripe age of ten with the keenest interest, because then I might carry a gun. I was nearly that old now, and it was decided that I was mature enough to be trusted with the family firearm. It, like the small skates, had been used by each of my older brothers until they outgrew it. This single-barrelled, muzzle-loader, percussion-cap weapon was a treasure. One of our pastimes with this gun was to blow out a lighted candle at ten paces, using only a percussion cap. This was good practice, enabling us to shoot at night.

As a rule, boys are cruel, desiring to kill, and I was no exception to the rest of them. Saturday, which was a holiday for all boys, found me ready to slaughter innocent robins, blackbirds, flickers, frogs, rabbits, squirrels, any kind of game that I could find. To do this required powder and shot. Money was scarce, and we scuffled the garden paths, picked cherries, raspberries, strawberries, weeded the peas, and watered the lettuce, at the rate of 2 cents per hour for coveted pennies with which to purchase ammunition.

Had I not been too good-natured, I might have learned to shoot. On these expeditions I invited my chum, a ragged friend named Joe Britton—all boys have such a one—to carry the gun and powder flask. He also loved shooting. As remuneration for this severe labor, Joe piteously begged to shoot any bird which appeared. He

would borrow the only weapon between us, and although I unwillingly consented, would get the practice which should have been mine. This may be the reason why I never became a good shot. Shot pouches, powder flasks, percussion caps have become obsolete, but were in great demand when I was a boy.

* * * * *

If the spring of a shot-pouch or a powder flask got broken, Freddie Fleckenburg would repair it for 3 cents. Freddie lived on Spring Alley, in the lower end of Germantown. His shop was dirty and ill-smelling, as he lived with his chickens and kept a parrot. But he was a remarkably good mechanic, and could do almost any kind of a job from picking a lock to making a cane, the head of which could be cut off without leaving the stick.

This was accomplished by the use of tumblers inside the head, which allowed a narrow blade to pass; the first was severed while the knife passed, but dropped into its pocket before the second was reached. The second was in like manner severed, but the first tumbler held the head in place. So this blade could be passed backward and forward through the head of the cane to the amazement and delight of the ignorant.

Freddie Fleckenburg was a compendium of information; there was scarcely anything on which he was not an authority. For instance, he informed us that the marks on a goose's breast-bone were an unfailing prophecy of winter's severity. "You must buy the goose before Christmas," he said. The mode of cooking did not matter, roast or boiled, so that afterwards you secured the bone and washed and dried it carefully. "After a week of hanging up in the house or out of doors, look at it, and

if the front end is dark, the beginning of winter would be severe; if the other end is dark, and the front light, the reverse would happen."

I can see him yet, seated on top of an old barrel, and smoking his dirty pipe, with the utmost gravity, delivering oracular sentences with us boys standing entranced by his wisdom and storing up knowledge for future experiment. We considered him infallible and consulted him on numerous occasions.

"CHAMP LOST"

"CHAMP LOST" was an estate of about 204 acres, corner of North Pennsylvania Railroad and Green Lane. The handsome old Colonial mansion was situated on what is now the east side of Fifth Street on the city plan, between Champ Lost and Nedro Street. There was a driveway to it from Green Lane on the north, but the main entrance was by a small lane, called Grubbtown Road, leading from Second Street to Olney Road.

The house was covered with vines and surrounded by gardens, meadows and woods. As Broad Street had not been cut through at the date of which I am writing, it will readily be seen that the York Road was the only driveway to cross in going to it, across fields and woods, from Belfield.

It was occupied by Miss Mary Fox and her brother Charles, who lived there in state. They were wealthy enough to sport a splendid style to which we were not accustomed, and which filled our young minds with awe and admiration. Judge Fox was a rough country gentleman who would have lived in primitive fashion if permitted by his pretty sister. Although he despised and ridiculed the pomp in which she delighted, he endured it for her sake.

There was a Fisher family living in New York, relatives of the Foxes, whose boys, William and Charles Fisher, frequently visited at "Champ Lost." Whenever they came, Miss Fox would send a note to my mother, requesting that Frank and I be permitted to spend the day, and help entertain the two boys.

Before dinner we boys had unlimited scope and fun out of doors, we loved to play in the garden, on the lawn, and in the woods, which abounded in gray squirrels, and were happy. But not so in the house. Before appearing at dinner, which was a mid-day meal, we were summoned to the wash room, our hands and faces scoured, we must be immaculate, our hair well brushed, etc., which was not an easy or agreeable task for four hot and dirty boys.

Miss Mary, beautifully gowned in cream-colored silk, her hair sleeked to her head, as the best fashion of the period demanded, with small hands encased in white kid gloves, would preside at one end of the dainty, exquisitely appointed table, while her brother Charles presided at the other.

Two stately prim man servants in uniform, imported from England, stood so stiff behind their respective master and mistress that we dared not look across the table at each other for fear of bursting out in laughter. Uncle Charles was a great tease, and took delight in tormenting us. In the midst of a death-like silence, for we were too much afraid of Miss Mary even to smile, a loud voice, as from the dead, would suddenly issue from Uncle Charles' end of the table, saying nothing more than "*Damn me,*" accent on the *me*. But this was enough; had the floor opened and swallowed us up, we would have been happy, for we were almost suffocated with our emotions. Later, during this intensely solemn meal, old Charlie would give a shrill whistle of derision, and then go on with his dinner as though nothing had happened, and nothing was ever said or done by our host or hostess to put us at our ease. Miss Mary was one of the best-bred ladies I have ever met, and never seemed to notice her brother's lapses. When they came she would turn sweetly to the butler

behind her chair and give some table order with a voice as low and lady-like as that of an angel. At least six times during the dinner either a loud "Damn me," or a low whistle, without warning, would issue from Uncle Charlie.

The fear which some men say is profound when going into battle was petty compared with our feelings when dining with the Foxes!

Between courses, we were permitted to place the first joint of our forefingers upon the spotless tablecloth. Our hands, arms, and elbows of necessity, must remain hidden. If any one of us forgot our table manners sufficiently to place a hand or arm upon the cloth, Miss Mary would signify her disapproval, not by words, for almost no words were spoken around that bountiful board, but would place the two front joints of her prettily gloved fingers upon the cloth, being perfectly silent, though her meaning was as plain as if shouted at the top of her voice: "Thus far may your fingers protrude upon my white tablecloth, but no further."

I have taken many meals at Champ Lost, with this frivolous old dog at the foot and Miss Mary, beautiful and dignified, at its head. Amid whistling and "Damn me" we boys nearly exploded. How we maintained our dignity in such mixed company I do not know.

When the meal was over and we were released from bondage, we screamed and jumped, turned somersaults, and fell over each other to let off suppressed agony, and forget embarrassment.

The Champ Lost woods were infested by gray squirrels, so many that they were a source of trouble to the owners, and loss to product of the gardens. They gnawed at the fruit and ate at pretty much everything they could find, until at last Uncle Charlie invited us over to kill them.

Early one autumn morning my brother Rodman went there with dog and gun. No one was to be seen, and before the Fox household had awakened as to what the shooting meant, Rodman had killed six large gray squirrels. Then began great excitement! All the laboring force on the place, gardeners and stable men, armed with scythes and pitchforks, ran down to the woods to arrest and punish the impudent intruders. Imagine their surprise to find only one small boy! However, they captured him and in triumph marched him and his half dozen grayers to the house to be punished by the irate Judge.

Great was the latter's wrath and indignation! He was near-sighted and, not recognizing Rodman, threatened all sorts of punishment for the trespasser on his sacred premises, the thief who had stolen in while he was sleeping on his downy couch!

He scowled and coughed and demanded in a loud voice, "Who are you, and what do you mean by coming to shoot my squirrels?" Rodman, though only a boy of twelve, was not frightened before so many accusers, but bravely stood his ground and confronting him said, "Why, Uncle Charlie, you yourself invited me to come and kill your seckel-pear robbers; you said the squirrels were stealing your fruit, that the gardeners could not keep them out of your garden, and that you wanted to be rid of them." Mr. Fox could not help but admire the boy's pluck, and when he remembered that Rodman was the son of his life-long friend, William Wister, and that the child had taken many a meal with him, he changed from a cross old man to one brimming with hospitality, and invited Rodman in to breakfast. This episode became a household joke on Uncle Charlie.

LITTLE WAKEFIELD

LITTLE WAKEFIELD is the half-way house between Bel-field and Wakefield. It was the home of my uncle, Thomas R. Fisher, and his wife, Aunt Letitia Ellicott. This house had been given to them when they married by my grandfather, William Logan Fisher.

They had four children, three boys, William Logan, Ellicott and Harvey Fisher, and one daughter, Mary. With three brothers and six of us cousins it will be seen that she was the only girl among nine boys.

With so many of the other sex as associates, all of whom worshipped and gloried in her, she became a veritable tomboy and leader in many of our games. As an equestrienne she had few equals and no superior. She could run faster, swing higher, and flirt better than any other girl, for her girl friends did not attempt to vie with her. One day by an accident Ellicott lost the sight of one eye, and it remained blind to the end of his life. Mary was devoted to him and showed by everything in her power that she wished to make his life happy. She later married George Carpenter, and Ellicott made his home at their house, which was also his, as the property had never been divided.

The oldest brother, William Logan Fisher, or "Logan," as we called him, was a student beyond his years. He became a surveyor and went to Pottsville to work for the Heckschers. There he contracted a severe cold, which finally killed him. He was obliged to quit work and return home to recuperate. After one of our reunions at "Little Wakefield" with Logan, who seemed better than

usual, we had just reached home when a message came that Logan was worse. We returned promptly, but only to find that he was dead. His disease had advanced more rapidly than was anticipated. A hemorrhage from the lungs choked him before assistance could be rendered. A post-mortem conducted by Doctor Owen Wister developed the fact that it was the bursting of a blood-vessel rather than the disease itself.

No more cheerful soul ever lived than Aunt Letitia. Her boys and their friends could not make noise enough to disturb her equanimity. She always wore "a smile that did not come off." Uncle Tom was always a friend to the many companions of his children, and the memory of that genial home where we were always welcome will never die.

We had a standing invitation from Aunt Letitia to dine with her every Sunday, which we many times accepted. After dinner Uncle Tom would take us down to his apple cellar where, spread upon huge shelves, were tons of mellow apples which were freely distributed to any boy present.

It is not possible to describe, or to forget, the pleasure Aunt Letitia gave to us boys when she appeared on their piazza, smiling her sweet smile and carrying a dish of delicious cakes in her hand. Looking back to our early life and my own experiences, it seemed to me that eating is a boy's chief delight.

At Uncle Tom's I learned to play "Hook and Miss Never," shortened later to "Hook-un-Snivey," for a quarter a round. Also to match quarters with John Tucker, David Pepper, and my brother Frank. Where I got the quarters I cannot remember.

Another half-way house frequented was the home of William Wynne Wister and his good wife Hannah, with their boys Wynne and Alexander. There also we always had an affectionate welcome. There was, and probably still is, a large Catherine pear tree on the grounds which bore delicious fruit.

In later years William Wynne Wister, Jr., bought the property next to Heft's tavern, to be near his father.

1850—WINGOHOCKING, ETC.

WATER in all its forms is the delight of boys; for bathing, swimming, and skating, it gives unending pleasure, and in later years, when one is old and unable to enjoy actual sport, it is a source of beauty which feeds the eye and imagination. No landscape is complete without it in the foreground. But this is digression.

We boys grew up at a time when steam engines were almost unknown, and water wheels furnished power for small and large mills. The creek from the Vernon spring ran through fields and woods, forming the eastern branch of the Wingohocking, until it reached Edward Mehl's place, where it was dammed and the power used to supply his buckskin pelt mill.

Lower down the valley the overflow supplied John and James Armstrong's mill dam, and drove the wheel for their cotton or woolen mill. Further down, my father's dam furnished power for his bleaching works. Still lower down the valley, in Fisher's Hollow, Thomas R. Fisher's woolen mill, fed by a long race, was driven by its power.

The western branch of the Wingohocking rises just above Stenton Avenue. There Spencer Roberts dammed it and called the pond "Sharp's Dam." It was one-third of a mile long and one of our favorite swimming and skating resorts. Many an exciting game of "Prisoner's Base" was fought upon this ice.

The grist mill was a picturesque structure with its water wheel in full sight of Mill Street. If I am not mistaken, Charles Jones Wister, Jr., painted an excellent picture of this old mill. This Wingohocking branch meandered

through our meadow and fed the cottage dam. The race ran upon higher ground and fed my father's "new" dam, as it was called. It also fed his calico print works. Below the Fisher woolen mill these much-overworked eastern and western branches of the Wingohocking united, forming a larger stream, and passing through Stenton (owned by the Logan family), emptied into Frankford Creek.

But the glory of the stream has departed; where we fished and swam and skated, sewers have been constructed to carry off what is now waste water. Germantown lost its individuality in 1849 when it became part of Philadelphia. Old Germantown is now only a memory. It may interest some to learn that the Indian chief, Wingohocking, held my great-great-grandfather, James Logan, in such high esteem that he changed his name to Logan, while my ancestor gave the Indian's name to the stream running through his meadows. The happiness of our boyhood days was greatly enhanced by these bodies of water scattered through the neighboring valleys. Muskrats flourished near the water, and their burrowing made great rents in the banks of the races, to the annoyance and loss of the owners. These magnates offered prizes for muskrat tails. We boys got busy and constructed traps with which to capture them. Happy was the youth if he could sell the tail to one buyer and the pelt to another, for each brought the magnificent price of twenty-five cents, which, at that period of the currency question, bought more than can now be purchased for a dollar.

In those days a goodly number of catfish, suckers, and sunfish inhabited the ponds and races. We speared suckers when we were quick and they not too rapid in their movements, and wet feet and pantaloons were too often the result of this fun. Many a time have I hid in my father's drying room to warm up and dry my pantaloons

before going home, for my dear mother was not partial to wet clothes and muddy boots. If our drying and cleaning up was not successful, and we could sneak in the back way without discovery, we were lucky; for if seen some mild form of punishment certainly awaited the naughty boy.

The mill ponds also furnished other pleasure than hunting muskrats or killing innocent frogs. When spring came the boy who braved the cold and took the first bath was a temporary hero. Before I was old enough to swim in the big dam I learned the art in the shallow races. As we advanced in years, Thorp's Dam was frequented in summer time, both by day and night, to bathe in and to cool off.

Bull frogs abounded in the many races, creeks and dams near our house. Many a mess of bull-frog legs we brought home—shot by us sportsmen—all nicely skinned and ready for cooking, which our kind-hearted mother would order cooked for our supper, and see that there was plenty of other food besides to satisfy our bottomless appetites.

I do not know whether all boys are as much given to bantering as our crowd. My uncle, Thomas R. Fisher, employed a German boy, named Simon Ash, who loved to do stunts as an example for us boys to follow. He would cross any creek or race, no matter how cold or deep the water, and would aver that unless he got wet at least once a week his health suffered. One day he tried it to his sorrow, hoping that our party would follow. A bitter cold winter morning, with all his clothes on, he dashed into the water as though in mid-summer, but this time, for a wonder, we showed better sense and Ellicott and Harvey Fisher, Frank and I stood and laughed at him as he came out, soaking wet, with teeth chattering.

It was our delight to cast nets, and sweep the waters. To drag them we were obliged to strip to the skin and

wade upon fearfully muddy bottoms. This usually yielded fair results, and we victoriously carried home our spoils.

Never will I forget the advent of a dugout canoe, extremely unseaworthy, about 14 feet long, upon Thorp's Dam. It was an event in our lives when we learned that it was for sale and could be bought for \$1. We called a meeting: four of us contributed twenty-five cents each, and became proud owners of the craft. Every Saturday found us boating. The two first on the spot took possession of the boat, and pushed out into deep water. Although carrying only two safely, which we all knew, the other two owners would run along the banks and beg to be taken on board. We were always too generous; a third boy would promise strictly that there would be no rocking, but generally managed to wreck the canoe, and all three then struggled in the water and swam, pushing the dugout before us to the shore.

The dam owners gave us permission to keep our boat under the outlet planks of the pond. These were a convenient height above the water for sitting upon. With our feet in the canoe, we rocked it to our hearts' content. Sam Betton, though younger than the rest of us, was apt to be one of our party. He was leisurely rocking the boat one afternoon, when from accident or design, I never knew which, Sam's feet rocked into the water instead of into the boat. His whole person went under, while his hat floated above him. The water there was deep, he could not swim, we realized the danger. As it happened, I was the first to reach him and pulled him out, thoroughly wet and frightened, but none the worse for his ducking. Sam's mother, however, gave me credit for saving Sam's life, and embarrassed me more than once by grateful thanks.

Mrs. Betton was Lizzie Logan before she married Doctor Samuel Forrest Betton. She was a beautiful woman

and second cousin to my mother. It was the custom of our young men who went to school in Philadelphia to sit together on the train. One afternoon while returning from school and sitting with a dozen boys or more, this beautiful woman walked into the car, singled me out, bent over, and gave me a loving kiss with some endearing words. I had not reached the age when kissing was a pleasure, so my mortification was complete. Had I been at her house, or at my own, with no teasing companions, this kiss of love would not only have been agreeable, but most welcome. But before a dozen boys, some of whom no doubt envied my ordeal, I would rather have had a whipping. There is no end to the things a boy wants, but a kiss from a well-dressed, beautiful woman, in a crowded car, is decidedly one of the things he does not want.

We boys were not good boys, such as the makers of Sunday school books delight in, nor were we bad enough to tie up a cat and skin it while alive, or roast a poor dog to death. We lived on a farm in a happy home. My father taught us to think about everything when we did it; in school to think only of our lessons and recite them well, after school to think of our games and try to excel in them. He also taught us to be polite to everybody; that there are two kinds of people in this world, the polite and the gruff. No one wants to do a favor for a rough-spoken man, but almost every one can be won by a kind word and a smile. My father would tell us that education was the greatest asset of a man. He might own a gold watch, be rich in money and houses, own many farms, be a politician, but he could not be great without education, for knowledge is the power that secures these and all other advantages. He wanted us to have all the fun possible on holidays, but to do our duty and study hard our five school days of each week.

TURNING LATHE, 1850

My brother Frank and I had very decided opinions about mechanics. These were inspired by frequent visits to the house and workshop of my great-uncle, Charles Jones Wister, where, seeing his turning lathe, and the ease with which he turned out all sorts of beautiful objects, we became very anxious to have one of our own.

To this end we talked and wished for one so earnestly and so often that we persuaded our kind-hearted Aunt Elizabeth Rodman Fisher that the only thing for her to do to make us happy was to present us with one.

An opportunity soon presented itself which made it easy for her to gratify us. Frank Leaming, son of Fisher Leaming, knew of somebody who had one, as good as new, which he wanted to sell for fifty dollars. She very kindly gave this money to Frank Leaming, with an order to purchase it for us. Thereafter it was installed in a room over our chicken house, which was dignified by the name of "carpenter shop." A rough carpenter's bench came with it, as well as a full set of chisels, screw cutters, cuts and rests.

We went to Uncle Charlie's workshop as often as we dared, several times a week, and he, pleased to see our interest in mechanics, encouraged us, and gave us many useful lessons.

He also gave us permission to cut dogwood from his woods, as this was considered the best wood for tops. With his help, we soon learned to work the power pedal which set the lathe in motion. Mr. Frank Leaming would also give us a lesson whenever he came to Germantown,

and with our carpenter's bench and vise made of wood, we soon learned to turn out many creditable pieces of work.

Our relations in New Bedford had been in the shipping and trading business. Their returning ships brought ivories, gaudy shells, Canton china, and many valuable and curious things from far-off countries. Also whale teeth, which we turned on our lathe as ivory, making boxes, thimble cases and other charms for our girl friends, but, sad to say, I do not remember that we ever gave any of our work to our good Aunt Elizabeth, who had so generously given us the lathe. Such is the ingratitude of boys!

This turning lathe, I am glad to say, is still in use. I have given it to my grandson, Charles Barclay, with the carpenter bench, etc., and it is now at Chestnut Hill, over his father's garage, which room will be known as his "Carpenter shop." I hope he will derive as much pleasure from it as his Uncle Frank and I.

The blue Canton china became an heirloom. My mother willed her set to me, and before she died, she inherited another full set from Aunt Elizabeth. Thus I became possessor of both sets, and was able to give one set each to my two daughters, Anne Barclay and Ethel Chichester.

FISHER FAMILY AT DUNCANNON

My great-grandfather, Thomas Fisher, married Sarah Logan, granddaughter of James Logan. From him she inherited the part of the Stenton estate known as "Wakefield." They moved there with their family in 1787 from their city home on Second Street near Dock, in order to escape yellow fever, then raging in Philadelphia. The property was considered far out of town, but now lies in city limits near Logan station and Broad Street. Until the large mansion was built they occupied the small stone house originally intended for the caretaker of the farm.

Their son, William Logan Fisher, my grandfather, married Mary Rodman, daughter of Samuel Rodman and Elizabeth Rotch, of New Bedford. Their children were my mother, Sarah Rodman, Aunt Elizabeth, and Uncles Charles, Lindley, and Thomas R. Fisher. Grandfather Fisher invested a great deal of money* in an iron enterprise and was half owner with Charles W. Morgan, of New Bedford, under the firm name of Fisher, Morgan & Co., afterwards changed into the Duncannon Iron Company. My grandparents divided their time and lived part of the year at "Wakefield" and part at Duncannon. It was during one of his periodical sojourns at Duncannon that my mother took me, then a boy of ten, to visit her father and mother.

My two uncles, Lindley and Charles Fisher, were at that time the active managers of the furnace. The works had a great fascination for me. I little thought when I was introduced to the wonderful and awe-inspiring furnace I should, in later years, become its manager! John

* At Duncannon.

preceded me, I was six years old when he, as a lad of sixteen, went to Duncannon at his grandfather's invitation to become office boy. It seemed to me such a bold and daring adventure! John had no fears, or, if he had, put up a good bluff and kept them to himself, and was modest and dignified when teased about going to seek his fortune. He knew he must work his way through life, and meant, if possible, to achieve success.

He has often told me of his experiences, amid his changed surroundings under his grandfather's rule. It was his duty to sweep the office and copy letters. The first he did not mind, but the letters were unnecessarily long, and had to be copied before mailing. He learned that a man could condense everything needful in a short letter, and that long business letters were wasted time.

During my first visit to Duncannon, I formed a sporting acquaintance with a boy named James Gray, "Jim," for short, which lasted through life. Jim and I fished off Sherman's Creek Dam and enjoyed life as only boys can.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had just extended its line west, and whenever a train passed, which seemed like a miracle, every boy and man who could, hurried to the primitive station, we boys with the rest. Indeed, the railroad train was such a rarity that people drove to see it from all over the surrounding country. At that time the credit of the Pennsylvania Railroad was so limited that its stock sold at sixty cents a share.

We travelled a little and on one of her trips I accompanied my good mother to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where her mother was born. My brother Frank and I were taken to visit my great-aunt, Mrs. Charles W. Morgan, who, with our many cousins, overwhelmed us with kindness.

Once while we were in New England, Frank Hussey, one of our cousins, took Frank and me out over Buzzard's Bay in his sailboat. This gave us intense pleasure, as a sailboat was a new experience; we had had little or no opportunity to go on the water except in a rowboat or steamboat, and the sensations of being on such a large body of water, flying before the wind, were novel and exciting.

We spent a week with Rodman Morgan at his mother's house in New Bedford, and when we arrived, was told by Rodman that the thing to do was to go, whenever the weather was propitious, down the shell road to their bathhouse and take an ocean bath. We were delighted to hear this, as we were particularly fond of salt water bathing. The morning passed, the horses were harnessed, and everything ready, but some trivial thing intervened and we did not get our bath. Next morning Rodman was more emphatic about the delight and necessity of a sea bath, but we did not get away, although we had a number of interesting talks. The next morning and morning after that passed, and our week with Aunt Morgan was ended without our excursion to the shell road, nor did we get an ocean bath at New Bedford.

* * * * *

In later years when I was manager at Duncannon, Rodman Morgan and Phinie, his wife, were heavy stockholders, on account of their New Bedford connection, and often came to stay at the company mansion at Duncannon. Rodman always had a kind word and winning smile for all. He and my brother John were close friends. If he had a fault it was postponing what ought to be done at once until to-morrow, and "to-morrow" seldom came.

James R. Fisher, of Torresdale, was one of Rod Morgan's intimate friends. With his wife he often visited at Duncannon when Rod and Phinie were there. They were charming people and we were sorry when they left, as life there without company was often dreary.

* * * * *

As I grew older riding on horseback was my ambition. Gus Logan, my cousin, invited us to ride his pony. The meadow near his home at Stenton was a large one, and there Frank and I were taken to try our skill. Time and again we were thrown, as the horse showed greater prowess in getting rid of us than we did in sticking to his glossy back, but after three falls, I mastered the little steed, and my first victory over horseflesh was won. Gus Logan's house was a popular rendezvous for us boys. He had an interesting alligator as a pet, though it was large enough to inspire considerable fear, for he was a snappy brute and could easily have taken in a boy's leg.

Hunting Park was then a half-mile race course. Many events of importance were trotted there. The best maximum speed attained by any American horse was a mile in 2/40 by Maud S. Our good mother forbade us to go to the races, but through inborn wickedness, we saw many of them. We did not possess the 25 cents for entrance money, but we did know how to climb and sit on the top of high fences. Knot holes there were none, but we scaled the fence many times to see Rolf's "Zachary Taylor" and "Mac" trot their races. And made bets on the races.

There was a third horse named "General May," which I had been privately tipped was much faster than any of the others, so I placed my bet on him. Unfortunately,

my information was wrong. May's training proved to have been so imperfect that the excitement of the race course prevented him from starting. He would rear up time after time, and his driver was in grave danger of the animal's falling backward. This he finally did, but his nimble jockey stepped out of the sulky, while "General May" lay sprawling on his back. The trot went on without the "General" and "Mac" won, I losing my small wager, but "mum" was the word, and my dear mother never knew I had transgressed.

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

1851

WHEN winter covered the water with hard, green ice, we flocked to the dams to skate. Thorp's was the largest and our favorite dam. Every Saturday, weather favorable, thirty to fifty boys were found skimming over the smooth surface. Our favorite amusements were "Shinny" and "Prisoner's Base." Leaders were selected for each side, and battles waged fast and furious until lunch hour. Later, after a hurried meal, we again gathered upon the ice to renew our contest until, tired out, we went slowly home, hungry for supper and sleepy for bed.

When ice was thin we indulged in "Tickly Benders," which generally ended by our daring each other to cross the most dangerous spot. One afternoon the wind blew furiously from the north after an unusually warm day in winter. A crowd of us went to Kelly's Dam for skating. Kelly's Dam did not cover as much ground as some of the others, but it made up in depth for what it lacked in size, for in the centre it was forty feet deep.

The ice was thin, the heat of the day before had made it rotten. About twenty boys were congregated there. Bantering and "you dare not do it," were too much for me, and I recklessly ventured out. I had not gone ten feet from the shore over deep water, when catastrophe came and the ice gave way. The more I tried to raise myself on it, the more it broke around me, until I was numb and tired, and had it not been for my cousin, Ellicott Fisher, always true and loyal, who remained with me, I might not now be relating the incident. All the boys

who had dared me, when they saw me fall in, afraid of consequences, ran away. Ellicott alone was cool-headed, had presence of mind, and knew what would happen if I disregarded his advice and was foolhardy enough to risk my life. He had quietly secured my shinny and venturing as near as possible over the uncertain ice, shoved it out to me.

I was nearly at the end of my strength, my heavy winter clothes were saturated, and prevented free use of my limbs; then, too, my shoes had filled with water and this, added to the weight of my skates, made my feet feel like lead. I was glad to see the shinny and tried to grasp it, but always the treacherous ice broke away, and I fell back into the freezing water.

However, after repeated desperate efforts which resulted in breaking away the thinnest ice and leaving an edge safer and stronger and better able to bear me, I managed to grasp the slippery shinny with what was almost a drowning clutch, and was pulled to where I could help myself out. For a while I lay there exhausted, but Ellicott's thoughtful kindness forced me to get up and run home with his help. This was not easy, for I was very tired.

My clothes were stiffening on me, and I was numb with cold. The incident was too serious to be kept quiet, and with teeth chattering, I told my mother, who, strange to say, did not scold or punish me, but, wet as I was, hugged and kissed me and seemed very thankful to have me safe at home. She stood me in front of the glowing fire, while she stripped off my wet clothes and put on a woolen gown; then made me drink a bowl of hot milk, and tucked me into a warm bed. Next morning I was none the worse for the accident.

Ellicott was praised and thanked for saving my life. He became quite a hero, but thought more of the cakes my mother allowed him to stuff in his pockets than of all the thanks.

* * * * *

FOUR of us were ambitious to go to the great Delaware River to fish. We had been taken there in installments by our father, but had never ventured alone. We took the wagon and drove to where we knew we could hire a boat. Before we realized just what we were doing, we found ourselves floating in the middle of the mile-wide river, borne along by a swiftly flowing tide. We were not afraid; our efforts on the Wissahickon had made us at home in a boat, and though the oldest of us was but fifteen, we felt like men.

We were returning with ten or twelve dozen fish when the wind changed, gently at first, but soon white caps decorated every wave. We almost lost heart. Water was breaking over the side and we were very wet. As we drifted along we seemed to have lost control of the boat. Long afterwards we acknowledged to each other that we were afraid. However, we rowed with all our might, kept our fears to ourselves, and in half an hour landed at the wharf as happy and thankful a crew as ever set foot on dry land after a perilous sea voyage.

* * * * *

OUR Hallowe'en parties were events to be remembered, and great were preparations therefor. It took early rising to be the first at a chestnut tree, and a strong arm to throw a club and bring down a shower from the first

opened burs, and sharp eyes were required to find the chestnuts under the brown leaves.

Roasting chestnuts and popping corn and plenty of cake and big apples for us and our friends were pleasures presided over by our good mother.

* * * * *

ONE day while crossing a huge grass field, not a likely place to find treasure, I spied something glistening, and picking it up, discovered a gold pin set with rubies. It was very valuable. My father advertised it and told me "That no gentleman would accept a reward"; consequently, when the owner appeared, I politely but firmly refused compensation, thereby acquiring merit in the eyes of my father, and felt very proud of myself.

SCHOOL—1853

My father, president of the first poultry association in Pennsylvania, and for many years Treasurer of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was elected a Director of Public Schools. When I was fourteen years of age he decided that one of his boys must go to public school because of his office, and I was the one selected. I was disappointed, as all of my brothers and friends had gone to the Germantown Academy on School Lane, corner of Greene Street. It was erected during the reign of George III of England, whose crown in miniature still adorns the lightning rod. I had looked forward to going there as soon as I should be old enough to be admitted. The academy was full of pleasant associations. There Steve Coulter cracked his jokes, and most of the Germantown boys attended. But I was sent to the Grammar School on Rittenhouse Street, preparatory to entering the Philadelphia High School. I was prejudiced against it, and never prepossessed in its favor. Mr. Bowman was principal.

I was able to concoct spurious rules of grammar to suit my parsing which deceived Bowman, and delighted my fellow-students.

Charles and Gabriel Boyer, Alfred Fortin, Charles and Algernon Roberts, Robert Nichols and Xavier Hegal were my boon companions. I walked to school every morning accompanied by Jane and Hannah Harper, of Harper's Hollow, and Xavier Hegal. Many a slide intervened between home and school, but we were seldom, if ever, late.

Several of us offered and took examinations for the

high school, Charlie Boyer, Charlie Roberts, Al Fortin, and I. Fortin was the only one who passed. Was it any wonder that we mischief-loving boys did not pass? This decided my father that this was not the sort of school for me, and I, with a few others, left the Rittenhouse and entered the Northwest Grammar School on Race Street west of Broad. There we found Aaron Ivins as principal, whom we at once respected. He was not only a brilliant scholar, but an apt teacher. Lessons became a pleasure and one year with him enabled me not only to pass my admission examination to the high school, but to enter No. 15 in a class of 150.

Mr. Ivins gave us many lessons in mental arithmetic in which he excelled. He could multiply four figures by four figures, without an error, in an incredibly short time.

His ability as a teacher was shown in his entering classes of 16 to 32 for high-school examinations, all of whom passed. A month before examination Ivins had us come to his home every night. He had a room fitted up with blackboards and there he drilled us boys along the probable lines of study for the ordeal. No boy he did not consider perfect could apply for admission. He was so successful with his classes that he was accused of collusion with the high school professors, but we boys knew better; it was application and hard work for him and for us that accomplished his purpose. I had a bad habit of tapping my pencil on my desk: instead of reproving me he turned around from his blackboard, saying: "Wister, that is a beautiful pencil." I never did it again.

Mr. Ivins afterwards became principal of a Friends' school and was a most successful instructor. I was sorry to leave him, and called at his invitation afterwards, to let him know of my progress at the high school.

The high school was then located on Juniper Street facing Penn Square, between Market and Clover Streets, on ground now covered by Wanamaker's store.

Alexander McNeill taught us drawing and perspective, but although he wrote a perfect hand, was not a success as a teacher of penmanship. Every teacher is not happy in the art of imparting knowledge, but when he is handsome, well-dressed, and with elegant manners, he can be a credit to the faculty. Rhodes was very different. It was an impossibility to shirk the hour's work in his room. No boy with a modicum of sense would try anything but his very best effort to excel.

It was the custom of the boys to bring a big rosy apple or fine orange to school after holidays and deposit it on the desk of his favorite teacher. As in all schools, some of the professors were favorites and some were not. If a boy did not improve his education at the high school it was his own fault.

Nobler men never lived than Professors Rhodes, Brégy, Vogdes and McClure, with John S. Hart as principal at their head. I cannot let the opportunity pass without paying a high tribute to them. Zehemiah Hopper, Kendall, and Dan Howard were among the professors at this time.

Rhodes taught belles-lettres and the English language. Each week a composition was required. First, each student could select his own subject. The next week a subject was given us by the professor; last and most difficult, each boy would be handed a blank sheet of foolscap paper, together with the caption for a composition. Four pages must be filled with at least ten words to a line, within the allotted hour. It seems almost incredible that each student succeeded in writing intelli-

gent thoughts in that short space of time. Yet, if it were not accomplished, the penalty of a cipher awaited him who failed. Many of these hurried essays were written upon the blackboard the following day to the credit of the writer.

Rhodes' methods seemed severe at the time and, looking back, they have not lost their severity.

Rhodes enjoyed sport and was an interested spectator one day at recess of an exciting battle between another boy and myself, in which black eyes and bloody lips figured. My opponent was a bully, who tried to lord it over all smaller boys. He was taller and stouter than I, but not so active and inured to exercise. This day, after an insulting remark, he threw a crust of bread in my face. Of course, I hit him. All the boys became interested and formed a ring around us in the school yard. We fought long and well, and I was victorious. He was not able to come to school for four days, while I did not miss a day. I gained reputation by that fight; Rhodes did not report this to the faculty; he probably enjoyed the scene as much as any of the audience.

The boys of my class—it would be a stretch of the imagination to call them young gentlemen—practised an initiation ceremony for all newcomers. This consisted of hoisting a boy by his arms and legs and carrying him thus across the yard. Only once was I made the object of their sympathy, when my chum, George Carpenter, rescued me with torn clothes from their clutches. They never dared to repeat any experience of this sort. After the fight they had learned what I could do.

Although Cudge Creely was the leader of any and all deviltry, he became a Congressman. Nothing Cudge enjoyed more than bringing a bottle of *asafoetida* to school

and spilling it on the floor, unless it was setting off a pack of firecrackers in the basement. Two of our class became Congressmen, and Horstman, a Catholic bishop. Stephen W. White, who graduated head of a class of 19, and many others have passed away.

I have been writing of the years of 1855 and 1856; now, in 1917, I still go to alumni meetings where, year after year, fewer of my old classmates assemble; but these reunions are brightened by able speeches, music, songs, and mirth, contributed by the next generation.

The original high school was sold, and on May 31, 1853, the corner-stone of the building at the northeast corner of Broad and Green Streets was laid and occupied as the Boys' High School until it also became too small, and was moved in September, 1900, to its present location, the very handsome and imposing structure at the southwest corner of Broad and Green Streets.

* * * * *

THE graduating exercises of my class were held in Jayne's Hall on February 11, 1858. A number of us made addresses. I distinguished myself with an ambitious subject, "Genius Triumphant." The others spoke on various subjects. J. Campbell Harris on "The Fate of the Indian"; George W. Wannemacher, "A Mother's Love"; John M. McDevitt, "Poetry of Labor"; Matthew Neely, "Knowledge and Its Source"; Robert J. Mercer, "Thoughts on Life and Death"; James R. Booth, "Guiding Star to Happiness"; Neal F. Campbell, "Memory of the Departing Great"; Edward C. Bullard, "Originality," and Stephen W. White gave the honorary address, "Influence of Public Opinion." It is surprising to realize

that there is no limit to what a boy thinks he knows. Lucius M. S. Haines gave the Valedictory.

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BEFORE graduating from the high school I invented a notched steel tire which enabled any wheel to mount hills, even on slippery street-car tracks, without a jolt, and without the noisy friction accompaniment. This tire was used by the United Express Company on one of their wagons and pronounced a perfect success. I was too young to know how to exploit it, had no means to advertise, and, as far as I know, it was never used on any other vehicle. Nearly forty years later, Bob Neal, of Harrisburg, invented the same tire, but never offered his to the public, as mine had priority. This tire would be just as useful to-day for steel-tired vehicles, if rubber had not become so popular that my tire could scarcely be made to pay.

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THE best thing that I ever invented was a trench gun in 1916. Reporters heard of it and articles appeared in the newspapers. I took out a patent and offered it to our United States Government at Washington. Although the gun did everything I claimed, our authorities turned it down.

Perhaps during some later war my gun may be accepted and used, after the patent has run out, as in the case of my duplication of Old Faithful geyser.

1855—SKATING ACCIDENT

WE had now become too old to be satisfied with mill ponds on which to show our fancy skating. All the Wister men were good skaters. The two William Wynne Wisters, Senior and Junior, were among the best; young Bill was extremely graceful upon the ice, as he slowly rolled his backward "High Dutch." Charles J. Wister was skilful, while I could do more figures, but not with the ease and grace of Bill Wynne, Jr. Bill, Jr., despised "Shinny" and "Prisoner's Base," while I excelled in strong and wild skating.

In the years gone by the winters were far colder than at present. Skating was a popular amusement. All the men and boys skated, and many girls were expert fancy skaters. The ice on the Schuylkill was a favorite objective point, as it froze over solid, and the ice was good for miles above Philadelphia.

John Thayer and I often went together on Saturdays, our only day off duty at school. I was a boy of sixteen and he about the same age. He was the hero of Belfield sledding incident related a few pages further on, and was afterward the father of John Thayer, Jr., drowned on the *Titanic*. We both belonged to the Philadelphia Skating Club and carried reels, as each member was required to be ready for rescue in case of accident.

It was customary for young men to make up skating parties and invite girls to accompany them. Those who could not skate well, were pushed on chairs, fitted with runners, by their escorts. Thayer and I each wore one of

the pretty little silver skate pins, badge of the club, when we went out with our reels.

Mr. Samuel Earl Shinn, in partnership with Thomas H. Montgomery, was in the drug business at the southwest corner of Broad and Spruce Streets. He was engaged to be married to Miss Eliza Russell, who, with her sister, was visiting a friend, Mrs. Smith, on Broad Street. The engagement was not generally known, but they had agreed to have it made public during her visit to our city.

Wishing to show the sisters some attention, Mr. Shinn arranged with Mr. Nalis, connected with the stone quarry business, to invite the Misses Russell to go on a skating party the first favorable day, and fixed on Saturday, February 3, 1855, for their frolic. The day proved auspiciously clear and brilliantly cold. The ice seemed in perfect condition. They left Mrs. Smith's at a little after ten in the morning, intending to return by one o'clock in time for lunch.

Mr. Shinn had secured one of the sled chairs and skated while pushing his fiancée over the ice. Her sister and Mr. Nalis skated together nearby. All were in fine spirits and enjoyed the bracing air. Suddenly a cry arose for "Help, help!" Thayer and I were near and were among the first to witness the accident. On west bank of the river, opposite "Sweet Briar Mansion," residence of Mr. William S. Torr, a coating of thin ice had joined over a hole from which blocks of ice had been cut, and dust had been blown over this, effectively concealing the dangerous spot, hence the error and fatal catastrophe.

Mr. Shinn's party were going at a rapid rate; he was an excellent skater and a man of great strength and presence of mind, though on this occasion, while gayly chat-

ting with his charge, he must have been blind to the absence of skate marks on the ice. The impetus of the chair carried him, with Miss Russell, through the thin ice into the water. Both soon rose to the surface. He could easily have saved himself, but was too honorable to desert his helpless companion. It was thought that she must, in falling, have struck her head against the ice. She seemed to be in a fainting condition and a dead weight in his arms. Both were clad in heavy winter clothes; he swam and held her up for several minutes in the freezing water. Many reels were thrown to him, mine among the rest. When we ventured near in vain effort at assistance, the surrounding ice broke beneath our weight. A spring rising near the hole made the water warm and the ice thin.

Miss Russell's sister was frantic and called us all to help. Mr. John A. Neff, making strenuous efforts at rescue, slipped into the hole, where for a while his life was in jeopardy, but was finally saved by means of a reel. Meanwhile, Shinn and Miss Russell had gone under a second time. The former came up again, but alone. With a drowning hand, he grasped at the reel thrown by John Thayer, and was, by heroic efforts, hauled upon solid ice. There he lay exhausted, and unconscious. When he recovered sufficiently to realize that his fiancée had been swept by the current down the river and was drowned under the ice, in despair, and before any of us guessed his intention or could stop him, he rolled back into the river and was drowned.

The bodies were recovered within an hour. Miss Russell was picked up, floating face downwards, and carried to Mr. Torr's house, where every effort was made to resuscitate her, but life was extinct. Mr. Shinn's body was picked from the bottom of the river by a boathook

about fifteen feet from the west bank, and also carried to Sweet Briar farm. Mr. Torr and his family showed every kindness and attention to the bereaved sister, who was almost crazed by the terrible tragedy. The bodies were taken to their respective homes—that of the lady to her hostess, Mrs. Smith's house, and Mr. Shinn to his father's, Mr. Earl J. Shinn, 136 Pine Street.

Mr. Samuel E. Shinn enjoyed an unsullied character, and was remarkably unselfish, cordial and warm-hearted as a friend, conscientious and upright in his dealings, and all that could be desired as a son and brother.

I have seen many break through the ice, and assisted at their rescue, but this was the first fatal drowning accident I had ever the misfortune to witness.

This tragedy destroyed all pleasure for the day, and with one accord we all seemed to agree that our sport for the day was over, and sadly went home.

All this happened nearly sixty-three years ago, when Philadelphia was younger, and not well prepared for emergencies. Now we have a park and park guards. Air holes on the ice are marked with red flags. In case of a drowning accident such as this, guards would rush a boat over the ice to rescue, or push a ladder to those immersed.

This was the cold winter of 1855, when an ox was roasted on the Delaware River ice, and when a sleighing party, driven by a drunken driver, fell into an air hole on the Delaware, while hundreds of people skating could see the victims floating down the strong current of the river under the ice. A more harrowing, hopeless situation cannot be imagined. To see people swept along to certain death, and yet be powerless to render assistance!

BELFIELD

My father, William Wister, of Germantown, and my mother, Sarah Fisher, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, were married September 26, 1826.

My mother's father, William Logan Fisher, gave them the estate of Belfield on which to begin housekeeping. There they lived until their death. All their children were born there.

They had six sons—William Rotch Wister, born December 7, 1827; John Wister, July 15, 1829; Langhorne Wister, September 20, 1834; Jones Wister, February 9, 1839; Francis Wister, June 2, 1841, and Rodman Wister, August 10, 1844.

Belfield is associated with holiest memories of mother's love and every pleasant recollection of childhood and early manhood. We six men were brothers and firm friends. I have had the sad fate of outliving them all.

My father always had a private poultry show of his own, and was extremely proud of his flocks. Besides wild turkeys, he kept Muscovy and White Pekin ducks, bantams, Cochin Chinas and pigeons.

Edward Virtue was a dog-and-pigeon friend of my father's. One day, while my father was at breakfast, the maid announced that "a gentleman, named Mr. Virtue, had called to see him," on which my father remarked, "If Virtue is a gentleman, he must have changed very much since I last saw him."

When my father reproved us it was in such fashion that we never transgressed again. When very small he took me out with him for a ride, and before we had gone far I

fell out of the buggy. He picked me up, scolded a little, and placed me on the seat again. I was scarcely seated before I fell out again. This time I received a well-merited thrashing. I remembered after that to hold on to the side and never tumbled out again.

My father loved fast horses and could distance any one on the road, turned corners quickly, and any one driving with him must be careful. He was quick and high tempered, but swearing was not one of his faults. We never heard an oath from his lips. He knew everybody in Germantown and everybody knew him. As he drove through the streets he would hail his friends and talk jovially with every one. He was a great favorite, and I never heard a disparaging remark against him.

In the morning my mother would bring him a list of things she wanted when he went for his daily drive. I loved horses and was always ready to go with him. While he was in a store getting things for the house, I would sit in the buggy and hold the horse.

During the week business cares consumed most of my father's time, but his Sundays were devoted to his poultry and birds. His facilities were not of the best, but his interest was all-pervading. It was a sad morning for us boys, when dressed up to go to meeting, he would inconsiderately make up his mind that that time of all others was the best for certain chickens and ducks to be caught, and he would request us boys to catch them. With clean white pantaloons on, just ready to start out, this was not a pleasant duty, but we never objected.

The duck pens were dirty, chicken houses also, and after the struggling ducks or chickens had muddied and streaked our Sunday suits, we would have to go upstairs

to change our clothes and wash up before becoming presentable enough to approach the dinner table.

There was one saving clause to this untidy work, which was that meeting time was passed.

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SOMETIMES my father's wild turkeys would stray away and fly to other woods in the neighborhood. When this happened my big-hearted cousin, Gus Logan, the same who had let Frank and I learn to ride on his pony, would come with his gun and go turkey hunting. My father gave us permission to shoot any of his turkeys that we could find. Once I accompanied Gus and found some of them roosting in the woods at Champ Lost. Judge Fox, as in Rodman's case, was very much annoyed at our shooting on his premises, but forgave us when he found that we were only aiming at my father's wild turkeys.

My father was celebrated for his knowledge of poultry and was chosen to be judge of all poultry exhibited, except his own. Game chickens were his favorites, though, strange to say, he never saw a cock fight. Every spring his admirer, Matthew Rusk, "the bruiser," who kept a cock-pit, came to our house and was loaned ten or twelve cockerels to be tested in his pit. These chickens were fought and those showing the most pluck and endurance were selected and kept for breeding purposes.

He imported a number of Lord Sefton's brass-backed game chickens from the latter's preserves in England. They were beautiful specimens, and thrived well in this country. Some years later Lord Sefton wrote to my father, saying that he had had bad luck with a brood, and that his variety had become extinct, and hoped that Mr. Wister could spare him a few of his specimens, whereupon

my father was glad to return Lord Sefton's civility and replenish his stock, sending a number of the chickens to England.

My father loved books and owned many of them. His pastimes were reading and fishing.

* * * * *

EVERY September my father would give a reed-bird supper to some of his most intimate old friends; on this occasion port wine would be the only drink used.

Thomas Biddle was a frequent visitor at our house, where he often dined *en famille*. He afterwards married Miss White. He was always in a hurry. After he became engaged, my brother Langhorne, to tease him, said: "I hear that you became engaged after knowing your fiancée only three days." Tom laughed and answered: "You had better call it a three hours' acquaintance."

Tom Biddle had a kicking accomplishment which was a source of amusement and entertainment after many a dinner party. He could draw his knees up to his chin and kick out in all directions to the damage of all those sitting next to him, but so uproarious was the laughter that greeted these exhibitions of his skill, that no one minded an occasional blackened shin.

* * * * *

My father was full of fun and loved a joke. Mr. William A. Ingham told me of a good one on himself. When he asked Mr. Wister the difference between a smile and a laugh, my father instantly replied: "The girls all smile at me, but laugh at you!"

Pierce Butler, of Butler Place, was also a frequent visitor at our house. He was very sedate and dignified.

We had a splendid garden, raising among other vegetables, Mexican black beans. These made a delicious soup which Pierce loved. Pierce owned large plantations in Georgia and South Carolina, which were worked by slaves. He was, therefore, a Secessionist. When the war broke out, he was arrested and sent to Governor's Island as a suspicious character in 1861. Here he paraded daily, dressed in the height of fashion, to the delight of officers and soldiers of the fort, who called him "The Dainty Rebel." The Government never held a more innocent prisoner, for although Pierce favored the South, his friends were all northerners and by their good offices he was soon released.

* * * * *

A most worthy English gentleman, named James Thorp, lived near Belfield. He was a close friend of my father's. He and his brother Isichar built Thorp's Dam across the Wingohocking for power to drive their mill for printing cloths. The factory did not pay and when they failed in business my father invited James to come and live with us until he could adjust his affairs. Isichar, I believe, returned to England. Two lanes in Germantown are named for them, Thorp, leading from Wister Street to York Road, and the other at the lower end of German-town. Mr. Thorp had been a cavalryman in the British army, and thoroughly understood the use, as well as the abuse, of firearms. He drilled us in the art of carrying a gun, so that there could be no danger to the user of the weapon, or to those around him, provided he carried out Mr. Thorp's instructions. He loved to tell us of a hunting club which existed in Germantown in his younger days, before I was born. Partridges, quail, and snipe abounded, and its members hunted every week. I have

no doubt that this was one of the clubs to which my grandfather belonged in his youth.

The Chancellor brothers, William (or Uncle Billy, as we called him) and Henry Chancellor, Mr. Thompson, and my uncles John and Charles, owned their hunting dogs and enjoyed the sport. One stringent rule of the club Mr. Thorp delighted to instill into us, was that if the muzzle of the gun of any member was inadvertently, or otherwise, pointed at another member, he forfeited a bottle of wine for the first offense. For the second offense he lost his membership, as it was considered culpable carelessness and placed the lives of his fellow-members in jeopardy.

He told us a funny story of a member, shooting at a covey of partridges, who was astonished by hearing a yell and the sudden appearance of a burly negro who had been in the bushes and been hit by the pellets of shot. He swore vengeance at the gunman, but was quieted by a present of fifty cents, which he thankfully pocketed, being more frightened than hurt, and promptly offered to be shot again for a similar amount.

Mr. Thorp was fond of reading the news, and as Philadelphia papers were only for sale at the old General Wayne Hotel, corner of Germantown Avenue and Main Street, then known as Cox's Tavern, we boys would take turns in walking there and buying a newspaper for him.

When Mr. Thorp left us he went to the home of a nephew at Green Bay, Michigan, but before going he presented my father with a gold-lined silver cup, won in a race in England by his horse "Bobbin Winder." He was always gentle and obliging and never out of humor. We all loved him, but, alas, never saw the dear old gentleman again.

CRICKET—1852-1861

OUR riding parties were interfered with, if not entirely broken up, by the advent of cricket, which was reintroduced by myself, and the Germantown Cricket Club founded.

This was partly the result of Mr. James Thorp's influence and advice, which may have had a great deal to do with forming our characters. He not only had been a soldier, but was an old English cricketer, and brought bats and balls with him to our house and taught my older brothers to play cricket. While watching them play I learned the rudiments of the game.

They started what was called the "Belfield Junior Cricket Club," 1840 to 1846. A stone roller borrowed from our garden smoothed the pasture, and almost the only recollection we retained of this primitive crease was of two spots, bare of grass, indicative of constant use.

The members consisted of Coleman and William R. Fisher, Tom Birds, Ben Richards, James England, Hartman Kuhn, my brothers, William Rotch and John Wister; also Weir Mitchell, Jr., and many others. Doctor Mitchell, Weir's father, offered a prize bat for the best score in one of their matches. This bat was won by my oldest brother, William Rotch Wister. The handsome score of "44 runs" was painted upon it in gold letters, and the presentation made the occasion of a social function. A reception was given at our Belfield home to all the members and their friends. Many compliments were showered upon the successful competitor. Why the club disbanded, after such a noble beginning, I do not know—history does not tell.

We had graduated from marbles and tops and shinny and taken up Town Ball, at that time the name for Base Ball. The hidden treasures were neglected and forgotten until the summer of 1846, when, searching for something else, I stumbled upon the implements of cricket warfare; there they were, all the balls, bats, and stumps, including the prize bat, stored in the loft of our Belfield house. I then and there conceived the idea of starting a new cricket club. To this end I called a meeting of all my chums, and after filling their pockets with cake from my mother's gingerbread box, it was unanimously decided that we play a game. We drove the stumps into the turf near the house and modern cricket was again inaugurated. A broken window pane and a ball accidentally lighting on the head of my father soon made it apparent that more extended quarters were a necessity. Both head pains and window panes were repaired, but our youthful cricketers moved their ground to a near-by orchard, where the Germantown Cricket Club was born in 1854. There many games were played, but no matches, as trees were in the way and the ground too small.

Fannie Butler, afterwards wife of the distinguished dean, James Leigh, of England, was an interested spectator, seated on the top rail of the fence. She donated six camp stools to the cause, for the use of my mother and other elderly people; my mother was now called the "Mother of American Cricket."

This field, which was owned by Miller McKim, was used for some months, but soon found unsuitable for matches. Several years elapsed before our first match was played upon a lot at the corner of Washington Lane and Township Line, owned by George W. Carpenter,

whose son, George, Jr., was one of us. At last, much to our delight, we were challenged to play a match with a bunch of young gentlemen who called themselves the "Delphian Circumferaneous." Excitement ran high. The players were evenly matched, but although Walter Newhall, our best player and fast underhand bowler, bowled five Delphian wickets in as many balls, in one over, the Delphians beat us in this, our first match.

It was a disappointment, we had been too sure of victory, but the defeat did us good. We were put upon our mettle and after this practiced long and often. Many games followed between the few clubs then existing. We were soon a victorious club and were able to prove that the "Germantowners" were hard to beat, and proudly maintained our ascendancy until the outbreak of the Civil War, when seven of our eleven enlisted.

From this small beginning cricket grew like wild-fire during the fifties. Just before the war there were forty-three cricket clubs in Philadelphia. The three leading clubs were the Philadelphia, the Union, and the Germantown.

Hartman Kuhn owned a beautiful field just across the Delaware River in Camden, and in 1859 invited the Philadelphia clubs to use it. I think the Delphians shared expenses with us.

Such a luxury as a clubhouse was unknown, as well as gloves and knee pads, and had we known of them, we would have had no money to spare for anything so effeminate.

Bradshaw, an English cricketer, a good batsman and change bowler, lived in a house near the Philadelphia ground. There the members kept their implements and changed their costumes. Dear old Mrs. Bradshaw, a typical Yorkshire woman, with a delightful brogue, con-

tributed to our comfort, always ready with a kind word, a slice of bread and butter, and a "Kup of tay." If properly notified, she would have a good lunch for us on a Saturday. Her memory should forever be kept green.

Mr. Joseph Ury Crawford was one of us, and spoke to me only the other day of those happy experiences of our youth. He enlisted April 14, 1861, in the Washington Grays, for the term of the war.

Our ground was known as the Philadelphia Cricket Ground, we "Young Americans," as Philadelphians, used it. I can remember that there also belonged, besides those I have mentioned, my brothers, Francis and William Rotch Wister, Charles Newhall, Albert Outerbridge, William C. Morgan, Cecil Clay, A. P. Boller, Charles Collis, A. Charles Barclay, Ship Newlin, George Creely, William Godey, John P. Green, Charles Vernon, Adolph Rosengarten, Massey, Hunt, and many others.

In the autumn, when the weather was too cold for cricket, we would meet and enjoy blood-warming football matches. We also, in order to gain practice, would get the English professionals to bowl at us, setting up single stumps with a silver half dollar balanced on the top, which was the prize of the bowler when he knocked the stump over, as he invariably did.

Tom Seignor's bowling terrified us. He was the English professional coach of the Philadelphia Club, and was regarded with awe and wonder by the Young American cricketers of Germantown. He was tall, had high cheek bones, a stalwart figure, and was the only fast round hand bowler in the country. Except Hollis, of the Newark Club, all others played underhand.

An American eleven and an English eleven composed

the Philadelphia Club. The Germantowners had been successful in so many matches that we became too ambitious and challenged the Philadelphia Club, including Tom Seignor, who had heretofore been barred as too professional. He, with the entire strength of the Philadelphia Club, proved too much for us, and we lost. As before, the defeat was good for our swelled heads, and another match, without Tom Seignor, between the two clubs, clings to my memory. When the Camden men had five wickets still to go down and only seven runs to make to win, the excitement on either side was intense.

The two last Philadelphians were Dick Stevens, of New York City, and Al Waterman. Dick besought Al to be steady, as another run would convert the tied score into a victory. Their efforts, however, only resulted in a victory for us, as the Philadelphians lost the wicket and the match.

A remarkable match was played between the Young America and the Keystone of the Y. M. C. V., in which I was umpire. Walter was the best bat in America, and Bernardo a close rival. Walter scored the first century I had ever witnessed, scoring 105, while Bernardo scored 80. This game broke the hearts of the Keystone boys, who disbanded and merged with the Delphians and other clubs in the vicinity, joining the Union Club. Rivalry between the youthful cricketers was strong. Their slogan was "Anything to beat Germantown," but the Germantown boys were hard to beat and we retained our ascendancy.

About this time a match was arranged between the Merion Club and ourselves. When we met at the depot, we found only seven of us there to go; some of the boys were for turning back, but I had gotten off from business

that afternoon, and put it to them that "seven of us were equal to any amateur eleven." We went and won.

Cricket had become so popular that in the year 1859 an invitation to eleven English professional cricketers was issued. They came in the early fall of that year, when none of the clubs had a suitable ground on which to play. Mr. Cullen, president of the Reading Railroad, my employer, was an Englishman and proud to learn that I, a boy of twenty, in his office, had been selected to make one of the number to play against the English eleven, and gave me every opportunity to practice. This was in the summer.

Camac's wood was at that time a resort for picnics and pleasure parties. It was leased for the occasion. Here a ground was improvised, and seats put up for spectators. My cousin, William Wynne Wister, Jr., was chairman of a committee of arrangements which were admirably conducted.

There was a strong team of professionals against us. We were boys, and they were powerful, well-built men; but we were not afraid. We knew that we had twenty-two of the best Americans, picked from New York, Newark, and Philadelphia, and hoped our greater number would outweigh the odds. Lockyer, the great wicket keeper, Jackson, the fast bowler, Hayward and Carpenter, the magnificent batsmen who, with Julius Caesar, Lillywhite, Caffyn, Diver, Grundy Stephenson and Wisden, were of the eleven against us.

Notwithstanding the cost of installing a new ground, sufficient money was earned by entrance fees to pay all expenses. Thousands saw the game of cricket for the first time. George Parr was captain of the English eleven. A multitude of spectators had come to see the great English cricketer, but, unfortunately, George Parr



**JONES WISTER PLAYING CRICKET, 1859, AT CAMAC'S WOODS,
BETWEEN VISITING ENGLISHMEN AND PHILADELPHIANS**

1859
1859

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

met with an accident soon after the game began, and was ruled out. I, with the others, was disappointed.

The remaining ten played so well that our twenty-two were beaten. Perhaps if one decision of the umpire had been changed the result might have been different. It was manifestly incorrect. While Hayward and Carpenter were at the bat, and before a dozen runs had been made, Hayward struck a ball which, upon appeal was called "wide." There should have been no appeal, as a ball which a batter can and does reach is not a wide ball.

The ball went into the air and was caught by Hunt. Again the umpire was appealed to, asking him to change his visibly culpable decision. Butler refused. Before these two batters were separated they had added 100 runs to the score. Many declared that but for the error, the professionals might not have won the game. The English were splendid men physically and extremely alert mentally.

Harvey Fisher and I were hitting Caffyn and Jackson. Caffyn's style was almost identical with that of Hammond, the Germantown professional bowler, so I felt at home facing his balls. Harvey Fisher, my cousin, drove Jackson a number of times, and I followed his good example. There were several Englishmen on the American side, of whom Gibb made the best score, 20 and 6. I followed with 19 and 5. Hallis, the Newark professional, and I were in together; Hallis was not scoring. He became confused and should have been run out, but instead the fielder downed my wicket, thus easily getting rid of the batter who was giving them trouble. This was thought the sharpest piece of fielding ever seen in America. A. Charles Barclay and Charles Vernon made good scores.

The best American cricketer, Walter Newhall, did not distinguish himself in the 1859 match between English professionals and twenty-two gentleman cricketers, though great play was expected of him. Walter was taller and more powerfully built than any of his brothers. He and I were such great friends that a short sketch here of his career seems appropriate. He played during the period when every eleven played a backstop.

Now, the wicket keeper is expected to stop all balls which pass the batsman. The long slip and long leg now do the fielding which was then done by the backstop. Walter's throwing was so straight and fast that it was dangerous for the batter to leave his crease. He downed the wicket of many an incautious batsman. He could throw a ball farther than any of his competitors. A New Yorker thought he could outthrow Walter, and was anxious to match himself against him. They met on the Staten Island Cricket Ground.

New York threw 90 yards, Walter followed with 95. New York's next effort was 105 yards, Walter threw 109. Then New York tried many times to excel Walter's 109, but each time his throw decreased. Walter finally threw 113 yards, a distance which had not been excelled at that time, and gave him the championship.

Up to the time that the Germantown Cricket Club was organized the game was played in America exclusively by Englishmen, and the foreigners considered themselves masters of the situation.

The advent of cricket in Germantown was the opening of a new era. The game was not an easy one, and it required much practice to become proficient. The "Young America" Cricket Club was composed of the

younger brothers of the Germantowners. Some of our men belonged to both clubs, among them Walter Newhall and Bernardo C. Hechavaria, familiarly known as "Bernardo."

* * * * *

YOUNG AMERICA was destined to outstrip its parent in excellence of play; for many years it had no rival in America. When it beat Lord Hawke's team of eleven visiting Australians against eleven picked men of the Young America Club on our Manheim grounds, it is needless to say that the hearts of Philadelphia were proud of their successful club.

READING RAILROAD

JOHN TUCKER, JR., and I were great chums, and his father was an object of my sincere admiration. The feeling must have been reciprocal, as he recommended me to R. D. Cullen, his successor as president of the Reading Railroad. Mr. Tucker was one of the most brilliant men of his day, but had views too advanced for the old-fashioned English firm who owned and practically controlled the railroad, the McCalmonts of London, so they appointed Cullen to supplant John Tucker. Cullen had the reputation of being arbitrary and irritable, but I found him to be a good business man, prompt and energetic, but not able to understand Americans. He was considerate and kind to me and I tried to make good.

My school days were over and work for me began in the headquarters of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, at 227 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. I was his office boy and secretary, but why he should have favored and given me much of his confidence over the heads of clerks who were older and had been there longer, I do not know.

Free passes over railroads were beginning to be issued as a matter of policy. Newspaper men, together with a few lawyers and people connected with the company, were the only ones favored. Applications, however, were numerous and increasing, much to Mr. Cullen's disgust and annoyance. His lack of tact was his chief drawback, for he could not discriminate between those worthy and unworthy. Why one man in a position to injure the road should have a pass and another equally prominent should

BELFIELD



TO THE
ALBERTA

not be favored was beyond Mr. Cullen's ken. He referred names to me many times, and later, gave me the pass book, authorizing me, a mere boy, to use my own judgment. Mr. Cullen liked me better than he did my penmanship. To him I owe my good handwriting, and am forever grateful. I wrote a villainous hand when I left the high school, for—tell it in a whisper—Alex McNeil taught the old Rand system, which, though handsome in itself, lacked the element taught by Spencer, *vis.*, the arm movement.

One day Cullen, looking over some papers I had submitted to him, called out, "Jones, Jones, where did you learn to write, or didn't you learn at all?" This mortified me to such an extent that I asked Mr. Cullen's permission to be absent one hour daily in order to take lessons in penmanship. I was lucky enough to find Professor Hoodley at a college for teaching bookkeeping. He agreed to give me lessons. At that time the Spencerian system was new, not being taught in public schools. Now, fortunately for the rising generation, there is no system of which Spencer is not the originator. I bought a quire of foolscap paper, over which Hoodley presided for an hour. I had before me, as examples, not only Hoodley's beautiful penmanship, but that of William H. McIlhenny, our secretary, and John Walker, the transfer clerk, both of whom wrote beautiful hands.

Within six weeks of Mr. Cullen's rebuke all the clerks were peering over my shoulder, admiring my handwriting. Some said I wrote better than Jack Walker or old "Mac," as they were familiarly called, although I did not have McIlhenny's free and easy style, which was something to gloat one's eyes upon, while every stock

broker's clerk knew Jack's writing on the certificates which came from his department.

There were at this time besides the president's room, that of William McIlhenny, in which there were three desks, his own and Mr. Mason's, the bookkeeper. Also, a room occupied by the treasurer, Samuel Bradford, and his assistant, William W. Webb, who at Mr. Bradford's death became treasurer. Mr. Bradford lived with his daughters at 1628 Walnut Street. Once they had tableaux at their house and gave me a part. Miss Annie told me I must sigh to be true to the character. I told her that all my life I had tried to be cheerful and laugh, but would endeavor to please her.

The coal department was presided over by W. H. Deming. Michael W. Walsh had charge of the freight and passenger department. A one-horse wagon brought to us the daily receipts of money from the different offices and stations along the road, together with conductors' books and tickets. All tickets were prepared in Mr. Walsh's department.

The mail wagon reached 227 South Fourth Street about one o'clock, often bringing hurry calls for railroad tickets. All of these between large stations were printed in full, as Philadelphia to Norristown, Reading, or Pottstown, or Pottsville, but many of the smaller stations were left in blank. When requisitions for excursion tickets for fairs, circuses, or other gatherings came in, it was my business to prepare those packages for the mail wagon.

Many times Mr. Walsh's clerks were unable to fill in all the blanks, as time was limited, and then any and all the clerks in the other rooms were called in to help, for it did not require much gumption to know that unless ticket agents had tickets to sell, the stealing on trains would increase.

Rushed as we were at times, I never missed getting together the full requisitions, and when the mail wagon had gone, all of us clerks breathed easily, and were able to resume our normal work.

Each month's reports had to be in by a certain date. Many times the data from the stations were delayed in transmission. Reports must be on time. In order to accomplish this with the limited number of clerks, all of us, including Mr. Walsh, had to work in his office, not only at night, but often of a Sunday. All of us did extra work except one Englishman, who was said to be a pet of Mr. Cullen's. He flatly refused to do either night or Sunday work. I never learned that his pay was reduced in consequence, and I never received any extra pay for doing extra work.

The Post Office of the United States Government collected its revenues through the railroad company. During the three years I was connected with the company I was twice sent out on a special car called the "Ariel," a locomotive and car combined, to collect money due from each and every office along the entire line of the Reading Railway.

Notice was sent on ahead, and armed with a letter of authority, I set out. It required three days to go over the course. There was no trouble except with officials of the Post Office at Reading; they alone demurred. The postmaster could not understand why such a "snip" of a boy should have been sent on such an errand, and it required persuasive eloquence to win him over. But I got my money and delivered it safely to Samuel Bradford. I did not like the responsibility of carrying so much cash not my own, and was glad to be rid of it and at home again. I was at that time about twenty.

Deming and Walsh were not on genial terms, though they never showed their dislike for each other until one day, while practicing with boxing gloves in the ticket room: Deming was the larger man and stronger than Walsh; he struck the latter some severe blows, and I saw that Walsh was getting much the worse of it and intervened. Deming had no use for my young blows and the boxing soon came to an end. Mike thanked me more than I deserved for coming to his rescue.

During our Civil War Mike performed meritorious services, and after it was over returned to Philadelphia.

Mike Walsh was the best accountant and bookkeeper I have ever known. When I offered him the position of secretary and treasurer of the Nittany Valley Railroad of which I was president, I asked his employer if Mike was entirely reliable. His answer was that he would endorse Mike and make good every deficiency. It is needless to say that Walsh retained the position until his death, and there were no defaults. He also became secretary of the Philadelphia and West Chester Traction Company, a road which was organized by J. N. M. Shimer, and of which I was treasurer.

The books were complicated, involving the old Turnpike Company, extending from Philadelphia to West Chester, upon which the trolley was laid. The Turnpike Company's and the Traction Company's books had to be kept separately. Walsh's hard work brought on a stroke, of which he died some time later. He was an honorable man and a true friend.

SOCIAL PLEASURES

FROM the windows of the fourth floor room in which I had my desk I had many a pleasant recognition from the pretty girls living opposite in the Meredith and the Wharton houses.

Every youth considers the girls of his clan the best, but I am sure to be pardoned when stating that the Cadwaladers, Merediths, Campbells, Whartons, Tolands, Peppers, McCalls and Peters certainly comprised a choice collection. Not one of these families was wealthy, yet there were evening dances, excursions, and promenades with these girls which consumed all our leisure hours.

Mrs. Wharton was a lady of great ability, and knew how to give young people a good time. Her house was our headquarters for enjoyment, and I was proud to be a convenient beau. Maria was my favorite. She later married a Lennig. Edith married George Boker, and Bessie Wharton married Thomas McKean. Each one of the Whartons married a man of wealth and standing. Hetty married George Pepper, and after his death married Alfred Zantzinger.

That winter I gave a skating party for ten or twelve girls, and as many men, which met at our Germantown house, "Belfield," and proceeded to Thorp's Dam. John Thayer took Fannie Butler to the dam via the steep ice-covered hill which approaches the pond, upon a sled or "jumper." This sled was too short for two, high and easily upset, which John soon discovered, for, at the foot of the hill a bare spot suddenly stopped the sled in its rapid descent and Fannie, who was sitting behind John,

rose over his back and was precipitated upon the ice. She fell upon her hands and knees, which prevented serious injury. John and the jumper followed. She sprang up laughing, while John was full of apologies. We all had rushed to their aid, but found them, though badly shaken up, making light of the catastrophe.

All of us enjoyed the skating, which was fine, the ice smooth as glass, and moonlight almost like day. Lena Peters and I were having a good time, skating hand in hand—she was on my left and I was her guide—until she suddenly let go my hand, tripped and fell, spreading her right hand upon the ice to save her face and break her fall. Her hand extended immediately in front of the runner of my sharp steel skate. I saw her danger and threw my weight off my left foot, thus saving her fingers from being cut off, but, being so near, could not escape touching her and cut her ring finger slightly, but deep enough to make it bleed profusely, my handkerchief acting as a bandage, but the bright red blood made her faint, and frightened the girls. We all then adjourned to the house.

Fred Newhall drew Lena on his sled to my good mother, who laid her on her own bed and tenderly cared for her. The pain could not have been great, and her fright and excitement soon passed, so that before long she was as lively as though nothing unusual had happened, and came to supper with the rest of us.

My good father said that seeing this beautiful girl upon his bed made him feel that he would like to keep her in the house as a daughter-in-law, and that as I had taken her finger I had better take the rest of her hand. Notwithstanding these petty incidentals, all voted the party a success and the girls asked for another.

Lena Peters was the most beautiful girl of her day and the acknowledged belle for several winters of Philadelphia's smart set. She later married Craig Wadsworth. Craig was a fine fellow and gave a large dinner at the Continental before his wedding to his bachelor friends, of whom I was not one. He was supposed to belong to a drinking set, although I never saw him the worse for liquor, but it leaked out that high jinks were in order at that dinner. One of the men was said to have danced on the table from one end of it to the other, breaking as little crockery as his condition permitted. Lena Peters was one of the "Sacred Six."

With happiest recollection do I recall my youth when, in many pleasant hours with my brothers, we were privileged to associate with such gay and charming girls as the "Sacred Six," as we called them, although they called themselves "The Immortals." My favorite was Minnie Peters, sister of Lena, who later became Mrs. Major Barstow. Mary Wilcocks, afterward Mrs. Alexander Campbell; Helen Wilcocks, afterwards Mrs. Chandler Robbins; Mary Helen Fisher, my cousin, afterwards Mrs. Jno. Cadwalader; Meta McCall, afterwards Countess de Diesbach; Edith Biddle, afterwards Mrs. Van Rensselaer, lives in Paris, and was a trifle younger, as also Bessie Campbell, now Mrs. Edward Coles. Then Sophy Fisher, who was a trifle older; all of them were great belles. Verily Fourth Street was noted for its beautiful women. I must not forget Miss Emilie Schaumberg, the historic belle who danced with Edward VII when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Philadelphia. She lived on Fourth Street just above Spruce Street with her grandfather, Colonel Page. The latter was the best skater in

our city ; it was a treat to see him on the ice with his beautiful and graceful granddaughter. Sallie Cadwalader, famous for wit and repartee, also lived on Fourth Street ; we all loved her for her charming personality. Charles, her brother, was my life-long friend. In our early days he would tramp across fields to a buckwheat cake breakfast at Belfield, and afterwards we would together take the train and go to school.

DUNCANNON

FLIRTING with pretty girls, playing cricket, and skating were not allowed to interfere with duty and work. I made good and satisfied Mr. Cullen, who had always a kind word for me. Much to my surprise, the superintendency of the Duncannon Rolling Mill was offered to me at a much higher salary than I received from the Reading Railroad. This position my oldest brother, William Rotch Wister, advised me to accept. I had a high opinion of his judgment and acquiesced, although I was extremely loathe to leave the company and Mr. Cullen. This feeling was not lessened when, on leaving him, he handed me an annual pass over all their lines. This pass was renewed each year for eleven years, and was such a mark of esteem that I have always had a warm feeling for the company.

John Wister III, my brother, ten years my senior, was then manager of the Duncannon Iron Works. Langhorne, my next oldest brother, seven years my senior, was chief accountant. They had had troubles at the yard and suspected that some of the puddlers were stealing iron. They knew they could trust me, as I had no affiliation with the workmen and thought it likely that I would not pass misdeeds unnoticed. I was flattered by my brother's approval and resolved to do my best.

John's career at Duncannon, from office boy to president, was both honorable and brilliant. The company owed many thousands of dollars under the Fisher régime, which John was able to pay. During the war the company paid enormous dividends to stockholders. The war

was partly responsible for John's triumph. He was prudent and able, firm and always truthful to his employees.

On the morning of April 6, 1861, in the midst of a blinding wet snowstorm, I left home with a heavy heart. It was hard to turn my back on my dear mother and family, and the many good friends I valued in Germantown and Philadelphia. John Welch, one of our clerks, accompanied me as far as Harrisburg. We travelled on a Philadelphia and Reading Railroad train via Lebanon Valley. Welch was also half homesick and depressed in spirits. Together we paced the platform at Harrisburg until my train for Duncannon pulled into the station. Welch was highly esteemed by the Reading people, who made him secretary of a number of their collaterals.

John and Langhorne were at the Duncannon station to meet me and gave me such cordial welcome that I soon forgot the cold, disagreeable weather and long dreary day. A good hot supper in their comfortable bachelor quarters made us all ready for business talk afterwards. I slept soundly and awoke ready for my thorough change of life.

Until that morning I had not realized my responsibilities. To be advanced from an humble clerk's desk, without experience in handling men, to the position of foreman of a rolling mill, employing over a hundred men, was a difficult proposition. I might, however, have failed in my task had it not been for the good fellowship and genial help of Charlie Burns, Cruthers Irving, and many others connected with the company. Without an introduction I was placed in command. Then my troubles began.

Everybody wanted to see what sort of a greenhorn had been placed over them, and made all kinds of excuses to have a word with me. New brooms and shovels seemed to be much in demand. One after the other, the boys

brought me a dilapidated broom or a shovel, which had long been out of use, with requests for new ones. It was laughable, but I soon saw the joke. After many brooms and shovels had been paraded before me, I told them that if I had only known in time I might have brought with me a carload of brooms and shovels from Philadelphia, but as it was too late for that, they must make the old ones do for the present. On investigation, I discovered that it was the custom of workmen to keep their families and friends, in Perry County, supplied with brooms and shovels abstracted from the company.

Every furnace man (usually called heater man) is supplied with a shovel with which to stoke his fires, and at every furnace door there is a boy with a broom, whose work it is to sweep the stand on which the heater works, and raise the door while the heater is charging the furnace.

I soon agreed with my brothers that stealing was going on at the furnace and suspected the offenders. It was usually done at night. Cars containing the charges sometimes stood in the yard on a siding several hours before unloading, and it was not difficult for a helper to carry a pig to his furnace. Having been warned of this, I was on the lookout, and spotted the delinquents. I found it was a mistake to keep an old man at a furnace, because he is physically unable to do the work, and the temptation is great to make up his quota by abstracting a pig, or several, from the car standing near. I reported to John and he ordered me to discharge the man; this I was obliged to do, though I liked him and hated to have him go. Though there were many members of that family at Duncannon, they bore no grudge against me. He appealed to John, but as the latter had given the order for dismissal it stood.

There were eleven puddling furnaces, each of which should make five heats every day turn, and every night turn.

About a month after I began, I found myself so deficient in knowledge of mill work that I concluded to learn to puddle or quit my job.

My brother John was amazed when I told him my decision, as he did not think any one not brought up to hard labor could stand such severe work. When he found that I was in earnest, he agreed to my plan, and I engaged our best puddler, John Winter, to teach me his trade for \$50. All through the summer I inured my hands and person for the position of puddler helper by taking a turn with the tools. The helpers were only too ready for me to give them a rest while I worked. On the first of September, 1861, I began my apprenticeship. John Winter, my puddle boss, was in many ways the best man, physically as well as mentally, with whom it had been my privilege to associate. He stood about five feet six inches, powerfully built, with a tendency to grow stout. I worked all the week and was inspected by most of the curiosity seekers of Duncannon, many of whom did not believe that a "Boss" could puddle. There were eleven furnaces and twenty-two puddlers, with as many helpers, who alternated every week.

At four o'clock each morning the day turns charged their furnaces, finishing their five heats about noon. It was the helper's task to carry his boss's tools to the blacksmith's shop to be dressed for the next day's work. My shoulders ached often under the load, but I was too proud to let my boss do a helper's work. All winter I continued puddling and acting foreman of the mill as well. It was a stiff proposition, but youth and ambition was on my side.

Mr. Cort was the first manufacturer to convert cast iron into wrought iron by means of a puddling furnace. This laborious work is accomplished by first melting the cast iron in a reverberatory furnace, and then manipulating it with two tools, called a paddle and a ravel of iron. These tools weigh about 75 pounds each, become red-hot in a cast-iron bath, when they are immersed in a water bath to cool. Another tool is then used until the liquid metal loses its carbon, becoming of a spongy appearance, which is termed "coming to Nature."

Most of the puddling and ravelling is performed by the puddler's helper. When the mass becomes sticky, the "boss" puddler's work begins. The charge is generally 500 pounds. To prevent waste honest puddling must occur, requiring skill and strength. Almost all puddlers are hard drinkers, swear with small provocation, and will fight any one who opposes them.

The attitude of a puddler at work brings his head almost in contact with the heated furnace, causing irritation and excitement just at the critical period when the molten metal is changing to wrought iron. All of his skill coupled with severe manipulation is required to make fine balls, each about 100 pounds, from the sticky mass. These balls are lifted from the furnace when the door is raised by the puddler, who places them on an iron buggy which carries them to the crocodile squeezer to be shaped into a lump or ball.

This then was taken to the first pass of the puddle rolls, made somewhat longer and thinner, then on to the next until it emerged into a puddle bar. Each bar was marked by the puddler from whose furnace it had come. Twenty-five bars was a turn's work, and was carefully weighed next morning, the weigher giving credit to each

furnace for its results. Winter used his tools with the utmost skill, while it was my duty to keep up the heat of the furnace by judicious firing.

When I began puddling the rotary or coffee-mill squeezer had not come into general use, though as an efficient and labor-saving tool it was highly recommended. I soon learned to handle the balls under the jaws of the crocodile, and often took the tongs from Belton or Al-lander, whichever was on duty. In order to save labor I made an attempt at inventing a steam puddler. It was mounted before a furnace and did some work, but was crude and cumbersome. An English inventor worked out the same principle in a better way. Hand puddling, however, continues for all high-class work. Steel has taken the place of iron in almost every department, and can be made as soft and pliable as the best wrought iron.

In addition to the job of puddler's helper, I learned to handle the tongs on both sides of the rolls, and became proficient as a mill hand. I could have made a living as a catcher at this and also at the little mill, so-called, because small sizes only were rolled on it. The catcher at a little mill must be extremely active, or else be burned by the white hot iron, which often runs at the rate of 300 a minute.

BUSINESS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

WE were living then in strenuous times, as the Civil War was on, and the Government calling for volunteers. Our mill, together with every other manufactory, was being depleted. Every commodity was increasing in money value. At the beginning of the war there were only about three million tons of pig-iron in the country. The first year industry was paralyzed, but in 1862 the demand for bars and nails was so great that they doubled in price. The Government was contracting for war material, and iron was the base of every want. Our company was earning money rapidly, and puddlers were in greatest demand. Wages rose and another furnace was built to give the finishing mill more muck bars. My brother John was a canny manager, and when times were dull never stopped the puddle mill. He therefore always had a stock of puddle bars on hand to keep the puddlers in order. When the pile of muck bars kept growing, puddlers were overawed and easily managed. Three hundred tons were magnified by them into 500, and 500 were magnified into 800 or 1000 bars, and as the quantity increased, the pride of the men in their work and respect for the plant rose in proportion.

My ambition grew with the abnormal demand for bars, and records show that more iron was puddled than ever before. My grandfather, William Logan Fisher, my mother's father, was a far-seeing owner. In the early days waste rolling-mill cinder, a product formed by the boiling over of the metal while puddling, was dumped into the Susquehanna River and lost. Mr. Fisher was among

the first to foresee its value. The company, through his foresight, had accumulated about 100,000 tons of this material, which was smelted in the blast furnace of the company. This furnace had been built at the time the Bloomsburg Company was prospering so enormously, but, from the first our furnace had proved unsatisfactory, for the reason that an abundance of high-grade fossil ores were contiguous to the Bloomsburg property, while Duncannon was forced to buy all it needed.

The Atkins brothers, of Pottsville, of whom Charles Atkins was the head, rented our furnace for the purpose of smelting this large pile of cinder. This was early in 1861. The firm ran two blast furnaces in Pottsville successfully and fully understood their business. Wayne Atkins, one of the brothers, was sent over to repair and put our furnace in commission. Wayne stood over his workmen while they cut out a salamander which had been left at the bottom of the furnace, and watched almost every stroke of their hammers.

The war paralyzed all business at this time, and, after repairs, the Atkins let the furnace stand idle for a year, after which they blew in and were eminently successful. They paid \$1 a ton for the cinder, from which they made big profit, as cinder metal sold for as much as \$50 a ton before their lease expired.

The business of the Duncannon Iron Company prospered during these high prices, so much so that larger, better quarters were necessary for the office, and it was removed from the second floor over the store to a handsome stone building. The store also was improved by cutting away the second floor and extending the first floor to the roof.

Some time later the office was robbed. About five

o'clock one morning I was awakened by Mrs. Tierney, the woman who took care of our offices, breathless and very much excited, who told me that the office safe had been blown open and money, intended to clear the monthly pay-roll, gone. I dressed hurriedly and soon found that she had not exaggerated. Everything in the supposed thief-proof safe had been taken. This was the more remarkable as the pump, which stood just alongside the office, had been visited by the men for drinks of cold water at least twenty-five times during the night. It was a warm summer night and a puddler, always hot and thirsty, will drink a full bucket of water while on turn, yet the miscreants succeeded in entering the office building, blowing open the safe, abstracting its contents, and boarding a train to Philadelphia between the hours of midnight and 3 A.M. without discovery by our special watchman, Bob Bothwell, or by any of the men on night turn!

I reported at once to my brother John, and was dispatched by him on the early train to Philadelphia in order to place the matter in the hands of detectives. They came, did their best, tried to trace the thieves, but their efforts were fruitless. John, however, did not give up hope. He followed every clue, and finally put the thief in jail. None of the money was ever recovered, but two years later some North Pennsylvania Railroad bonds, which were among the articles stolen, were returned to us by a Philadelphia broker with whom they had been left for collection.

One strike of the puddlers ended in a victory for John. The Harrisburg puddlers went on strike and sent a delegation to Duncannon, who swore eternal fealty to their oppressed brethren. A package of newspaper, cut into

slips the size of greenbacks, came to the Duncannon Post Office, addressed to the "Suffering puddlers of Duncannon." The package had a \$1 bill on top, and the leader of the strike thought that the hopes of the strikers were about to be realized, but when he opened the package he found that the second and third pieces were slips of newspaper cut to the shape of greenbacks, and each succeeding slip was newspaper.

The stomachs and pockets of the strikers were empty. The leader waited upon John, and the strike ended by the men returning to their jobs on John's terms. This strike, like all others, came to an end only after months of suffering and privation among the wives and families of the strikers.

John was the leader of Perry County politicians. He would accept no office, but his word was law. He was window man at every election. Before his advent into politics Perry County was Democratic, but his untiring industry at the polls in any sort of weather changed it into Republican.

Billy Tierney, husband of our housekeeper, was half stableman, half gardener and wholly Irish. He possessed many accomplishments. He could drive a carriage or a cart, dig a garden, and narrowly escape being run over by a Pennsylvania Railroad train almost any day. He despised the railroad, but I believe tempted destiny once too often, and was finally killed by being run down. One day we were starting to take the Northern Central train at Green's Dam, on the other side of the river. We had wired to the officials for the train to stop, but were in doubt as to whether they would or not. "O'l stop it for you, sir, O'l stop it." "How will you stop it?" asked Langhorne. "O'l throw a railroad tie across the track, sir," answered Tierney.

Billy had several children who turned out well. His son, Charles, became a good machinist, and worked in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona. His daughter, Celia, was a maid in our mansion until Miss Mary Wister met her and liked her well enough to take her to Germantown as her lady's maid.

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FROM Sherman's Creek Dam the water power ran both rolling mill and nail factories. It was supposed to be economical to run two sets of rolls with one engine, but time lost, when orders pressed, did not justify the arrangement. Each mill was later run by its own engine, and for years worked well. Water power actuated the nailery. However, the output was too limited for the increasing business of the company. The dam occasionally washed away, and when business was bad, was not rebuilt until needed. The level of the water must be raised about three feet to enable the mill to run.

In anticipation of rebuilding the dam, logs were cut and thrown down the ravine, through which Sherman Creek flowed.

On account of bad times we had shut down the mill, and one Monday I was glad to receive orders that it must start the following Monday. Of course, it was necessary to rebuild the dam immediately. At this point the creek is about 300 feet wide. I mustered together a large crew of laboring men to handle the logs and stones. Enoch Lewis, mill carpenter, notched the logs and a three-foot dam was built and filled in with stones in six working days, with the water to supply the mill backed into the raceway. I was proud of my men for doing such good work and told them so. Some years later, high

water again washed out the dam, and this time it was not rebuilt, but steam substituted. I. P. Morris built the large steam engine for both nail plate and bar mill. The latter was rigged with a drag crank.

Sherman Creek continues to furnish pure water for steam purposes. It flows between picturesque mountains and empties into the Susquehanna, south of the town of Duncannon.

In 1867 chemistry was an unknown science in the art of iron smelting, while to-day and for many years past it has been the leading factor. Ores were mixed by "rule of thumb." Just why one furnace produced metal of high quality while another, only a few miles distant, iron of poor quality, was more or less of a mystery. A knowledge of natural philosophy, engineering, and mechanics were essential to success.

We had many good workmen at Duncannon besides John Winter, who later became foreman of puddlers, besides taking my place in the mill. Joel Hamilton was roller of the finishing mill; Bill Musgrove was a strong handsome six-footer, who always did his work well as boss roller of the nail-plate mill; Isaac Beiderman, boss roll turner; John Harper, who dressed the little rolls, and his son, John, Jr., who succeeded him; Abraham Fenstermacher, a good and excellent blacksmith. Jack Rider, the nailery blacksmith, was also a worker in steel. Almost any country blacksmith can make a good iron job, but if steel is not heated just so, it crumbles and is useless. Jack was also a good fisherman. Charlie Burns, one of the clerks in the office, later became a Methodist minister. His was a lovely character.

Aliman was a clerk until he went to Philadelphia,

studied for the bar, and became a successful lawyer. Then there was Johnnie Auchimbach, who broke the iron into pigs. He was not quite as broad as high, but had that short back indicative of strength in men and horses, and was one of the stoutest and strongest men I have ever met. He bought and cleared a small farm a few miles out of town, to and from which he was daily hauled by an ox team, driven by his wife or children, the ox being harnessed at the horns. Occasionally Johnnie was off duty, when it required four laboring men to fill his place and break the metal. Iron ores, when smelted in a blast furnace, became mixed with the carbon of the coal or coke, by which they are reduced, and then run into moulds or pigs as cast iron.

Roswell Woodward collected all outstanding bills. He travelled in an open business wagon, drawn by one horse, all over Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland. He amassed a small fortune, while in the employ of the company, and married a good woman; they had one son, Frank, who was employed in the company's store.

Life was not all work at Duncannon. I had a number of friends at Bloomfield, the county seat of Perry County, and almost every Saturday found me there, or at Harrisburg. Many of my evenings I spent at the home of Griffith Jones, who ran a grist and saw mill at the mouth of the little Juniata.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had built a bridge across this creek just below Grif's property, which at freshet times dammed the water and caused it to rise and overflow its banks. Grif sued the Pennsylvania Railroad for damages and secured a verdict of \$10,000. Grif was somewhat of a financier. He became convinced that a blast

furnace at Pottstown would be a success and induced the Gabel brothers there to purchase a mining property near Boyerstown. This one resembled the Cornwall deposit near Lebanon, to which the Coleman family owes its wealth. With the \$10,000 Grif founded and helped build the Warwick Iron Company's furnace, which did well from its inception, and still continues to be a prosperous iron works.

GUESTS AT DUNCANNON

WILLIAM LINDLEY was the brother of my Grandfather Fisher's second wife. He had money which he was persuaded to invest in the Montebello charcoal blast furnace, some four miles back of Duncannon in a well-timbered country.

In the early days of iron making, charcoal pig iron was the purest crude iron upon which to make the finished products. Chemistry in the manufacture of iron had not then been heard of. If we had known of it, results might have been different, but as it was, his money was lost in the venture. "Uncle Billy" then accepted a position at Duncannon, and a room in the company's mansion as one of the family, where his lovable eccentricities afforded us much amusement. He was as polite, if not the most polite, man I have ever known. At our house parties, which were many, thanks to our kind aunts, Uncle Billy seemed particularly desirous that I should show to advantage and produce a good impression. Thus, if the tumbler of any one of our visitors needed replenishing, Uncle Billy would not offer to refill it, but, turning towards me, would make signs and point with his eyes to the empty glass, so that the lady might think me watchful of her welfare and credit me with the attention. If I appeared to be negligent in offering a drive, or boating party, or, in fact, any other enjoyment, Uncle Billy would give me a hint, rather than that the ladies should consider me careless!

Uncle Billy was an epicure and most particular about his eating. There were no window screens at that time, and flies were numerous; if one happened in his soup or

cup of coffee, he would not touch it. Apple pie was his delight and the only kind he would eat. One day Langhorne and I had a pie made of green tomatoes with plenty of sugar which, by the way, makes an excellent substitute. We did not confess the trick until after he had enjoyed and disposed of two slices. If he had known he would not have touched it.

We used a Kisterbock cannon stove, which was fed with soft coal from the top. It lit slowly, as the gas was far from the fire, but, when the gas ignited, if the lid was removed before all the black coal on top had been thoroughly fired, the gas rose up in flame and loud explosion. Uncle Billy was impatient for heat and on one occasion raised the lid to look at the fire! Needless to say that his eyebrows were burnt off and hair singed for his temerity.

There were three sofas in our sitting room where this occurred. Langhorne and I nearly rolled off our respective sofas with laughter, for each one of the sofas was occupied by one of us every evening, when there was no company or work to do. One game of cards is fresh in my memory. Uncle Billy loved euchre, and we played it often. On this occasion he threw his counters on the table in trump, which was the same suit as trump, sure that he had won the counting trick, and was completely broken up when we all laughed and he discovered his mistake.

Uncle Billy, as I have said before, was always extremely polite. He loved to take girls driving or sleighing. Once he invited one of his lady friends to go sleighing in a two-seated sleigh. She accepted and asked if she might take a friend. Of course, Uncle Billy, thinking it would be another girl, consented. He enjoyed a joke, even if it was on himself, and loved to make us laugh, so he pretended to be the personification of innocence when he told the

story of how he played coachman for the lady and her friend, and the "friend" had turned out to be her best beau! He did not mind our laughing at him. We all loved him dearly and he knew it.

* * * * *

ONE of the most entertaining characters who visited Duncannon was James Perot, familiarly known as "Peroty." He was a good business man and well-to-do. On one occasion he fell from the third floor window of a hotel to the pavement and was in the hospital for many months. He told me afterwards that his life had been spared in order to amuse us. He never quite overcame the lameness caused by the accident.

When he came to visit us he would play poker for a small ante and usually won. Once, being the possessor of \$25 of this "tainted" money, he did not care to keep it, and said he was going to show us some fun. He changed his winnings into five and ten cent pieces and pennies. Then like a general in charge, having gone over the ground, he posted our party upon the railroad bridge, where it crosses Sherman's Creek. The boys had all been notified that Peroty would throw away money for any one to pick up; the story had spread and quite a number had gathered to scramble for Peroty's dimes.

It was evident that he had been at the game before, as he went at it most systematically. I am ashamed to say that the sport was amusing and that we enjoyed it, but I would not recommend it as practice for Sunday school picnics. The rabble rushed for the first handful of coins, hungering for easy money, but Peroty had employed two of the larger boys to pull off the smaller ones. These did exactly what Peroty expected and brought on

a fight. When an urchin thinks he has ten cents almost within his grasp, and a strange boy pulls him away from the coveted coin, all his worst passions are aroused. The fun waxed more and more furious, and numerous fights were the result. No one was physically hurt, but feelings suffered, and were only soothed by our supplying the lost coins to disappointed ones.

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ROBERT HARE POWELL, who owned the celebrated Broadtop coal mines (near us), frequently came, as also did his chief salesman, Benjamin Chew, to spend a night with us when on their way east or west.

When he visited Harrisburg to inspect the furnaces at that point, I drove him from one to the other. He was ignorant of the iron business, but, like many others, was infatuated with it, chiefly, I believe, because he had sons whom he desired to take into partnership with him.

Powell soon after built two very expensive furnaces in the Huntingdon Valley which caused his financial troubles. The location was wrong. I tried to advise him, but was not thanked, and he went on his own mad career. Both furnaces were sold for debt. One stack costs tremendously, and Powell built two.

Many other interesting people visited Duncannon while John and I were in charge, but chiefly to sell supplies.

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PHILIP POTTER and his wife, with their three daughters, came to Perry County immediately after the war. They bought a farm near Bloomsburg, where we spent many happy hours. They were very hospitable, and made us always welcome. Mrs. Potter knew how to make the

best omelet I ever tasted. We always tried to take them some dainty when we called, sometimes game, and often a Susquehanna salmon.

Mrs. Potter had been a Miss Wood before she married Potter. She had two brothers, Joseph and William Wood. Joe Wood was about 5 feet 3 or 4 inches tall, extremely well built, and active to a fault. When he came to Duncannon we would take drives in our large carriage. He could hop in and out of that wagon like a monkey, never waiting for it to stop, to pluck a flower for one of the ladies, or to get something else, but jumped out and in again before we could say nay. He rode a tall horse, "Comet," in the City Troop. How he mounted "Comet" without help was a mystery, but almost without effort he sprang upon the horse's back, much to my envy and enjoyment.

William Wood was tall and handsome. He rode and drove all over Perry County, where it was customary for every one who met on the road to nod to each other. Bill said he would not be outdone in politeness and spoke to all. When he met a man he knew he said, "How are ye?" and when he did not know him he would say, "Who are ye?"

Bill died prematurely. Joe married a beautiful Pittsburgh girl. The Potter girls made wonderful paper dolls, tastefully garbed in latest fashions. They had a number of pigeons as pets which were tame, and took delight in nestling on their shoulders and arms.

Phil Potter was extremely handsome, and his wife a most charming lady. They and all their family have joined the great majority.

COLEMAN P. FISHER, JR., a civil engineer and close friend of my brother, John Wister, was at that time chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Lebanon Valley branch of the Reading Railroad, extending from Reading to Harrisburg.

He often came to see John, who would drive with him to the Potters'. Cole was nearly bald but was always giving us recipes for the preservation of our hair and joking about his baldness, and that the one he followed was regularly bathing in cold water. Then he would take a folded paper from his pocketbook, and read to us an account of how he became bald.

(With apologies to F. C. Wellman.)

"I ought to boast my shiny pate—
As smooth as any dinner plate;
I never have to comb my hair
Because there isn't any there.
'Cept round the edges where it grows,
Just under where my hatband goes.
If you should wish to ask some day
What made my hair come off that way,
I'll tell just what was said of me.
That I was one who used to be
My father's pet and mother's joy;
In fact, I was so good a boy
My mother many times a day
Would pat me on the head, and say:
'I'm proud of you, my little lad,
The finest boy I ever had.'
And later, when I older grew,
The neighbors paused and patted, too.

The grocer often did the same ;
The preacher patted when he came,
Until at last my curly locks
Could not survive these frequent shocks
And thinner grew and thinner still,
And slowly disappeared until—
They patted till they wore it off,
And when I speak of this I cough."

And when he came to this climax he always coughed and paused while we applauded.

Coleman had a remarkable memory for cards. Long before bridge and auction were invented, when playing straight whist, Cole could play the game over from memory.

He and his brother, William Read Fisher, opened the brokerage firm of Fisher & Brother, which carried on a prosperous business until the death of both brothers. Their sisters, Mary and Sally, were my earliest playmates. Their father, Coleman Fisher, was president of the Western Savings Bank, which was conducted in his house on Chestnut Street near Thirteenth Street. He was a genial gentleman, and full of the milk of human kindness and was a favorite with all the young people.

Mr. Coleman, senior, often invited my brother Frank and I to his house to spend Saturday night with him, not to interfere with our school, and go to the theatre or circus. When we went, he detailed his son, Cole, or brother, Bill, to take us. This they must have hated, as they were older and had many social engagements, but neither of them ever demurred, and gave us a good time, although we were saddled upon them for the entire evening.

CAMP CORNSTALK

As the Civil War began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter a few days after my arrival at Duncannon, and closed a few days before I finally moved away, this seems a good place for my memories of the conflict. Had I remained in Philadelphia another week, there is little doubt that I should have volunteered as a participant in the war, as many of my old friends promptly answered the call to arms.

On September 11, 1862, Governor Curtin telegraphed to Philadelphia to send 20,000 emergency troops to Harrisburg. Almost an entire company, of which I was one, was raised by Captain Samuel Sheller. We were mustered in to be sent to Chambersburg, but too late to get into the battle of Antietam, sometimes called "The Battle of South Mountain."

It was fought upon the plains and hills of the beautiful Cumberland Valley, an extension of the Lebanon Valley, reaching from Reading to Harrisburg. There the Susquehanna intervenes; with the Blue Ridge on the north, South Mountain on the south, the valley continues into the Shenandoah. Vegetation grows in grand profusion all through this region, as well as in its contiguous valley Lancaster, the banner county for agriculture of our state.

Here Sheridan exterminated every living thing on which an army could subsist. Our first night was spent on Capital Hill at Harrisburg, where foolish ones sang most of the night, and suffered the next day from loss of sleep. We were given no tents, but, as it was in the fall

of the year, we took possession of a field where corn had been cut and shocked.

Without permission we tore down fences, made temporary tents of the rails, and thatched them with corn stalks, and at "Camp Cornstalk," as we dubbed it, we were quite comfortable.

Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, was the rendezvous of all Pennsylvania troops east of the Alleghenies. Regiment after regiment were billeted there until the ranks were filled, when they would be sent to the front.

Harrisburg was visited by thousands variously interested. Troops coming home to be mustered out, while others gathered to be mustered in. Many of those who responded to the first call could well be spared, as they were drinkers or floaters. I saw two of the former so shaky that they begged those nearby for a drink. One was supplied and mustered. The other, a fellow named Fissel, fell dead in the line, either from fright or sickness, or because he got no whiskey.

Somebody had persuaded a half-wit named Moody to accompany us. He belonged to a good family who knew his weakness, and they should not have allowed him to enlist. I had never seen the man before, but soon began to pity him when I saw he was a butt for the ridicule of the others. He had at home always been accustomed to every comfort, and when he was introduced to his cornstalk tent, he became homesick and morose, proved anything but amusing, and sat in his tent for three consecutive days, refusing to talk or to eat.

Some of the boys had secured chickens, which they penned in Moody's tent, but even this did not rouse him from his apathy. Then they introduced straws between the apertures of the stalks and tickled Moody's neck. He

thought them flies and tried to brush them off without success, until some of the jokers, just outside, began to talk to each other about "The dreadful lice from the chickens." At hearing this, Moody thought the tickling had come from the chickens, and rushed out like a madman, swearing "He would return home by the next train!"

I was glad to see him at last out of his tent, as I was sergeant, and felt partly responsible for his welfare. I got him to sit by me and coaxed him to eat, only to be refused until at last the appetizing smell of good soup was too much of a temptation for Moody's long fast, and he said, "By ye thunder, Wister, I believe if I had a tablecloth I could eat something," so I spread one of my clean handkerchiefs under his plate and Moody, much to our relief, ate a hearty meal, after which he behaved as well as he was able like the rest of us.

Harper, on account of his ability, had been promoted to be our mess cook, and his soups, made of Government beans and bacon, were delicious.

After this episode, Moody seemed to think me a kind of guardian angel, and followed me around whenever it was practicable. He was so devoted that I began to entertain a sort of affection for him, and resented any further ill-treatment of him. Thus, when one of the boys, a handsome young fellow who ought to have known better, pinched and punched him to see what he would say, I squared up and told him that hereafter when any of them wanted to torment Moody they would have to whip me first.

My friend, Harry McCormick, had raised an artillery company and was made captain. One day, much to my surprise, Moody waked up to the importance of military rank, and asked me what price McCormick would

accept for his uniform and company! At another time some of the boys dressed up an artificial elephant, covered with gray blankets. No one dreamed anybody could be deceived until Moody said, "By ye thunder, Wister, I'd like to see him with the blankets off."

As I look back to those days, I can scarcely recommend our teasing of Moody as orthodox Christian behavior, but, reader, please be gentle with criticism; we were only boys grown up, full of life, health and spirit, and off from work for a frolic.

Walter Newhall's patriotism led him to join the Northern Army as a cavalryman. The war had hardly begun when he was the victim of a drowning accident, which deprived our force of one of its noblest soldiers. Before the days of cricket, the Newhall boys were leaders in athletics. They played the game of hare and hounds on every path and road of Germantown and vicinity. Gilbert, familiarly known as "Gil Newhall," was the most untiring runner of his day, frequently running fifteen to twenty miles of an afternoon. He was a great traveller and went on several exploring expeditions. He married Bessie Smith, the most beautiful girl in Germantown. Only two children survive this union.

CIVIL WAR

At the beginning of the Civil War a number of our friends volunteered and formed a "Cavalry Troop Company," under command of my brother, Captain William Rotch Wister. They were encamped at Chestnut Hill, on grounds now occupied by the Chestnut Hill Academy, St. Martin's Lane. They drilled regularly for several weeks, but as they were not accepted by the Government, disbanded and the men joined other companies. Most of them going into the Third and Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Of all these youthful troopers William W. Frazier and George W. Carpenter are the only survivors.

One Sunday afternoon I went out to see an exhibition drill. As I watched the charge, George Carpenter's superb horse, for some unexplained reason, stumbled and fell, and he alongside the horse. I feared my friend would be killed. The trooper just in his rear fell over him, damaging his own horse and breaking his arm, while the other troopers, with magnificent horsemanship, jumped their horses over the fallen group and George and his horse escaped serious injury.

Fred Newhall was one of the band of patriots who enlisted in this company of my brother, Captain William Rotch Wister, at Chestnut Hill. In this company were also William and Charles Treichel, Frank Wister, Frank Furness, John Lowber Welsh, Rudolph Ellis, John Williams, George Carpenter, and William W. Frazier, and others. Fred Newhall distinguished himself on Sheridan's staff, and after the war wrote a most interesting book called "With Sheridan in His Last Campaign."

* * * * *

DURING the next year Landis' Battery was enlisted, chiefly from Germantown and Chestnut Hill men, among them General Stuart Patterson (who lost one hand at Carlisle), Charles and William Churchman, Edward Butler, and my brother Rodman Wister. Many of the men contracted typhoid fever from drinking water of a polluted well at their camp, among them my brother, Rodman, a boy of eighteen, who drove one of the artillery wagons.

The emergency for which Landis' Battery and the City Troop were called was the invasion of the Confederate Troops into Pennsylvania. They had crossed the Potomac, and by means of Jubal Early's command were devastating the Cumberland Valley. A few of his troops had appeared at Shiremanstown, three miles from the Susquehanna, opposite Harrisburgh. Citizens were in a state of alarm. Many volunteers dug trenches, while the more frugal packed valuables in trunks and had them taken to the depot for shipment.

It was stated that nine hundred, perhaps more, trunks were piled upon the platform of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg, when a locomotive struck one end of the enormous mass and scattered them in all directions. Few, if any, of the trunks were shipped, as the Shiremanstown platoons were not backed up by Early, and disappeared as rapidly as they came.

On June 15th we heard that the Southern Army was crossing the Potomac into Pennsylvania. One hundred thousand men were called by Abraham Lincoln to defend the state. On June 18, 1863, the First City Troop was called to duty and arrived at Harrisburg en route for Gettysburg. I joined June 19, 1863, as recruit, at same time as Jessup Newhall and Thompson, making a total of 40 men.

Only thirty-three of the original organization were in the company, many of whom were my personal friends, among them William and Joseph Wood, Harry Ashhurst, John Lowber Welsh and William Canby, with Captain Samuel Randall at their head. Sergeant R. E. Randall joined at Harrisburg. I returned to Duncannon for a uniform and horse, and by noon next day was equipped as a trooper.

On my way to Duncannon I was met by the daughters of Bull Bridges, who were running away to Philadelphia. They gave me several letters to mail which I placed in the pocket of my summer suit. This suit I took off and hung in a closet when I put on my uniform. On my return from the campaign nearly two months later, I found the letters and mailed them. As I never heard of them afterwards, I suppose no harm was done by their being delayed.

The Duncannon Iron Company loaned me an old gray mare on which I road as gallantly as possible into Harrisburg. We were billeted in McClellan's Hotel, where we ate our meals and slept in the hay mow. The officers were given rooms. We arrived on a Sunday morning and boots and saddles were promptly ordered. Every man in the town had a better mount than I.

My gray mare fell under me the first day out, and I feared I might be without a horse. Edward White, commonly known as "Count White," had a superb-looking wild bay, who ran him into a tree and broke his leg. I thought that was about the kind of a horse I wanted, and as Ned White had been sent home, promptly applied for it. I was warned against the dangerous beast by my fellow-troopers, but thought I could tame him. He certainly was wild, for he reared and bit and kicked and

would have scratched if he had had claws. Indeed, I had difficulty in getting near enough to the "Count" to clean him. After a day or two he became kind and tractable, for hard work was what he needed to tame him.

The day after "Count" had been assigned to me we chased a squad of Early's men, almost capturing them. At Columbia we were joined by a number of recruits, among them George Newhall. There was another troop of 35 men under Captain Bell with whom we were ordered to coöperate by Major Haller of the Seventh United States Cavalry. Haller had charge of all the troops in Gettysburg. During the week we were in town we were in the saddle sixteen hours every day and night. Governor Curtin accepted the troop without swearing them in as was required of the other companies.

Jubal Early's command was doing as much damage as possible to a defenseless population in Cumberland Valley, and having accomplished this desired to join Lee's army of invasion. Major Haller had orders to prevent this junction. Our 70 men were sent to scout the supposed route that Early would take.

When any of Early's men appeared we attacked and drove them a number of times upon their base in the Cumberland Valley. During a week of skirmishing the vigilance of our small command impressed the Confederates with the belief that we were the outposts of General Meade's army, which was what we had been working for.

* * * * *

A PARTY of us were asked to draw the enemy's fire. With two of Bell's men our little party of three volunteers bravely rode beyond Cashtown up the mountain which separates the Gettysburg from the Cumberland Valley.

We no sooner came upon the enemy than my two companions turned their horses and fled. But we were sent for a purpose, and trembling, for I knew I tempted death, I zigzagged my horse to prevent the aim of the Confederates, whom I could see lying on the ground, from being correct. Fortunately for me, they were poor shots. Bullet after bullet whizzed through the branches over my head, when, having accomplished the object for which our party had been dispatched, I turned my horse, intending to report my success. What was my dismay to have my saddle turn under me and find myself on the ground. But neither my good horse, Count White, nor I had been hit. I held on to his bridle, while running to safety. After a scamper of a quarter of a mile beside my horse, I considered it safe to restrap my saddle and mount.

My report gave Major Haller and Captain Samuel Randall the required information. Skirmishers were sent out to meet Early's men who, 6000 strong, were driving everything before them. Farmers with their families, horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry filled the road between Cashtown and Gettysburg. Our week in the saddle had deprived General Lee of Early's cavalry! After a hasty meal, boots and saddles, found us on our way to York, just escaping capture, for we exchanged many shots with Early's men as we retreated.

Rain had made the soft country roads a mass of mud, which the hoofs of the forward platoons splattered into the faces of those who followed. After a mile or two, our pursuers grew tired and we moved more quietly, but the ride was tiresome and exciting, and we were glad, after being on the road all night, to find ourselves next morning in York.

Here excitement was intense. The question arose,

would or would not Early's men follow? The entire command was billeted in a hotel with the exception of myself. I shall never forget the kindness of Michael Schall, one of the customers of the Duncannon Iron Company. Our best friends would not have recognized any of us, except, perhaps, William Canby. He wore a military coat with a huge cape, with which he had shielded his face. The rest of us were splattered with mud from head to heel. Mike Schall took me in hand. I undressed and washed under his hospitable roof and was given a good breakfast, while my uniform was scraped and cleaned, and after a couple of hours of loving care and a much-needed nap, was fairly presentable.

Our horses were in a public stable where other horses were cared for. One of our troopers had swapped his tired mount for a beautiful steed he found some miles out after leaving Gettysburg. He boasted of the exchange and invited some of us to inspect his good bargain, when much to the smart Alec's chagrin, he found his own mount in the stall, where he had left the stolen horse. We had a good laugh on him. It happened that the countryman from whose field the horse had been taken quietly followed him to York, stabled his horse with the others, selected his own and rode away.

Major Haller, having no mount, was in the habit of sending to our command for a horse. This time the choice fell upon John Lowber Welsh's horse, which Haller borrowed, leaving Welsh to be captured by the enemy when Early's men entered York and drove us out. We had no troops to stay the raiders, and retreated to Wrightsville, where they followed with artillery. We had prudently crossed to Columbia and were safe. Though they fired shots from the southern side of the river, none fell

near us. How many of the enemy followed us to Wrightsville we never ascertained.

Major Haller was thoroughly alarmed at the shells and balls which were being thrown into the river, and, after consulting by wire with Governor Curtin at Harrisburg, ordered the old Columbia bridge destroyed by fire, in order to prevent the enemy from crossing. The girders were cut, but in such a bungling manner that the ends dropped upon the piers so that it was just as easy to pass over as before the cutting. This may have been intentional to prevent the destruction of the bridge. Many of our vedettes had been sent to the Wrightsville side to watch and report, and Haller ordered that they must be brought over before the final order was given to fire the bridge.

A number of us were detailed for this purpose. We accomplished our task with difficulty, as an emergency regiment, raised by the Corn Exchange Bank, was crossing one way while we crossed the other. These men were raw recruits and came in broken ranks, presenting bayonets attached to their muskets in a dangerous fashion, rendering travelling most precarious.

By dint of constant yelling and shouting, I managed to notify the flying militia that I did not need to be bayoneted, and finally reached the other side uninjured. As soon as all our troops had been brought to the Columbia side the order was given to fire the bridge, a wholly unnecessary act, in my opinion, as I had every reason to believe that the enemy had come as far north as he could, and was in retreat when the order was given.

Panic seemed to have seized the authorities and common sense was in abeyance. The Susquehanna is more than a mile wide at this point, and the old wooden bridge,

with timbers dried and seasoned by years, burned with a vigor and intensity I have never seen equalled. For more than two hours the flames shot heavenward, lighting the surrounding hills and valleys for miles in all directions. It was a beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten exhibition.

Every one who witnessed it regretted what seemed like wanton waste and never again wished to see a similar catastrophe. Later Major Haller was cashiered and dropped from the army; whether the destruction of the grand old Columbia bridge was his only offense I never heard. A private soldier knows little or nothing of what his superiors are doing.

Fortunately for John Lowber Welsh, he was not held long a prisoner, for while we were safe at Columbia, Meade and Lee were making history at Gettysburg, and Welsh was soon released. Fortifications were begun at • Columbia and our troopers were sent to see that loiterers were brought into the trenches. This work lasted but a day, for on July 2d, the glorious news of Meade's victory sent a thrill of joy through the north. We were then sent to collect fugitives and worn-out horses after the battle, and were ferried across the river for this purpose.

While engaged in gathering horses, we traversed the beautiful valley near Hanover and York, sleeping in the open. This was anything but agreeable, but it soon became apparent that Lee's invasion of the north was over, and our troop was ordered to Harrisburg to disband. We rode a distance of 30 miles and encamped in a wood near the city, where many of the townspeople visited us. This was on July 3d. I was stretched on the sod asleep, weary after our long day's ride, when at midnight Bob Bothwick waked me to say it was July 4th; neither sleep nor any other comfort is sacred to a trooper. As he waked

the entire squad we all cheered heartily, not only because it was the anniversary of Independence Day, but also because we were so rejoiced over the grand news of Meade's victory, fresh in our minds.

The horse I had ridden, "Count White," had become docile and took almost no notice of railroad trains within a few yards of him. After we had disbanded I returned my old gray mare to Duncannon, none the worse for wear. She had travelled in the rear with our baggage wagons. I then rode "Count White" to Philadelphia, as we were allowed the use of our horses until surrendered to the quartermaster.

Mrs. Wood, mother of Joseph and William Wood, was visiting in Germantown. I wanted to show her the country and invited her to drive with me behind my beautiful horse, as I considered him entirely safe. But far from being tamed by his hard work, when he saw a train bound for Germantown, passing Nicetown Lane Station, he turned sharply round and nearly upset the carriage. I was certainly thankful to deliver Mrs. Wood safely home. After that railroads were avoided, as well as harnessing him to a vehicle. A saddle was the only thing he would submit to have fastened upon him.

I was scarcely back from my seven weeks' trip with the troop when my father asked me to return to Gettysburg and look for my brother Rodman, who had been attacked by typhoid fever. He gave me a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr. Gehr, of Chambersburg. When I reached there I was told that Rodman was at Hagerstown, and started to walk, as I could not get a horse or vehicle of any kind. The railroad was useless, as the enemy had torn up the ties, placed them in heaps, and set fire to them, having first laid the rails across.

Every rail was bent in the middle and every tie burned.

I had not walked a mile when I met Edward Buehler, of Harrisburg, brother of Admiral William Buehler, walking to Chambersburg. He said Rodman was in an ambulance coming along, but further down the road. I saluted every wagon and soon met Charles and William Churchman driving an ambulance in which was a mattress with Rodman stretched out on the bottom of the wagon. We drove straight to Mr. Gehr's house. I had never met him before. He treated us with great kindness, no one could have been more hospitable, and placed his best spare room at our disposal. Rodman craved ice, which was scarce and expensive, but I managed to keep him supplied from a hotel in the neighborhood.

Our good mother became uneasy, followed us to Chambersburg, and took charge of the patient. Mr. Gehr did everything in his power to help. After ten days the fever had so far abated that we were able to take him home. No one ever had better friends than Rodman. When he became ill both the Churchman boys deserted and took charge of him, day and night, until I arrived, and then when my mother came they felt he was safe and could not have a better nurse. No punishment was ever visited on our friends the Churchmans, as they also fell victims of the dread disease and were desperately ill.

COLONEL FRANK WISTER

JUST before the outbreak of the Civil War my brother, Frank, then about nineteen, graduated with honor at the University of Pennsylvania, situated then on Ninth Street above Chestnut. He would have enlisted at once had he not been attacked by severe diphtheria. Fortunately, he had Doctor Owen Wister and Doctor Betton to attend and cure him. His fever ran high and his hallucinations were strange. His convalescence, however, was rapid, and in a few weeks he was well and strong and enlisted for the term of the war.

My brother John, twelve years older than Frank, was a close political friend of the Camerons, father and son. General Simon Cameron had been appointed Secretary of War by President Lincoln and was glad, as a mark of esteem, for John's sake, to secure a captain's commission in the Twelfth United States Infantry for my brother Francis.

He never regretted having made the appointment, as Frank's career was most creditable, being brevetted twice, first as major and then as colonel of the 215th Pennsylvania Volunteers in the Regular Army. In 1864 he was sent to Philadelphia to raise the 215th Pennsylvania Regiment for the Union League, and was given command. His name is on the Civil War honor list of the club. In later years they ordered a portrait of him, which it gave me pleasure to paint and present to the club; it now hangs there in the directors' room.

After a short encampment at Fort Mifflin, his regiment, the Twelfth regulars, went to the front. Although in many battles, including Antietam and Gettysburg, he

was never wounded. A ball went through his cap but did not touch him. His regiment went into battle at Gettysburg with 400 and came out with 200 men! At the close of the war he was brigadier general, and should have remained in the service as he was well on the road for further promotion. He died November 22, 1905.

A favorite air during the war alternated with "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" began as follows:

"As they marched through the town
With their banners so gay,
I ran to the window
To hear the band play.
And peeped through the blinds,
Very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbors should say
I was looking at the men.
The troops were the finest
That ever I did see,

CHORUS

And the captain with his whiskers
Took a sly glance at me.

As the war progressed love of country depreciated, while love of money increased. Calls for troops had become too frequent to meet with hearty response. Drafting became a necessary war measure and bounties were offered by the United States for recruits. Thus, before the end of the war, a bounty of \$300 was given to each volunteer of three months, who perhaps was never sent to the front; this was just before the battle of Gettysburg. Rich committees paid as much as \$500, \$800, \$1000 and

even \$1200 for recruits of varying periods. Men drafted gave large sums to substitutes to go in their place. Many took the money, enlisted, and then deserted. These were termed "Bounty Jumpers." It was recorded that many succeeded in securing several bounties, and never went to the front. Pay took the place of patriotism, and it became a question whether the North or South had the longest purse.

Ammunition, bayonets, and cash brought the war to a close. These have been and will probably continue to be the "A, B, C" of every war. The Government had demonstrated many errors, mistaken judgment, and failures before Ulysses S. Grant was recognized as the one general who could, and if allowed would, conquer and crush the enemy. Sherman led his army through Georgia, while Grant drove all before him into Richmond.

Millions of dollars were paid by the United States to soldiers whose terms of enlistment had expired. Men who had profited by the war found themselves suddenly rich, desired to spend their money by buying large houses and making a big splurge. Such men were dubbed "shoddy" by the old conservative element. Dissipation ran loose all over the country. Saloons, restaurants, gambling dens came into existence. Depraved men and painted women were ready to help the returned soldier get rid of his pay; soldiers became the prey of camp followers. Harrisburg was often the scene of revelry, drunkenness and disorder.

Lee, broken-hearted and discouraged, surrendered at Appomattox. After four years of disastrous carnage and destruction, the Civil War ended. Of course, like all prominent men, Grant had enemies. These detractors called him a butcher and a drunkard. President Lincoln

was told a story of Grant's drinking too much, when he remarked that if he "Knew the brand of whiskey Grant drank, he would order it given to his other generals." After Grant's second term as President and his great work as statesman and soldier was ended, he went on a tour around the world and received attentions on his travels which few men have experienced, from crowned heads and soldiers. In each country he visited royalty did him every honor possible, not only because of his ability as a statesman, but also because of his wonderful generalship.

On his return home he went into business and his partner brought trouble to him by misrepresenting him financially, and through him the General lost what money he had saved. However, after age and disease were upon him, he wrote his memoirs, the royalties from which were enormous, and brought his family another fortune.

HARRISBURG

AFTER the war I returned to work at Duncannon. Business was good and iron commanded high prices. We four brothers held a consultation and decided to build a furnace at Harrisburg on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is seldom that six brothers were as attached to each other as ourselves. Frank was in the iron brokerage business at 230 South Third Street, and Rodman in the commission business at 256 South Fourth Street. John Wister's Philadelphia office of the Duncannon works was at 122-124 Race Street. William Rotch Wister, our oldest brother, was a lawyer, and could attend to all legal matters for us. We knew that each would throw business into the other's hands. It seemed an unusually opportune time to start a blast furnace.

We four brothers formed a partnership, calling our firm the J. & J. Wister Company. John invested in 4/9 of the stock, William Rotch Wister and I each took 2/9, and Langhorne 1/9. I wonder if there are many partnership agreements such as ours which can show the signatures of four brothers. John and I became the active partners, and I was appointed manager. Once again I became the manager of a business of which I was almost entirely ignorant. John continued as manager of the works at Duncannon.

We purchased ten acres of ground from the Cameron family, contiguous to the Pennsylvania Canal, a Lebanon Valley branch of the Philadelphia and Reading Company.

Our land was located on what at an early period of the earth's history had been the bed of the Susquehanna River. The rock upon which our furnace was to be built

was almost as level as a floor and perfect as a foundation. The Pennsylvania Railroad gave us stone from a mountain above Marysville which they owned, and brought many carloads to this furnace, making no charge for the stone or its transportation.

We began building in the spring of 1867 and laid the foundation for one stack, but had to stop work because water had risen a foot or more on the level bed of the rock, and we were obliged to hire the city steam fire engine to pump out the water, which was drowning everything, so that our brick masons could resume work.

Our friends called our furnace the "Swamp Angel," as it was located on low ground and occasionally covered by river freshets. The city of Harrisburg is supplied with river water, so we were able to run a pipe line under the canal and through the property of the city gas works, which were located just opposite to us on the burm bank of the canal. At first the water was metered and proved a very expensive luxury. Later we arranged to pay for it by the year. One of the first requisites of a blast furnace is water. We had expected to use the canal water during seven months of the year, and from the well we sunk to obtain enough to supply our wants during the remaining five months. Everything would have worked satisfactorily had it not been that the well water was impregnated with lime, which invaded our boilers and forced us to abandon its use.

John Lingle's brickyard supplied the numerous red brick which we used in our furnace construction. As the firm received a royalty on every thousand bricks burned by Lingle, we gave him all our trade. We employed many Pennsylvania Dutchmen in our works. Our foreman came to us shortly before the furnace was ready for

lighting with excellent recommendation as to faithfulness and capability, also, that he thoroughly understood "blowing in." The stack was fired and everything appeared to be going as well as possible. John and I had invited a couple of friends to an oyster supper in celebration of the event, and were enjoying the little feast in my frame twelve-by-twelve office when a tremendous explosion occurred. Supper was forgotten, and we all rushed to see what damage had been done. Gas had accumulated under the arch of the hot oven, which, in order to more readily heat the blast, had been raised to the level of the tunnel head. As the fire under the furnace had been lit it was necessary to act quickly and we were fortunate almost immediately in being able to secure from a neighboring furnace sufficient plates to cover the walls. The plates were in position within a very few hours, and the damage was not great, but the accident decided us to try for another furnace man.

I went to Lebanon, the home of furnaces, and secured Jesse Zimmermann, who proved himself superior in every way, and continued as our foundry man until the riots of 1877.

By this time I had learned the business and took charge of the furnace myself, employing Louis Kinter and Aaron Zimmermann, one for night and the other for day turn, alternate week about, for several years.

At the earnest solicitation of Joseph Campbell, of Middletown, our machinist, I engaged his brother, Simon Campbell, as foreman. He was perhaps the best machinist and all-round workman I have ever had. William Coover was my chief clerk and extremely trustworthy and capable.

Chemistry was now playing its part in the manufacture of every article made from iron. I took a course of chemistry from Doctor Hugh Hamilton, who taught me reactions and how to analyze ores, irons, and limestones.

Our business was growing and I replaced my twelve-foot-square office with a larger brick structure. It contained an outside office for my clerk, Edward Shellenberger, also an inside office and a laboratory. The latter was fitted out under Doctor Hamilton's direction. Here I was very comfortable. As a matter of economy, I kept my own books, managed the furnace, and did my own chemical work.

The iron business continued excellent for five years after peace was declared. Currency was inflated, but it was gradually equalizing itself with gold. The great firm of Jay Cooke & Co., bankers, was looked upon as unassailable, almost as stable as the Government. It had financed the Civil War and everybody's faith was pinned to it, until one Friday in September, 1873, it was suddenly announced, without warning, that the firm had failed. This was called "Black Friday," and was the beginning of a depression in business which lasted until 1879. The newspapers of the day stated that Jay Cooke had undertaken to build the Northern Pacific Railroad and finance it himself, but that his bonds and stock would not sell.

His failure brought on a terrible panic. The newspapers, from having lauded his patriotism to the skies for having backed the Government in its direst distress, could not now say things sufficiently abusive of him, as is the custom of our fickle public. Theodore Roosevelt has said that, "The public will build an arch of triumph to a successful man at one time and later will tear it down and pelt him with its stones."

Jay Cooke's life was spared long enough to give the lie to all slanders, and pay back, dollar for dollar, all money that had been entrusted to him.

It became known about 1870 or 1871 that a Pittsburgh furnace was smelting a hundred tons of metal in twenty-

four hours. This was unprecedented. I went to see for myself and returned believing. Coke, as a fuel, with rich ores were accountable for the result. Although coke cost more than anthracite, I immediately ordered a few car-loads. First I mixed one-quarter part coke and three-quarters part anthracite; later half-and-half, and still later three-quarters coke and one-quarter anthracite. By these means I increased the yield of the furnace, built to smelt 16 or 17 tons, to 45 and 49 tons, but never succeeded in reaching the 50 mark, although the Wister furnace yield was talked about throughout the region, and many furnace men visited the plants from curiosity and a desire to find out how I did it.

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HARRISBURG was the home of the hero of Lochiel, but was too small for General Simon Cameron, who was called to Washington by Lincoln to be his Secretary of War, where his ability as statesman and organizer made him famous throughout the land.

James W. Weir gave one kind words as well as cash, when you went to his bank.

John Briggs was the father of the beautiful girl, Rachael Briggs, of the glorious voice, who sang "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" at the funeral of Mr. Weir. Weir was Judge Briggs's guardian, and many times found fault with him for loving baseball better than Blackstone. He could not foresee that professional baseball players would receive double the salary of a judge.

Mr. Calder's office was neither luxurious or modern. His strong common sense was the magnet which drew the live men of Harrisburg to meet there and discuss ways and means to improve the status of the city.

Mr. Hamilton Alricks was a distinguished lawyer, respected citizen, and devoted churchman. One summer evening we went together to Doubling Gap. There were no vacant bed rooms and we, with twenty or thirty others, were given cots in the parlor. Mr. Alricks asked me what I intended to do; at first I did not understand, thinking our beds were unclean, but when I found he hesitated to undress before so many men, I brazenly tried to persuade him to imitate me; it was a very hot night, and I went to bed with very little on. He took off only his boots, collar and hat, and must have passed an uncomfortable but modest night.

John Bowes Cox, Doctor Earles, the historian of Dauphin County, and Mr. Richard Hogan sat in the vestry of St. Stephen's Church for many years. Then there was handsome John Haggerty, my friend, the young Philadelphian who carried off thirty years ago one of Harrisburg's favorites for his bride.

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DURING the fishing season I tried to fish every Thursday for the small-mouthed black bass which had been planted in the Susquehanna by the Fish Commission. I would fish with my old crony, James Gray, whom I had met many years before when I visited Duncannon as a boy. He was a good oarsman and would row to the exact spot where the fish ought to be; but if we did not find any, of course the fish were to blame, it was not Jim's fault. The water was full of rocks, behind which the bass lived. On the whole, I was generally successful, and seldom returned without a full basket.

One day an amusing incident occurred. We met a man fishing who should have been attending to his business. He had been employed as engineer at Duncannon,

did not do well, and was discharged. I felt sorry for him and in order to better his circumstances I allowed him credit at a wholesale fruit store up to \$20 with which to start a fruit stand. He exceeded his allowance, but somehow could not make such success as other dagoes seem to do. I spoke to him but he pretended not to know me. Jim Gray got excited and called out, "Don't you know your old boss at the Duncannon mills; what's the matter with you?" But my friend could not remember me no matter how often Jim Gray reminded him. So much for helping the horny-handed sons of toil and trying to better their condition!

A Harrisburg fishing club was formed, which did everything except fish. We dressed in blue flannel shirts, corduroy pants, and looked like the real Simon Pure. I read a thesis on the "fly" at the clubhouse, which was well received, especially the part which referred to the green bottle of the fishermen, also of the green heads which bit well all over the fishermen, much to their annoyance.

George Bryson and his brother, Robert, belonged to the club; I often saw them. Robert accidentally fell into the Monongahela near Pittsburgh and was drowned. George owned several fine thoroughbreds. He was very successful in raising fine horses. But, in spite of the fact that he was reputed to have made over \$30,000 at the races, he told me it was a mean business, and that we should never bet on any horse race.

"Chantilly" was the home of William Watts and his family. David Watts, the son, was a fine fellow, a good man and true friend. One of his sisters married William Rose, and the other George Comstock; the weddings were at the old mansion. William and his wife lived there afterwards, farmed the place, and had a beautiful herd of

Alderneys. If I remember rightly, a fire destroyed his barn and many of his cattle.

The Rev. Robert J. Keeling was called from a church in Chicago to St. Stephens, and lived up to his splendid reputation as an orator.

Mr. William Buchler was a most charming man. He was superintendent of the Sunday school and rector's warden. He suffered with angina pectoris, of which he finally died. I was one of the vestrymen and had a class of boys in his Sunday school. Many times he would send me word to officiate in his place. This I always did willingly and so acceptably to Doctor Keeling that, after Mr. Buchler's death, he offered me the office of superintendent, which I declined, telling him that I should prefer the election of Mr. Buchler's son-in-law, James M. Lambertson, past grandmaster of Masonic fraternity. It was my custom on Easter eve to invite my Sunday school class to my house and treat them to a supper, as well as giving them Easter eggs and prizes for good behavior. They played games and Rev. Stewart Keeling tells me that those evenings are among his happiest recollections.

A movement to separate the dioceses was the means of calling a convention to meet in St. Stephen's Church. I was a delegate. Each party tried to secure my vote, and I found churchmen quite as anxious for places as other mortals. Two of the aspirants were billeted in our house, and we enjoyed church politics to the utmost.

Stewart P. Keeling was a fine fellow; he was a member of my Sunday school class and one of my best scholars, knowing his Bible perfectly. I told him many times that I thought he ought to be a clergyman, and events proved that I was right. His father objected, said he was too worldly, and at his request I made a place for him in my

office to let him learn what he could of a blast furnace; also tried to teach him double entry bookkeeping, which I knew thoroughly, having learned under Sampson King at Duncannon. But Stewart wanted to preach and could not force himself to take up a vocation for which he was not fitted. After this Stewart went into Mr. Chamberlain's law office, but this also did not appeal to him as did the preaching of the gospel, which he insisted was his chosen vocation.

Mrs. Haley, who was very much interested in the future of young men, after a long talk with me, advised sending Stewart to a theological seminary to further his wishes for a church education. Stewart consulted me and I told him that the one profession in which he could make a success was that of a clergyman. His father protested again, but we carried the day, and Stewart did so well that he soon graduated and accepted a vacancy at Huntingdon, where, if I mistake not, he married. He afterwards became rector of a church at Morton, and invited his father to make his home with him. Mrs. Wister and I went to Morton expressly to hear him preach, but Stewart was called that day to fill another pulpit, and we were disappointed. That summer at Cape May we succeeded in having him invited to preach at the Visitors' Episcopal Church, where the pulpit is filled by clergymen who can spare a week-end at the shore. We listened to a splendid sermon from Stewart, who had surely found his place in the world. Later he became assistant rector at St. Peter's, Germantown, until the incumbent was called to his long home, and Stewart was elected to his place.

I have been there to hear him preach and have questioned many of his congregation, who unite in telling me that the Rev. Stewart P. Keeling is doing splendid work

and is most acceptable. It would appear that I had been a better judge of Stewart's merits and future than was his good father.

* * * * *

I HAD many good friends in Harrisburg who were most companionable. George Bent, Edward Du Barry and his brother, J. N. Du Barry, president of the Northern Central Railroad, Andrew S. McCreath, and Harvey Fisher. The latter, my cousin, lived at Duncannon, and had charge of the blast furnace there. This was after the days for big prices had passed; but he had good judgment and was an enthusiastic furnace man, was most hospitable and entertained his friends lavishly.

Dick Sanders was a constant visitor to Harrisburg during the second geological survey of the state of Pennsylvania. He was a celebrated mining engineer, and looked after all mineral deposits of the state.

Harrisburg produced many noble citizens. Thomas T. Wiseman was for many years in control of the canal inland transportation of Pennsylvania, and transported travellers further west in his canal boats after they reached Harrisburg by train.

1870—CRICKET IN HARRISBURG

I HAD played no cricket after the autumn of 1860. The following spring I had gone to Duncannon, and afterwards had no time or opportunity to play, but when I moved my business to Harrisburg some young cricketers, who had heard of my fame in early youth, waited upon me and said that I had been unanimously elected president of a Harrisburg Cricket Club.

I was passionately fond of the game and was glad to help the movement. There was some vacant ground on the old Camp Curtin inclosure which we rented, and the Harrisburg Cricket Club was inaugurated. We got together quite a respectable eleven and challenged the second eleven of Merion and the second eleven of Germantown. Of course, we lost both matches, as we had not had sufficient practice together, for, be it known, many of our men had never seen a cricket match. The defeat had good result; as I had many times before noticed, there is nothing like defeat to stimulate effort, and we practiced with such industry that when the Merion men played a return match at Harrisburg, we were the winners.

When they came, the Merion men were out for a high old spree, and that evening, after the game, defied the rulers of quiet old Harrisburg and made more noise than the police thought proper. In spite of warnings to behave better the noise continued, and some half dozen were arrested and locked up. Our men were notified and managed to have "George Washington," "General Jackson," and "Thomas Jefferson," and several other aliases released. Our Merion friends returned home with

more respect for Harrisburg and our police force, even if the good time they had come for away from home had been disturbed. When rebuked they said they had come for a good time and had had it, in spite of the police, and did not seem at all repentant for disgracing the names of dead heroes.

We helped the Altoona Cricket Club open their new grounds by giving them a handsome dressing. We were using a baseball ground in Harrisburg and had built a board fence around it with boards hired from a town board yard, hoping that this improvement would induce the baseball people to allow us the privilege of continuing to use their ground. However, the baseball club thought they could claim the boards and keep them. They had consulted a lawyer and it looked as though we were in for trouble. As president of the club the members appealed to me. I hired a carpenter and went with him and teams to the ground after dark, and by midnight not a vestige of the fence remained. All the boards were safely stored in the yard from which we had borrowed them. Possession is generally nine points of the law, but as this was ten, we heard nothing further of the matter. It was a mean thing for them to do, because there was no reason why the cricket team and baseball team should not use the same ground, turn and turn about, especially as we had agreed to pay half the expense of its upkeep. As it was, they lost the board fence and we were obliged to look for another field.

Shortly after this I wrote a book on cricket called "A Bawl for American Cricket." It was favorably received, and for some time was used as a text-book by cricket players.

RIOTS OF 1877

THE summer of 1877 witnessed the outbreak of the long brewing railroad riots in western and middle Pennsylvania. At that period locomotives were attached to trains by means of an upright bolt which, when withdrawn, released the engine. Rioters assembled and went to the depot, where they withdrew all coupling bolts from every train ready to go out, so that all motive power was gone and trains halted until the riot had ended.

In this crisis we appealed to Mayor Jennings, as all courts held that a city must protect its inhabitants and their property. But we found that our mayor was at Atlantic City, and when we telegraphed, answered that he "Could not return until trains were again running without interruption!" Our state militia was summoned, who, when they arrived, affiliated with the striking railroaders. One company of state troops was marched down the river from Rockland, about a mile from Harrisburg. They were met by a troop of boys, from sixteen to seventeen years of age, who demanded their surrender. At this they promptly hoisted a white flag. The boys took their arms and forced the troops to follow, while they headed the procession, armed with the guns of the soldiers, who sneaked behind like so many whipped dogs. Police headquarters were filled with intimidated militiamen, who were sent home as useless baggage. Many of the leading citizens called upon Henry McCormick to head a party of volunteers. Meetings of great secrecy were held at his house. Plans were suggested, and it was agreed to assemble at the sound of the town bell, and that Henry

McCormick was to command with the title of general. We arranged to have all firearms and ammunition removed from gun stores and hardware shops.

The mob gathered in increasing numbers until evening, when it became evident that their threat was to be carried out, of burning the printing office of *The Telegraph*, a newspaper that had been very outspoken against the rioters.

At 8 P.M. the town bell gave us our signal, and about 80 of us gathered in front of the Lochiel Hotel, corner Third and Market Streets. McCormick at the head of 39 men led the first platoon, I, leading the second platoon, followed with 39 other volunteer citizens.

We covered Market Street from house to house, armed with clubs and pistols, and marched down to the depot, where several thousand strikers had gathered. Some blows were struck by the first platoon, but there were no fighting men in the crowd. They had not gathered to be injured, but to burn and destroy. Our determined advance upon them completely awed them, and they melted away like snow in the spring. Volunteers were immediately called upon to form a law and order company. About fifty of us answered the call, and I was appointed captain. We marched through the town all night, requiring each man on the street to state his reasons for being out or to go to his home.

Our Citizens' Committee had wired for United States Army soldiers to escort trains through the Harrisburg depot. These could not be frightened off. Four soldiers with bayonets attached to their muskets were placed on the platform alongside of each pair of coaches, and marched beside the trains until they were out of the depot.

They then boarded and kept on the trains and deployed beside them at each station.

The strikers did not possess pluck to interfere with Uncle Sam's soldiers, so trains were moved after a two-day suspension.

My old friend, James B. McCrea, afterwards president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was, at that time, Superintendent of the Middle Division and did good work in helping us restore order in Harrisburg.

After all danger was over, the city was full of brave men who joined the law and order brigade and wore badges! Harrisburg was saved! Mayor Jennings returned to Harrisburg from Atlantic City. Altoona had some trouble. Philadelphia had more. A mob of many thousands gathered at West Philadelphia, then the terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad, making threats to burn and destroy. But Philadelphia could boast of a Mayor Stokley, who gathered his company of police officers and marching at their head, drove the strikers away.

Pittsburgh was the strike centre. Threats were made and carried out because of the pusillanimity of authorities. Depots, warehouses, cars and locomotives were destroyed to the extent of many millions of dollars.

The Philadelphia City Troop had been ordered to Altoona, but authorities considered Harrisburg, with its arsenal and large stores of ammunition, in greater danger, so with Captain Struthers at their head, they arrived on the hill back of Harrisburg early one morning, having left their train at Rockville and marched on the high ground by a back road.

As soon as I learned of their arrival I drove out to their camp. I found Captain Struthers, John Hoffman,

Snowden, and one of the Meade boys, and immediately acquainted them with the true state of affairs. They reported that they had learned Harrisburg was in ruins with the mob in control!

They needed some underclothing, toothbrushes, and whiskey, with all of which I made them happy. I was loaded with undeserved praise and the next day they were ordered home.

I still have my badge of white satin ribbon, edged with gold fringe, with the date of the meeting at which the Law and Order Society adopted the badge.

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WE lived in Harrisburg during the terms of Governors Curtin, Geary, Hartranft, and Stone. Each Governor gave receptions to the citizens and Legislature. In those days Governors might hold office as often as they were re-elected.

Governor Geary had a most able and intelligent wife, who succeeded by her clever diplomacy and political management in securing her husband's nomination and election for a second term. She was personally acquainted with every member of the Legislature and called them by name. Her receptions were most brilliant in point of numbers as well as for the public men she gathered around the Governor.

Geary had the reputation of being a gallant soldier as well as an able general. He was a good conversationalist and full of personal anecdotes. Governor Geary died in office. His wife was still young and attractive. His secretary, Doctor Goodman, was agreeable and handsome. Is it any wonder that the latter fell in love with the widow, and that later they were married? Doctor

Goodman said they "Could mourn for the Governor together far better than separated."

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ONE day my old friend, Charles Atkins, appeared in Harrisburg with Mr. Shippen, president of the Miners' Bank of Pottsville, and asked me to take them around the city. I showed it to the best advantage. They were stopping at the "Bolton," formerly the old "Buehler House," the Democratic caravansary of Harrisburg.

Shippen was a stolid man of about seventy. He informed me that he had not missed his grog a single day in forty years, and invited me to try some he had with him. It was certainly the worst firebrand stuff I ever tasted, but he seemed to like it, and as he lived to be over eighty years of age, the query is, "How long would he have survived with good whiskey?"

We met again that night at Governor Hartranft's reception and Shippen quoted to me the old saying that, "The man who uses whiskey before forty is a fool, and the one who does not use it after forty is a greater fool." But it is difficult to break a habit once formed, and having abstained for so many years I believe that whiskey is not necessary to good health. Exercise, bathing, plenty of fresh air, and frugal living are better calculated to keep off gout and apoplexy, and prolong life than any amount of whiskey.

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My nose was not beautiful until Dave Watts broke it with a cricket ball. Doctor Ross Roberts was one of the brilliant young men of his day. Can any one praise Doctor Rutherford too highly, gentle and courageous, almost infallible in diagnosis?

Henry Gilbert had a cheerful smile for all; everyone respected him. He left sons of whom any man might be proud.

Daniel D. Boas's energy and good sense in the councils of the school board gave him opportunity to benefit hundreds. Charles L. Bailey came to Harrisburg in the vigor of youth, his broad mind and untiring industry made him known all over the state.

It is with great pleasure I look back upon a visit the Rev. Doctor Angell, of Harrisburg, paid to Cape May in the summer of 1898. He officiated acceptably in the Visitors' Church there and made a lasting impression upon all who met him. Under him at St. Stephen's the church prospered and the congregation grew in numbers and in grace. His untimely death was a shock to all who knew him. Mr. James McCormick's advice was sought and freely given with no expectation of recompense. Although the light for many years was hidden from his eyes, his keen mind guided many whose sight was clear and sure. His noble son, Henry, but followed in the footsteps of his father, and reared his own sons to make honored names for themselves in private and in public life.

Henry McCormick, little more than a boy when the war broke out, became colonel of a gallant company of artillery.

Henry McCormick and my loved brother, John Wister, were close friends. Their unsullied lives brought forth reciprocated confidence and respect. One of the best public spirited women in Harrisburg, Miss Mary Sergeant, was organist at St. Stephen's Church and naturally much interested in its welfare. The organ I had assisted, as treasurer, to buy many years before, had in its turn become worn out and I was invited to deliver an illustrated

lecture on Egypt in order to raise funds for a new one. This I was very glad to do and incidentally refer to my friends of earlier days associated with so many pleasant memories. The hall was crowded and I was told that it proved a great success towards securing the fund needed.

After the lecture Mrs. Sergeant gave a large reception at her house for us at which I enjoyed meeting many old friends. On another occasion we were invited by Lyman Gilbert, Esq., to the coming-out ball of his daughter. We were also invited to spend that night at the home of Henry McCormick, Esq., and were there assigned the room, the walls covered with trophies of all kinds of sport, belonging to Vance McCormick, then the great football player of Yale College, afterwards Mayor of Harrisburg, and now prominently connected with the Democratic political party. Vance's father told us that since his son had taken to football he himself had lost identity and was known only as "Vance's father." At New Haven one morning after breakfast, during the football season, he was walking leisurely along the hall of the hotel when two girls appeared around the corner of the corridor, and one of them pointing to him exclaimed, "Look, quick, that is the father of Vance McCormick!"

We were also entertained at lunch at Edward McCormick's beautiful home on Front Street.

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THE erection of two monster furnaces at Steelton by the Pennsylvania Steel Company was the beginning of a new era in the Valley of the Susquehanna.

The firm of J. & J. Wister & Company survived hard times, largely through the manufacture of Bessemer iron. We went into this branch of business after long consulta-

tion with Mr. R. A. Lamborn, who called upon us one evening as we first thought, for a social call, but in reality one of business. He told us that he was unable to buy as much Bessemer iron as the Pennsylvania Steel Company required, and, as he was secretary, was interested in asking us to manufacture Bessemer for them. We decided that this would be a wise thing for us to do, but it was no easy matter, for it required better ore than we had been using. We had been smelting foundry and forged metals. We had a low phosphorus ore in the Cornwall, but it was too high in sulphur to use raw in the blast furnace.

Dawson Coleman, one of the large owners of the Cornwall Estate, was, I believe, the first who roasted Cornwall ore, which he did in a bee-hive oven near his flower garden. Of course, the sulphur fumes settled and destroyed his flowers and vegetables. He then discontinued the only method by which Cornwall ore could be made useful in a blast furnace.

My friend, Charles Atkins, of Atkins Brothers, of Pottsville, had been experimenting on Jersey and other ores, and discovered that the very best kiln in which to roast ore was the identical one Dawson Coleman had discarded. I spent a week under his hospitable roof at his invitation, and at his works he gave me the benefit of his experience. I learned all I could from him and returning home proceeded to utilize the Cornwall ore largely by roasting.

As Bessemer is always worth more than any other pig iron, we profited greatly by its manufacture. We now increased our plant and built two large bee-hive roasters. These gave us our ore and we smelted Bessemer pig iron in large quantities.

Artemus Wilhelm, manager of the Cornwall Estates,

was not aware of the immense value of his ore. After he heard that I was using it, he sent for me and began the conversation by jocosely asking, "Why did you dare put Cornwall ore to such a new use without my permission?" He at first pretended to be very angry, and afterwards beamed with pleasure when I explained matters.

Our stack was built of stone, at first 42 feet high, but later we raised it to 60 feet, closing the top with a bell and hopper of Peter Weimer's invention. This was something new and had never been used on a furnace before. As Peter was anxious to have it tried he charged us nothing for his patent. It proved a great success and increased our yield from 17 or 18 tons to 40 or 45 daily. We also built a double hot oven, which John Q. Denny said was his idea of an oven, and we heated our blast to 900 and sometimes 1000° Fahrenheit.

The J. & J. Wister partnership agreement was renewed from time to time until dissolved by mutual consent in 1882.

Rumors that the Reading Railroad wanted our property for additional tracks had been in the air for some time. Finally, my friend, William Taylor, of Highbridge, New Jersey, told me that, "If we wanted to sell, Frank Gowen, then president of the road, would buy." My brother John and I negotiated, and finally accepted what we considered a very good price—his best figure, and enough to keep us comfortable. The cars and equipment brought additional money. We were paid in cash and this was distributed, 4/9 to John Wister, 2/9 each to William Rotch Wister and myself, and 1/9 to Langhorne Wister. I had taken my family to Germantown some months previously and was glad to be free to join them.

I was then invited to enter the firm of L. & R. Wister & Company, commission merchants, which consisted of

Langhorne and Rodman, from which it took its name, J. N. M. Shimer and myself, who were the company. The firm had been selling Wister pig iron and other brands together with a scrap trade. Our business was satisfactory.

I did not care for office work and looked after outside customers, doing considerable travelling. My journeys extended through New York, New England, Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey.

GENERAL LANGHORNE WISTER

LANGHORNE was our star brother, tall and upright, well made and by far the handsomest and most brilliant of us all. It seemed as though there was nothing he could not do. Whatever he undertook meant success. He was well read, could discourse on all matters of science, philosophy and literature. Once my father was asked if he had a favorite among us boys, and he answered, "No, I do not think so, unless it is Lang." He was five years older than I, taught me how to skate and various other accomplishments, alternated with punches and affectionate kicks on the rear part of my pants, tokens of love often bestowed by older brothers on those younger. I got tired of this latter demonstration, and one day when we were at the barn together and he had kicked me once too often, I watched my chance when he stooped down, and struck him with all my seven years' strength. Langhorne was surprised and this gave me a minute or two start. When he found me my head was buried in my mother's lap. After this, he never kicked me again. He was peculiar, liked people to stand up for their rights, and I think respected me for my courage.

He was quick tempered, always trying to do the right thing, but resented injustice. At school he was the hero of his playmates and became ringleader in all sports and mischief. Thus, when one of the teachers at the Germantown Academy accused him of a mean action he would have scorned to do, he resented the accusation and fought the teacher, who tried to put him out, with the result that

the elder lost his artificial teeth. Coleman, Withington, and other teachers then presided over the school.

One afternoon he improved a miniature boat, of which I had become possessed, by adding a sail, and took me down to the pond which fed Thomas Fisher's mill in the hollow, to show me how well it would sail before the breeze. We were joined by one of his friends named McDonald. We had scarcely started the boat when two other blustering and consequential Germantown boys, Buchanan and Farr, came along and laughed at the little craft, and sneered at Langhorne for indulging in such "baby" sport, and with more taunting words said, "See me sink it with this stone," and proceeded to throw one at the boat. Lang's anger was roused and he answered, "Well, you'd better not try it." However, Farr threw the stone and sank the boat. Little more was said, but both proceeded to take off coats and vests. Buchanan became second for his friend Farr and McDonald acted in like capacity for Langhorne. They were both about sixteen and well matched as to size. I had heard Farr spoken of as a "bully," and feared for Langhorne, but I need not have troubled, although Farr was heavier. Langhorne was by far the more active, dodged all of Farr's blows, giving stinging ones in retaliation. The battle waxed fast and furious, round after round was fought, until Farr cried, "Enough." He had had the worst of it. His nose was bleeding and the blood ran down over the front of his clean white shirt. He had been unable to injure Langhorne. I was very proud of my big brother!

In later years, when the Civil War broke out, Langhorne held an excellent position as chief accountant for the Duncannon Iron Company, but gave it up and was

among the first to respond to the call for arms. He, with about twenty-five other Duncannon boys, enlisted for the term of the war, and joined the famous Bucktail Regiment, the 149th, which proved itself in many battles and marches. A portion of the original command came from Kane, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, under Captain Thomas Kane. Each man wore a bucktail in his cap. It became the distinguishing mark of the regiment, and later when the 149th, 150th and 151st were added to the command, each man adopted the same insignia.

The 149th was one of the Pennsylvania Reserve Regiments, of which there were fifteen under gallant General Reynolds. Meade and the country were fortunate in having such troops and such commanders at the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Too much credit cannot be given to Reynolds. Had this day been lost, Lee would have won instead of Meade. Our army was far away from the first day's struggle. Reynolds' resistance proved the pivotal point in the three days' fight. Although our troops were nearly annihilated, they fought desperately until night, while Meade's troops were all the while pressing forward to a point where a meeting with Lee was inevitable, and the day gained by Reynolds was the salvation of Meade and the army of the North.

The battle was fought in a semicircle with the small northern army inside the circle. This made each attack of the Confederates at a disadvantage. Lee's troops, in order to meet ours, must, on account of their position, traverse so long a detour that they were tired when attacked, while our troops, being on the inside, easily commanded every point.

It required three days of desperate fighting to convince Lee that he must retreat. His recrossing the

Potomac, after such a struggle, proved him a great general. Meade has been criticized for not following up his victory and preventing the escape of Lee, but after a forced march and three days' hard fighting, his army (both armies) must have been exhausted.

My brother Langhorne was a born soldier. He was brave almost to foolhardiness, exposing himself to danger and taking terrible risks. It was almost a miracle that he was not killed.

Langhorne was with General Reynolds all through that first day's fight at Gettysburg, and when Reynolds fell, struck by a sniper, was shot himself through the cheek, the bullet passing out at Langhorne's mouth, which fortunately was open as he was shouting an order (and though it took two of his teeth and made an ugly scar, which was afterwards concealed by a beard), he never stopped in his duty, but stood his ground and fought on, with the blood streaming from his face and down over his uniform.

Langhorne was ranking captain when the battle began, but as most of the officers were wounded, he became a colonel. After he was wounded, although the pain was severe, he remained on the field until he, with several others, were made prisoners. As the victory was ours, they were soon released.

After Gettysburg Langhorne was brevetted general and commanded the three Bucktail regiments. Many of his company of Bucktails were recruited from the slums of Philadelphia. These objected to discipline and would run away to any neighboring grog shop for drinks. Three of them once became boisterous and so unruly that Langhorne was sent for to restore order. He went alone, cowed them into submission with a cocked pistol in his

hand, and forced them to march ahead while he followed them to camp, where they were tied up as a corrective.

His subordinates, Major Chamberlain, Dick Ashhurst. Captain Frank Jones, and many others spoke of him in the highest terms. He was a severe disciplinarian, but kind to his men and brave to a fault in battle. At one period of the war his regiment did guard duty in Washington, where there were many visitors. Among others came a distinguished looking officer whose card bore the famous name of Major Gouverneur, and bearing letters from the French Consul. He asked to be shown our troops, and was furnished with a horse and an orderly. Langhorne, suspecting nothing at first, accompanied him and gave him every opportunity to see the city. After awhile my brother became convinced that his visitor was a spy and imposter. But he continued with the inspection, not permitting his officers to learn that he had been duped. He afterwards handed the bogus major over to the proper authorities.

Atkins's lease of the Duncannon furnace expired about the time that Langhorne resigned from the army. The latter had become tired of campaigning and rented the furnace. People thought a good soldier could not make a good business man. Langhorne proved the contrary, was shrewd and capable and earned a handsome competency at the plant before the price of iron went down. Pig iron had advanced to an almost unprecedented figure.

Before the war a day laborer at the Duncannon Iron Company received 60 cents per day. The repeated calls for troops made labor scarcer. One dollar per day became usual, and when the war continued for several years the laborer received \$2 and even \$3 per day. The company

was so shorthanded that it was obliged to hire every man who offered, even accepting boys of sixteen and seventeen as laborers, many of whom worked just long enough to learn what rolling mill work was like and then went to the office for their money and quit.

Besides the furnace Langhorne had a farm in Perry County of about 280 acres. This was his relaxation and a source of great and deserved pride to him. Everything he had was of the best. He loved anything that had life, and inherited all of our father's taste in pigeons, chickens, dogs, horses and flowers. He bred tumbler pigeons and game chickens to a "closer feather" than others. While his roses were most beautiful, he had few equals as a vegetable gardener. He kept hunting dogs with which he each fall went west to hunt deer, quail, pheasants, and prairie chickens, and always brought home an abundance of game, for he was an unerring wing shot.

His talents were versatile. At the opening of the Centennial Exhibition he found that no provision had been made to provide rolling chairs, and obtained a concession to secure these necessary adjuncts of a fair and made considerable money out of it.

He never married, although he admired beautiful women, and had an album which he called his beauty book, and collected pictures of all his lady friends whom he considered beautiful enough to be placed in his book of beauties. It was considered a great compliment by ladies for him to ask them for their photograph.

After the war a number of riding parties visited Duncannon. It became quite the fashion in Harrisburg for officers of the Fifth United States Cavalry, with General Weed at the head, to invite their lady friends to ride

to Duncannon. These parties were red-letter days for us, and well do I remember Lieutenant duPont, later Senator from Delaware, and Jennie Cameron, now Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, as among the gay cavalcade.

Upon all subjects connected with agriculture and live stock Langhorne was a recognized authority.

His Alderney cattle he imported from the Isle of Wight, where he went to make a personal inspection before purchasing. In his will he ordered his cattle to be brought to Philadelphia and sold at Herkness' Bazaar, on Ninth Street back of the Walnut Street Theatre. The result of the sale proved his good judgment, as buyers were ready to pay fancy prices. The reputation of his cattle was widespread.

After my father's death, Langhorne made his home with our mother, taking full charge of her affairs. He did not smoke and if he took wine it was in moderation. He lived an outdoor life, was without reproach and eminently correct.

Consequently, his illness was a surprise to all. He realized that he was failing from his loss of memory. He and four others owned a ducking swamp in South Carolina to which they annually resorted. The last time he went he left his gun in the car; this worried him; not the loss of the gun, but the fact that he had forgotten it. Loss of memory increased to such an extent that one day, when we were lunching together at the Commercial Club, he asked me if he had "paid for the meal?" After that he brooded over his failing and grew rapidly worse. Doctor Owen Wister, his attending physician, called Doctor Da Costa in consultation, but it seemed that nothing could be done. The eminent specialist shook his head and pronounced the disease spinal meningitis and incurable. We then engaged a day and night nurse. I

was obliged to leave my office temporarily to relieve my mother and take charge of the house, but Langhorne, in spite of all that we could do, grew steadily worse and worse.

My brother, General Langhorne Wister's death, occurred on March 19, 1891, at the early age of fifty-seven, regretted and mourned by all who knew him. He left a most just and equitable will, bequeathing his small fortune almost equally divided among his nieces and nephews.

HOME LIFE

AFTER Aunt Elizabeth's periodical house cleanings at Duncannon, members of the family would usually come to visit us for a week or ten days. We had always begged our aunts to bring with them some of their young lady friends, and had very pleasant house parties. On one occasion Aunt Mary Wister brought Miss Caroline de Tousard Stocker and Miss Nannie Rotch. They were both lovely girls and lively companions. Miss Stocker looked like an angel herself when she sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and I promptly fell in love with her, and was a fortunate man when she accepted me. We were married October 6, 1868, and went to live at Harrisburg in a house on Chestnut Street, bought for us by my father.

Our life was very happy. I then had charge of the J. & J. Wister furnace, which meant hard work both physically and mentally, but with it all I did not neglect my home or children.

One day we made up a party to meet at our house and go to the circus. I wanted them all to enjoy the occasion and to put them in good humor, wrote the following doggerel rhymes which I read before starting. They are silly and beneath criticism, but served my purpose.

WITH APOLOGIES TO DARWIN

I was only an ape
When I made my escape
From a cage at Barnum's show.
I had heard oft before
If monkeys would soar
Into the realms of mankind,

Their tails they must lose
And drink lots of booze,
Their level then they would find.
So, looking around,
A big door I found
And sat in the passage way.
My tail near the hinge,
With some pain and a twinge,
A man I became just in play.
Then, donning men's clothes,
On my hind feet I rose,
A barber then gave me a shave.
No longer was I
A four-footed guy,
But a human, both handsome and brave.
I learned how to walk,
To dance and to talk
Of politics, church and the law.
Dressed in swell coat and pants,
A sweet girl, with kind glance,
Across the street, beckoned to me.
I was all in a flurry,
There was nothing to worry,
We were happy as happy could be;
I suggested ice cream,
Her eyes gave a gleam,
She ate a full saucer with me.
My girl was a dove,
And we fell dead in love,
She promised to soon marry me;
We were getting on well,
My girl had a spell,
She never discovered a flaw.

JONES WISTER'S REMINIŒCENCES

But her Dad had a doubt,
In fact, found me out,
I'd forgotten to burn my long tail;
'Twas found on the floor,
Quite near the street door,
Beginning to smell pretty stale.
Dad made me undress
And I had to confess
That only a monkey was I.
My tail then was fitted
And it very soon knitted;
My beautiful girl had a cry.
Some cranks we all know,
If tails they would grow,
Had better inhabit a tree.
'Tis quite sad to think,
That a tail is the link,
And with it just monkeys we'd be.

* * * * *

ONE strenuous Saturday in Harrisburg looms in recollection. We were expecting to have a dinner party in the evening for guests who were coming for the week-end. It was impossible that afternoon to secure workmen. The man who had repaired the kitchen chimney had quit work, but the stove would not draw, and no fire could be made. Having no time to lose, I took off coat and vest, and went to work. I found that the bricklayer instead of removing bricks had let them fall into the flue. After taking out a wheelbarrow full, the chimney was cleared, the cook made happy, everything serene, and a most successful dinner was my reward.

* * * * *

THE markets of that day in Harrisburg were the joy of householders. They could buy ahead of dealers; that was the rule of the city. An early bell informed us when the markets would be open and our baskets were filled without competition. Better fruit, vegetables, fish and meats were nowhere else to be found. Prices were very low for food. A good servant maid was paid \$1.25 per week.

Carrie's brother, Harry, was often at our house and sang duets with her. Clement and George Stocker also came and Nicholas Elbert as well as many of the young men employed in the Pennsylvania Steel Works. They were agreeable gentlemen and most welcome. I did all in my power to keep up the reputation of the house for hospitality.

Chauvenet married Miss Mary Burnsidess, sister of Cameron Burnsidess. James and Joseph Lynch settled in Harrisburg and were excellent additions to our society. None of the young men had homes, so we made it a practice to invite them to our Sunday dinners. Thus our home became a sort of social centre. John Hoffman, of Philadelphia, located at the Lykens Valley mines, often spent a night under our roof.

My wife had become choir leader at St. Stephen's Church. The choristers met every week at our house, where the organist, Miss Mary Sargent, Harry Buehler, and others came for practice. The organ was old. I was made treasurer of a new organ fund started by small subscriptions and increased by means of church suppers and other entertainments, until there were sufficient funds to purchase a fine organ in New York. Years afterwards I assisted with buying a still later organ, of which I have spoken elsewhere.

The golden wedding of my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Wister, occurred on September 12, 1876, and was the occasion of a large reception at their house at Belfield. Of course, Carrie and I came to Philadelphia to pay our respects, and as it was Centennial Year, stayed in town long enough to visit the exhibition. Shortly before our trip to Philadelphia, our youngest child, Ella, a baby, had died, which was a severe trial. Later, in 1881, when our daughter Alice was taken, after virulent diphtheria, in spite of consulting doctors and her grandfather, Doctor Stocker's, unremitting care, I thought nothing worse could befall me. She was a wonderful child, intelligent and musical, and though only nine years old, could play every air by ear on the piano.

We had two daughters left to us, Anne and Ethel,* who have since grown like their mother, to be lovable, capable women, everything a fond father could desire.

But the death of Alice was as nothing to the grief that consumed me when my beloved wife died June 18, 1884. I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of everything, and life not worth living. The world seemed hard and cold, and I never expected to be happy again. Nothing seemed left to me but duty and hard work.

Our pastor suggested a memorial window and it became a melancholy pleasure to order from England the most beautiful memorial window I could obtain, and place it in St. Stephen's Church, Harrisburg, for which she had worked so zealously. Her favorite saint, John the Baptist, is represented as the principal figure, with our two little girls as angels on either side.

* Anne married Wm. Littleton Barclay, October 19, 1897. Ethel married Arthur Mason Chichester, of Leesburg, Va., April 23, 1908.

After Carrie's death I moved my family to a house on the Belfield estate to be near my mother. It had been built for my brother, William Rotch, and he lived in it until he built the large house opposite.

I was fortunate in being able to secure Miss Kate Mann, a friend of Carrie's, to take charge of my home. She was a noble woman and brought up my daughters to be worthy of their mother.

There were about two acres of ground around the house, and this I proceeded to cultivate. Much good farming is possible even though on so small a scale. I built a stable and bought two Alderney cows at Langhorne's sale. There were more weeds than grass on my pasture. Every afternoon on my return from the city I pulled weeds industriously, but the work progressed slowly, until I found a good helper in a colored man named Harris. After grubbing many carloads of weeds, I sowed bone dust mixed with plaster of Paris and grass seed.

It is surprising how good pasture will support tethered cows, besides furnishing some hay. One of my cows dropped a beautiful heifer calf which I partly raised. I also kept two horses for riding and driving. There was too much milk for my family and my next-door neighbor, Amos Wakelin, agreed to buy a canful from me twice a day. The arrangement was most satisfactory. This milk can was hung on my fence morning and evening and filled by Harris, who milked the cows and took care of the horses. At the end of the month when Mr. Wakelin came in to pay me, I learned how much milk the Wakelins had used.

During the summer months my garden produced ample vegetables for my family. We bought our butter and eggs from the wagon of a travelling merchant until

we found eggs so frequently tainted that I was forced to keep chickens. Harris and I built a chicken house, with a glass front towards the south, and from my twenty-five chickens gathered more eggs than we could use.

We also constructed a hothouse and greenhouse combined, which gave us many flowers.

We also indulged in a lawn tennis court. This completed our little establishment. It gave me outdoor work and play in my leisure hours, and I was proud of the result. Indeed, a bed I planted twenty-five years ago is still yielding asparagus.

* * * * *

WHILE we lived at Belfield my gifted cousin, Susan Stevenson, in April, 1884, encouraged our young people to edit a monthly magazine entitled "The Swallow." This periodical proved a great success and flourished until May, 1886, when lessons and engagements became too burdensome to be shared with editorial duties.

The editors and proprietors numbered three; my nieces, Frances A. Wister, daughter of William Rotch Wister, Sarah Logan Wister, daughter of my brother, John Wister, and my daughter, Anne Wister. All the family connections became subscribers and sent articles. Even my mother, Mrs. William Wister, sent contributions. S. Weir Mitchell sent his poem of St. Christopher and the Christ Child.

I took my mother and daughters to Cape May, August, 1884. This was made memorable in "The Swallow" by my daughter Anne's description of a crabbing party, and the netting of one hundred and twenty-five crabs.

Freshets at Duncannon and fishing parties at Chester, Nova Scotia, were described by my niece, Sarah, and

entertaining stories in French and English were contributed by my niece, Frances Wister.

A fair was held by Mabel Rogers and Robert Logan, March, 1884, of which due notice appeared in "The Swallow," also the fact that Bessie Wister, Sarah's sister, had a black pet crow. A fancy dress party at Mrs. Edward Coles, December 29, 1884, was described, as well as a comedy performed at the house of William Rotch Wister during Christmas week, 1886.

This comedy was composed and written by my niece, Mary Channing Wister, afterwards Mrs. Owen Wister. She it was who assigned the characters and drilled the performers, and complimented me by asking me to be stage manager. The performance was a howling success and worthy of being given in public.

William Rotch Wister's Christmas tree the day before Christmas for young and old was the subject of an article. Last, but not least important was the tale of a remarkable dog named "Snoozzer," the property of Mrs. Rodman Wister, which distinguished himself by running away and having his escapade immortalized in "The Swallow" in verse, composed by my brother, Frank Wister, as follows:

"SNOOZER"

"The tale of a tub is a poem of note
But the tail of a dog, I am sure you will vote,
Bids fair to surpass it, if properly wrote.
His name it was Snoozzer, his color a gray;
His weakness from birth was for running away,
And his master had many a dollar to pay
In getting him back when he happened to stray.

His last escapade was the saddest of all,
He declined to come back at his mistress's call
And continued his absence through summer and fall.
But on Saturday last, Mrs. J. and Miss C.*
Met a dog in the street, wondered who he could be,
And both in a breath cried out, 'Snoozer! 'Tis he.'
At once Snoozer's master and mistress were sought,
And the very same night little Snoozer was caught.
Should the rascal hereafter behave as he ought
He'll be found at the corner of Ninth Street and Pine.
(It is said after washing, he looks very fine.)
Next Sunday they bring him to Belfield to dine."

We lived in our Clarkson Avenue house for about ten years, or until the autumn of 1893, when Anne was old enough to come out. It was then arranged that we combine households with that of my brother Frank and his wife at their home, 2221 St. James Place. My mother having died, there was no reason why I should remain in Germantown, especially as my sister-in-law, Mary Wister, would make a good chaperon for my young daughter.

* * * * *

LANGHORNE's death left my mother alone in the old house, and had it not been for Miss Grace Anderson, who came to live with her and be her devoted companion, she would have been most unhappy.

Grace was the daughter of William Anderson, an old esteemed friend of Samuel Fox, and so well thought of by the Fox family that they and we were glad to have her with us.

* Mrs. J. Norman Jackson.
Miss Ida Cushman.

Grace Anderson deserves more than a passing notice. She had infinite tact and knew by instinct or intuition just when to be or not to be in the room with visiting members of the family. Her position was not an easy one, as the housekeeping was difficult. During the last years of my mother's life she insisted on having all her grandchildren, and there were eight or ten of them, to dinner every day. This entailed considerable work for all in the house, as my mother became more and more feeble, but Grace was always ready, willing and efficient, and never obtrusive. When my mother wanted a word in private with any of her sons, Grace would always disappear. We all loved her for her thoughtful, gentle nature.

Every day at two o'clock all my mother's grandchildren were expected to meet at the Belfield dinner—the three daughters of the Rotch Wisters, Mollie, Frances and Ella, and Jack, their brother, with John's three daughters, Bessy, Sarah and Margaret, and my two, Anne and Ethel. Sometimes we thought these daily dinners of ten or more was too great a strain on my mother, and urged her to give them up, but she would not listen to us, and the reunions continued until her last illness.

Belfield was the scene of many family gatherings. Christmas or Hallowe'en, every one tried to be present. Rodman from Pittsburgh, John from Duncannon, I from Harrisburg, Langhorne and Frank, while in the Army, made special effort to help gladden the family group at the old nest.

Hallowe'en parties were generally uproarious successes. Bobbing for apples in a tub of water produced rounds of laughter, merry applause, or derision, as he or she failed to bite the rosy fruit. Ghosts would parade the halls and try to frighten the uninitiated. Bill John-

son and I generally raced over a glass of water taken with a teaspoon and dog cracker. We also tried to talk each other down, much to the delight of the children.

The Belfield Christmas dinners were the great events of the year. After the family became too large to sit down together, a children's party was set at lunch time to divide the guests. Joshua, the caterer, always brought a lusty colored woman to assist Margaret, our cook.

The dinners were simple, but beautiful. They opened with black bean soup, then two twenty-pound turkeys, one roasted and the other boiled, presided at either end of the long table. Oyster pie, cranberry sauce, and vegetables were followed by game, which John or Langhorne usually brought from Duncannon, salad was followed by ice cream; this ended the repast. With uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, we sat down twenty-five to thirty-five, and counting the children we often passed the half-century mark.

Dinner did not end the festivities. A card party was held in the evening. George W. Carpenter, Jr., Samuel Fox, Joseph T. Lea, Robert Cabeen, Doctor Fox, Frank Cooley, Charles Jones Wister, Jr., and Doctor Owen Wister made up the party. Charles Duval, at one time fiancée of my Aunt Mary Wister, with Duval Rodney, his nephew, were occasional guests. Frank Cooley came among us, and we voted him a noble chap, but he returned West and we saw him no more. Owen Wister was as hilarious as his brother Charles was quiet. Owen delighted to tease Charley, who, though often inwardly angry, bore Owen's gibes with the fortitude of a Christian. Before going out to the cold winter night, each man was treated to a hot whiskey punch.

AUNT MARY FOX

AFTER my Grandmother Fisher's death my grandfather married Miss Sarah Lindley, of Chester County. She was the mother of our beloved Aunt Mary, who later married Samuel M. Fox. She is associated with tenderest recollections. Her children always seemed more like brothers and sisters than cousins. They were four, Sarah, William, Joseph, and Hannah.

After my mother's death, Aunt Mary Fox became the head of the family and continued the Christmas dinners at her home, 339 South Broad Street, assisted by my cousin Hannah. Seated at the head of her table with her children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews and their children, it was a wonderful reunion, and a sight to be remembered. For dress plates she used the old Colonial family heirloom pewter plates—forerunners of an elaborate delicious repast.

After one of the dinners and when we had adjourned downstairs, a flash-light of the group was taken with Aunt Mary happily seated in our midst with her loved ones around her. She was a blessing to everybody and lived only to do good. At her death she willed one hundred dollars each to every one of her nieces and nephews, as token of her affection.

Her summers were spent at the family mansion, Foxburgh, on a three-hundred-foot elevation, overlooking the junction of the Clarion and Allegheny Rivers, commanding a superb view of both streams. I visited there some fifteen years ago and the comparative ease with which I

made the trip contrasted strongly with one made when quite a lad.

Foxburgh was an ideal place for fishing and shooting, before the discovery of oil and before railroads were cut through. The house was large, handsome and well built, and renowned for hospitality. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fox and my cousins.

The farm, consisting of about three hundred acres, was two miles away from the nearest post office, which was at Lawrenceville, across the river, to which we had to go in a rowboat for the mail. Petersburg, the nearest village, was four miles away.

The journey to Foxburgh was then made partly by rail, but mostly by steamboat, canal boat or stage. Distance and difficulty of approach made it all the more desirable to us boys, and we welcomed an invitation from the Foxes. At that time Aunt Mary was an active, fearless woman. One day she took me for a walk. I wondered why she carried a rattan stick, but knew very soon, as she struck sharp blows across the back of a copperhead snake, which happened to be lying in the path, and a short distance farther on killed another. I learned then that a quick stroke across the back of an ordinary snake would break its backbone and kill it.

* * * * *

My brother, William Rotch Wister, celebrated Christmas Eve by a Christmas tree in his back drawing room, on which hung gifts for every member of the family, while the company waited in the front room for the important opening of the doors, after which a supper was served at six o'clock to the children, waited on by their parents, aunts and uncles. Later, when the youngsters had gone

home, the elders were treated to a substantial supper. John's gift was a box of confectionery to each lady, while I gave a bottle of fine cologne to every lady in the family.

John held reunions at Thanksgiving suppers, and I invited the family on New Year's nights, until one death after another thinned our circle and all these festivities were discontinued. Improvised vaudeville was a feature of these occasions, children and grown-ups all contributing. Rodman had a fine voice and would invariably be called upon for a song, which elicited much applause, especially when he gave us "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Golden Leg."

To the last these engagements from year to year were held sacred, nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the Wister family gatherings.

FISHING EXCURSIONS

NOTWITHSTANDING much severe and absorbing labor, I had many pleasant experiences at Duncannon. Every spring I accompanied John on his fishing parties to the trout streams of Perry County, with two accomplished fishermen, Harvey Walters and Philip Potter, as guides.

Our first excursion was to Loyalsox Creek, which empties into the West Branch of the Susquehanna, four miles below Williamsport. None of us used flies, but baited our hooks with worms. We hired a two-horse team at Williamsport, and drove about twenty miles up creek to Plunkett's Run, at that time full of trout.

The two Elk Creeks fork some twenty-five or thirty miles from its mouth, and together with Bear Creek, form its source. Bear Creek also contained sufficient trout to give us good sport.

The following spring we went to Kettle Creek, which enters the Susquehanna at Westport. From this we drove to Hamersley's Run, putting up at Hamersley's farm. Hamersley, the inn keeper, was said to have killed his man, but if he did, it was no excuse for him to have such poor accommodations for guests. My room was devoid of any and all furniture except my bed. I was obliged to drive some nails into the wall on which to hang my clothes. We washed every morning in the horse trough, which was fed by a strong spring. Occasionally we were obliged to break the ice which formed overnight, before using the water.

This was getting much nearer to Nature than pleasure demanded, but John bossed the party, and no one

rebelled. We cleaned our fish before bringing them home. Our supper and breakfast consisted of an enormous dish of crisp trout, fried to a turn, and brown bread toasted. The women living on those mountains certainly knew how to cook trout. We were joined by Henry McCormick, of Harrisburg, who was a welcome addition to the party.

Harry's digestion had gone back on him, he lost his appetite, and longed for a change of food. Farms were few and cows scarce, but I skirmished for cream, and with cream toast succeeded in tempting Harry to eat.

Harvey Fisher, who had escaped the perils of the war, with John McPherson (now Judge), also joined us. All were good sportsmen and stood the hard work entailed by my brother's methods. We spent a week there, fishing daily from 7 A.M. to 5 or 6 P.M. John was, without exception, the most inveterate fisherman I have ever known.

John fished the main creek many times, often filling his creel with 10- to 13-inch trout. When we first began our expeditions, trout was so plentiful that our score was 1100 for six days' fishing. Governor Stone stopped to see us on his way home from a fishing trip. He had two large washtubs full of trout. Don Cameron, president of the Northern Central Railroad, was more luxurious. He took several parties to the trout region in his private car. He was polite enough to invite me to accompany him on one of these trips, and I regret that at the time I was very busy and unable to accept the tempting invitation.

Year after year we caught fewer trout, and when six days' fishing produced only 500 or 600, divided between five or six rods, we discovered that our slaughter of the innocents had destroyed our sport.

Trout fishing, however, has not lost interest, for trout

hatcheries abound in almost every state, and furnish fish to replenish despoiled streams. There are now fishing clubs and laws which govern fishing, and no sportsman thinks of fishing with worms for bait. Fly fishing has too many charms.

About 1866 the Fish Commission of Pennsylvania stocked the Susquehanna with small-mouthed bass. An embargo was placed upon fishermen for three years. After the three years' embargo was lifted the river was so full of bass that my brother John covered the bottom of his boat with seventy-two of them taken with a fly.

My father was an enthusiastic but most fastidious fisherman. It was to him that we all owed our love of fishing. He taught us to enjoy the sport, always taking some of us with him to bait his hook, or take off the fish, as he never cared to soil his hands. We did not mind such trifles, loved the excitement, and were always ready to accompany him, proud to row the boat and to do as he wished.

My oldest brother, William Rotch Wister, was his favorite companion on these excursions until he studied law and began to practice, when his time became limited, and father was obliged to content himself with us younger boys. William Rotch was twelve years older than I, so as John came next in line, and then Langhorne, it was some time before my turn came.

George Carpenter was sometimes invited. My father would sit back in the stern of the boat and tell us where to go. We often drove to the upper Delaware, above the Fish House, or to Bridesburg, where we would get a good rowboat and pull over to the Jersey shore.

We would always be supplied with about a quart of fine worms for the fish and a comfortable luncheon for

ourselves. At first we easily caught in those early days twenty dozen, but a few years later a good catch meant only thirteen to fifteen dozen.

My father's favorite place was an old town in Maryland, called "Betterson," where we could fish off a bridge over Bush River, when we could not hire a boat. The meals in the ancient hotel were very bad. My father loved my mother's apple pies baked in a deep dish without bottom crust. Once he took one of these with him, and after asking the landlady if she could make an apple pie and on her answering that she could not, he exhibited his apple pie as his own baking, and treated her to a piece. This we all thought a fine joke.

Mr. John A. Freas, of Germantown, and Mr. Ford, president of the Fish Commission, owned a comfortable home at Westville, and a boat house on Timber Creek below Gloucester. They invited me in later years every May to a shad dinner and to use their boat for fishing, invitations I was glad to accept, and had many a good catch of fish on beautiful Timber Creek.

RODMAN

My brother Rodman tells a story of an unusual fishing trip, for which he was responsible, and which terminated beyond his most sanguine expectations.

He relates it thus: I was the youngest of the family, and as I watched my older brothers, each in turn accompanying my beloved father, I became ambitious, not only to accompany him, but to invite him on an excursion which would surpass all the others, and dreamed many times of big catches that would please him. Years flew by and almost before I knew it I was a grown man and in business at Pittsburgh. One day I went with a party to the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. When I returned home I told thrilling fish stories of the splendid sport I had had, and got my brother, Langhorne, to help me persuade my father to try Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie, where I had had such good luck.

Up to this season he had persistently refused to go far from home, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we finally induced him to give a reluctant consent. We arrived on May 25th, too late for the best fishing; however, we got in two days, twenty-six black bass and Langhorne and I caught one hundred and fifty rock bass. But my father was disgusted that we caught so few black bass, the most gamey fish that swims, and would not cast a line for the rock bass.

I was very much provoked that the sport was no better and almost felt that I was to blame for the bad luck, and begged him to go over to Point au Pelée, about twelve miles in a sail boat, across the lake in Canada.

On the night of the first day he stoutly declined, saying it was too much of a trip for a sail boat, that he was too old, and that we should never get back; but on the night of the second day he consented and I immediately began preparations. I got about five hundred minnows in five buckets and went to bed, too nervous about the weather next day to sleep well. At 4 A.M. I walked down to the lake and found that the water was smooth as glass, not a breath of air stirring the trees. At 5.30 I went out again and found the same unlucky state of affairs. I then made up my mind to waken Langhorne and my father for breakfast and hope for the best. At seven a light wind came up and at seven-thirty we were off and at ten reached Pelée, but not within a mile of the fishing ground, when the dreadful calm came on again. We then got my father into a rowboat—he was heavy and hard to move into any boat. The oarsman said he knew all the proper places, and at ten-thirty my father began fishing. Langhorne and I followed fifteen minutes later. When we arrived at White Fish Point we found my father in a high state of excitement. He had a large fish and was playing him in fine style, besides having caught six others. I never saw such sport in my life and never expect to see such a day again.

The fish ran in large schools on either side of the shoal water, and we worked the boats along the bar, catching splendid bass all the time. We all broke our rods several times, and it took many minutes for repairs. We had each brought two bass rods and none of us had anything that looked like one when we finished. We rested a half hour at twelve for lunch, and stopped at four, as a heavy storm threatened, and we started for home.

As we loaded the fish into the sail boat, we counted

one hundred and thirty-six black bass, many of which weighed four pounds, and when they were piled on the wharf at Put-in-Bay it was a sight worth all the trouble and all the bad luck of the first two days. I have never seen a man more pleased over a trip than was my father, and he talked about it up to the time of his death.

The best way to Put-in-Bay is by way of Sandusky, Ohio, and thence by boat.

Before leaving Pittsburgh the steward of the Duquesne Club had asked me to send him some fish if I had luck. So I had forty big bass packed in ice and expressed to him. The agent assured me that they would arrive the next afternoon before the ice melted. As it happened, the box reached Pittsburgh two days later, the fish spoiled, and odor strong, and the expressman there said he was mighty glad to get rid of it. The steward also was not pleased, as he had to hire a wagon and drive the box out into the country and bury it, so I got mighty little thanks!

EELS AND TURKEYS

My brother, Rodman, also enjoyed telling this story on himself when a boy :

Mr. Thomas Ellicott, our cousin, had a splendid mansion and farm of about six hundred acres at Avondale. This farm was one of the finest in Pennsylvania and always kept in a high state of cultivation. My father and mother were usually invited to visit them every spring. There was a fine trout brook which was reserved for my father's fishing. They nearly always took me, as I was about the same age as David, Mr. Ellicott's son.

At this time there was no railroad nearer than Wilmington. We went there by boat and thence by carriage or stage to Avondale.

It was a delightful place. There were quail, pheasant, plover, and rabbits in great numbers. I was ten years old and had been entrusted with a gun and was a fairly good shot, consequently, it was hard for me only to look at the game and not be allowed to shoot, for Mr. Ellicott forbade shooting on his property.

However, there was plenty of water sport. A large saw mill drew its power from a mill race three-quarters of a mile in length, which ran through meadow land, the water being taken from a splendid stream. Both race and stream were full of frogs, black catfish, shiners and eels.

Mr. Ellicott had four daughters, two married and two single; there were also grandchildren. The daughters took turns keeping house, each a week at a time. Two of them could not endure to see frogs on the table, so catching frogs could only be done on special days.

We usually put a piece of red flannel on a hook and drew it back and forth near the frog until the latter became irritated enough to snap at it. We could always get enough for a fine dish of frogs' legs. This was great fun.

We caught eels at night. One afternoon David and I were getting a bob line ready for eels, stretching it in front of the house, each end attached to a tree across the path, not far from where a large flock of turkeys were feeding, and enjoying life. We had gotten some strong thread from my mother and cut it in pieces about three feet long, then attached it to a needle and ran it through worms lengthwise, until the thread was full. We knotted this around a hook into a round ball or bob, and tied the bobs at even distances to the long cord.

We were very busy fixing the hooks and wrapping the string of worms around them to make the proper "bob," while all the time the turkeys were closing in around us, intensely interested in our work, while watching the worms, gobbling and talking together and making a noise for all they were worth, when Mr. Ellicott came out of the house and said: "Boys, I don't like this. You must move to the other side of the house, there are two trees there on each side of the path to which you can fasten the cord and tie the bobs on it much better than here, with all these turkeys disturbing your attention." He spoke kindly and Dan and I meant to go, but were so absorbed in our work that we forgot him and his reasonable request. About fifteen minutes later Dan had to leave for something and just then I had to go into the house for more hooks and was not gone a minute, but that was too long, for when I came out, five large turkeys had the five bobs and hooks we had finished down their throats, and were pulling against each other, every which

way, and Mr. Ellicott and all the farm hands appeared like magic, while all the turkeys on the place made a dreadful noise together. I do not think I ever saw a madder man than Mr. Ellicott, and Dave and I wished we were dead.

As I remember the hooks were gotten out and the turkeys all recovered, but Dave and I were on his father's bad books for the remainder of our visit.

* * * * *

ANOTHER story of Rodman's was a remarkable fish story or freak of Nature that was all the more remarkable because it was true. The York River was one night filled with herring, so full that they could not swim. This seems hard to believe, but there are hundreds of people still alive who will attest to the truth of this strange phenomenon.

The people from hotels and villages, on hearing of this, got into their boats and went out on the river, but could not row on account of the number of fish. The fish were evidently much perplexed and swam hither and thither, brushing off each other's scales, and, consequently, soon died. Countless numbers rushed themselves on the banks and lay there dead.

We stayed on the river until nearly midnight, wondering at the strange sight. Next morning we saw fish piled up along the banks, fully eighteen inches to two feet high. This state of affairs existed from the mouth of the river for fully three miles up the stream. Farmers in the neighborhood grasped the situation, and at once began carting away dead fish for manure and secured a vast amount, but as it was impossible to remove all, decay began and the stench was unbearable. Boating and fishing had to be abandoned, and guests in the Marshall House had a hard test of endurance.

1889—EUROPE

"I was born in Pennsylvania,
And I state the fact with pride,
I am proud of all her mountains
And fertile valleys wide.
Proud of her majestic forests,
Of her placid rivers blue,
Proud of her wealth of blossoms,
And her sons and daughters true.
Happy is the man or woman
Who with me can proudly say,
'I was born in Pennsylvania,
Though I've wandered far away.'"

It seems fitting to have introduced here these lines, by an unknown author, copied from a newspaper, because during the following 1889 trip I could not help comparing the scenery, with the exception of that on Mount Rigi, with my own beloved Pennsylvania.

I had never been abroad and 1889 found me just fifty and ready to join the American Institute of Mining, Civil and Electrical Engineers for a friendly visit to the English, French and Germans of a like profession.

We had received a most interesting and cordial invitation, which it seemed folly to refuse. Consequently, some three hundred of us, including many ladies, found ourselves on board the *City of Richmond*, en route for Liverpool.

At the last moment Horace See, a mechanical engineer of high standing, found himself unable to go, as he had

charge of the machinery of the United States gunboat *Baltimore*, which was just being placed at Cramp's shipyard. Miss Moffit was engaged to be married to an army officer, and her father wished her to see something of foreign countries before she married and was giving her this opportunity to travel. No two sisters could be more unlike than Mrs. See and Miss Moffit. The one, smiling, affable and genial; the other, full of moods, now morose and again hysterically mirthful, which we attributed to separation from her fiancé. Mr. See introduced them to us on the train, and as they proved agreeable companions, they were taken, Mrs. See under my wing, and Miss Moffit under Robert Frazer's escort.

The ship was slow, the sea smooth, and the voyage uneventful. However, the ladies fancied themselves ill, and kept to their staterooms after the first day out. We only saw them through the windows, and found that the stewardess kept them fully supplied with grape fruit, oranges, etc.

We had many diversions, dances, a mock trial, deck promenades, and games, and most intellectual fellow-passengers. Edward d'Invilliers, Richard Sanders, and Lewis Haupt and Charles d'Invilliers were among the number, and so pleasant a time had we passed together, that when we neared Queenstown and were told to pack up our belongings, we had a feeling of depression that parting was so near.

Our first news on landing at Queenstown was of the terrible tragedy of the Johnstown flood.

We were too full of joyful anticipations to be more than momentarily saddened, and ten of us repaired to Queen's Hotel.

We had heard of the beautiful Hattie Fitzgerald, and

I, with the two McIlvaine boys from Reading, and Theodore W. Robinson, went to the bar room to make her acquaintance. With her glossy black hair, blue eyes, clear complexion and a brogue as wide as a barn door, she captivated us all. Robinson was harder hit than the rest, and when she threw into his glass of good old Irish whiskey, a kiss from her dainty lips, he was ready for a real kiss and had the temerity to ask for it, to which Hattie answered that the only man who ever had kissed her died, and "she did not wish such a fate to befall Robinson."

We stayed at Queen's Hotel several days, making a trip from there on a jaunting car to Blarney Castle. This vehicle is most economically arranged. One stout or two thin people sit on the front seat beside the driver. Four people, sidewise, sit back to back, two over each wheel, the feet resting on a narrow shelf. A horse can do more work in such a vehicle than in any other vehicle which has ever come under my observation. The driver stopped as if it were his usual custom in front of a saloon, where two Irish slatterns were sitting outside. They came up to the car remarking, "We ladies is awful dry," whereupon I ordered beer for them, and derived more "God bless you's" for twopence than I have ever since received.

The people of the southern part of Ireland were extremely poor in 1889. Almost every one we saw asked for alms. They seemed to think our supply of cash was exhaustless. None of the women wore shoes or stockings. Their legs and feet were dirty and clothes ragged. I gave one poor boy money to buy a shirt when he opened his coat and revealed his skin.

On arriving at Blarney Castle we found a square old

castellated structure, mostly in ruins. There was a broken stairs inside, and by its help we climbed to the parapet. In order to kiss the Blarney stone the kisser must be let down, head first, and held by others of the party over the side, by his legs and heels, as the stone was located at least four or five feet below the top. All of the party except myself kissed the Blarney stone. I considered it a dangerous feat and declined the honor. I am creditably informed that recently a platform with steps reaching to it has been built to the stone, so that any one who desires to lick the spittle of a thousand kissers who were ahead of him can do so with safety.

A trip around the lakes of Killarney is a joy to be remembered. Some hired two-horse carriages; one of which was driven by a man named O'Donohue, who proclaimed himself a direct descendant of the Irish kings. Others, I among them, rode horseback. Before starting, I provided myself with a pocket full of coppers and small silver, and was prepared to deal with the army of vagrants who followed us. Many Kate Kearneys were in evidence at every turn along the route. They would sing out, "You must see the bull and purple, too, and drink Kate Kearney's mountain dew." They carried bottles of milk for those who did not desire the "dew," and slatterns though they were, without shoes or hat or coat, they sold their wares freely. On the way, one old Irish fiddler played a jig, while his wife danced on the turnpike, acquiring much merit in the shape of coppers and sixpences.

The mountains around the lakes are exceedingly picturesque, and resound with echoes for which the tourist pays a shilling. The trip on the waters is about nine or ten miles, very beautiful, and well worth a visit. It was

made in rowboats, propelled by stout Irish arms. On an island, at which we lunched, there was a small store, where views of the lakes and mountains were for sale.

The party separated at Dublin, most of them going to see the Giant's Causeway; some found a barmaid there who was said to be as beautiful as our Hattie, but no one wanted to bet on it. We spent ten happy days in Ireland, where there is more fun to the square foot than in all the rest of Europe. I never omitted attending church when abroad, often attending morning as well as afternoon service. St. Patrick's Cathedral proved to be of the established Church of England, instead of the Roman Catholic faith.

Belfast, north of Dublin, is noted for its linen factories as well as for its great shipyards.

I met the Giant's Causeway party in Dublin, and glad I was to meet them, as my cash was low. We crossed to Scotland in a shaky boat with poor accommodations, and were glad to reach shore, as we had on board some noisy, drunken passengers.

We saw the great bridge across the Firth of Forth, saw Edinburgh, and the Holyrood Castle, where lived Mary, Queen of Scots.

Several alternate routes had been offered by our entertainers, one through Wales, another to the English Cathedral towns, but the banquet at Guildhall, the London Town Hall, attracted us, and we took sleepers through to London, where we found ourselves next morning, greatly refreshed by our night in the Pullman cars. The banquet proved a most elegant and elaborate affair. Each American sat between two Englishmen, who did the honors. Grace before, and grace after meals, was sung to charming accompaniments. We never had heard the

"Star-Spangled Banner" more beautifully rendered. An English friend took us over to Westminster Abbey, where a special service was held for our benefit. Another day at Winan's machine shops gave us an opportunity to compare and see how far behind the English machinery was to that of Uncle Sam. Another day we visited the palace of Hampton Court, St. James and Windsor Castles. We were escorted one morning to the London filter plants. These were located on large meadows, which were so heavily manured by the sewerage of London that they produced three crops a year. So perfectly was the water purified that some of our entertainers dipped glasses in it and sipped the contents to show us that it was beautifully clear and healthful. Not having been accustomed to drink sewerage, I respectfully declined.

At a reception in London we were received by Sir Thomas Lipton, the great English yachtsman, in his London home. His wife was dead and his daughters did the honors. After a cordial greeting, we were shown to a spacious ball room by flunkeys, where mandolins were playing music for dancing. Each guest was expected to take care of himself. No introductions were given or required; all were supposed to be on an equality, and everybody was expected to know each other. I was fortunate in being acquainted with Lady Douglas and her daughter, who were most polite. The former invited me to a reception two weeks later she was giving for her daughter, but which I was unable to attend.

At a lawn party given by Baroness Burdette-Coutts, who married our countryman, Ashmead Bartlett, like conditions prevailed. Lady Coutts received in a gaudy tent upon her lawn, and pinned a carnation in each man's buttonhole. Lady Coutts was very affable. She was well

up in years, while he could not have been more than thirty or thirty-five. He had been her private secretary. At her death he inherited her large fortune.

It was strawberry time in England, and the morning we left for Paris each member of the party was presented with a box of strawberries. Every berry was as large as a hickory nut, and some were much larger.

Great courtesy was shown us by the Custom House officials, only firearms were barred. One of our party was temporarily relieved of his pistol. In France the Custom House people were equally polite, and checked our baggage promptly through to Paris.

On arriving at Paris, the French Customs officials were equally courteous and passed our baggage on without examination. Paris looked very attractive that night as we drove to our hotel, with its brilliant illuminations and gay crowds sitting at little tables along the boulevards, eating and drinking. Our party, however, were bent on serious things and did not care for the frivolous revellers. The Parisian engineers entertained us at their City Hall (Hôtel de Ville), where the mayor of Paris welcomed our arrival. They also gave us a sumptuous dinner at the Bois de Boulogne restaurant, to the sweet strains of a mandolin band. While at the table invitations were issued to each of us to a ball one hour later, which most of us accepted and enjoyed.

Herr Eiffel, of celebrated tower fame, closed the tower to the public the day we ascended and lunched us on the dining platform, which was located at a dizzy height above ground. Most of us ascended to the top of the stairs, but the extreme top was only to be reached by a steep narrow ladder. I declined this honor in the same spirit that made me decline kissing the Blarney stone.

Our French hosts offered many methods of enjoyment, among them the sewers of Paris. We entered through a narrow tunnel to well-lighted subways. Through some of these we were transported by boats; in others we were conveyed in cars running on rails which were laid parallel to the sewers. The subways were solidly constructed and were also utilized by gas, telephone, and various companies for carrying their pipes underground. There was no bad odor and everything looked pure and clean. One of the attendants said he had been employed in the sewers for over twenty years, and considered it a perfectly healthy occupation. We emerged about four miles from where we had entered, having spent an entire morning under ground.

This was the year of the Paris Exposition, and seeing it consumed a great deal of our time. Unlike our Centennial, it was not located in a park outside of Paris, but along the Boulevards and the River Seine, wherever space could be secured. The Trocadero was a notable feature of the exhibition.

While at the Paris Exposition we were attracted to a side show of swordsmen and an East Indian woman, who went through indecent posturings to the tune of a tom-tom. Our party looked on at the performance in silent disgust.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame was the most beautiful church building I had ever seen. I happened to be there one Sunday, when a high mass was being celebrated and a number of young girls took their first communion. Each was dressed in white, without ornament, short skirts, white shoes and stockings, making a pretty picture in the clerical procession, preceded by music of horns and other instruments, forming outside of the church and passing

down one aisle and up the other, with the magnificent Gothic architecture as background. The Eucharist consisted of small pieces of blessed biscuit of which each partook, as full baskets were passed to each worshipper. The service was most impressive.

After a week of pleasure in Paris we went to Germany on the invitation of the German engineers. If we thought the Parisians too frivolous, we also thought the Germans too serious—the English gained by comparison. Empress Augusta received a delegation in order to welcome the Americans. Our arrival was heralded by bands of music with numerous speeches by high officials. Breakfasts, lunches and dinners were so numerous that we were scarcely able to keep up an appetite sufficient to do justice to the many eatables and drinkables. Our generous friends seemed to think that their wine vaults, tunnelled under the River Rhine, were more important to be shown than their wonderful Cologne Cathedral, and took us through what seemed to be several miles of vaults and showed us, if I remember rightly, 4,000,000 bottles of champagne in process of ripening, and giving us a demonstration, we were set down to a beautiful and abundant luncheon, with wines of any sort which we desired.

After this, we took a trip on the Rhine to the Tivoli Restaurant for dinner. It was situated on the top of a high hill, ascending to it by means of a cog car. The reception and banquet halls were decorated with German and American flags and emblems, while the inevitable band discoursed music while we ate, as well as for the dancing, of which amusement the Germans seem very fond.

Many ladies were present, for, when the German entertains, he tries to make his guests feel at home by bringing his wife and daughters to meet them. No wonder

we enjoyed ourselves. England, France and Germany vied with each other to honor our party. Nothing went wrong anywhere. We had been wine and dined until we were surfeited, and the four of us, Miss Moffit and Bob Frazer, and Mrs. See and I, decided to leave our engineering friends, and go to Switzerland. There we found fine hotels, supported by tourists who flock there every summer.

First, we went to Lucerne, visited the lion carved on the rock, a monument to the Swiss Guards who defended the Tuileries that memorable night of the French Revolution, 1793. Ascended Rigi, Kulm, and Mt. Pilatus by means of cog-gearred railroads. We spent a night on the Rigi, and were awakened next morning before sunrise by the yodel call, in order to see the sun rise over the great panorama of snow mountains and lakes. This is perhaps the greatest view the world contains.

Itinerant merchants flock there in numbers, offering umbrella handles, jewels, eidelweiss, and many other wares as mementos, as if any one needed a reminder of the glorious sight! That morning the weather was good to us, no rain or fog obscured the view, and the atmosphere was transparently clear. Jungfrau, some thirty miles distant, was prominent, while many lesser peaks, all snow covered, between and around, shone resplendent in the first red rays of the rising sun. Every part of the plateau was crowded with visitors, who, with the exception of Miss Moffit, saw the sun's first appearance; then it sank behind a heavy bank of clouds, suspended apparently at an altitude of one hundred yards, and was obscured until it made its rise again over the top, repeating for the young lady, and for our benefit, also, the first sunrise in all its glory. Some twenty minutes had

elapsed, she had fully dressed and was not disappointed after all.

After some delightful days in Switzerland and elsewhere, which we voted repaid us a hundredfold for the dinners, etc., we had missed, we rejoined our party in Liverpool, and sailed for New York on board the *City of Paris*, having been away from home just two months.

A year or two later the European engineers returned our visit. I had charge of one of our entertainments for them, consisting of a visit to Cramp's Shipyard, and a trip up the Delaware on the fine large steamboat *Columbia*. I secured help for the social end in my cousin, Mary (Mrs. George) Carpenter, who spoke French and German fluently, and knew just whom to ask to insure the party's success.

For the dinner on board the boat I engaged the services of John Trower, caterer, of Germantown. He was six feet tall and the handsomest colored man in Philadelphia. He was a major general in managing a crowd. Everybody enjoyed themselves and events could not have been better. I received many thanks for my arrangements.



JONES WISTER, 1895

UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO

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DUNBAR

ON my return from Europe in 1889 I found that my firm had become too ambitious. At the earnest solicitation of Charles A. Hart and Samuel Dickson they had been persuaded to finance the Dunbar Furnace Company, Fayette County, Pa., they to look after the office end, and I, as director of the manager. I hesitated after visiting the plant, because aware of difficulties to be overcome. As the majority was against me, my objections were overruled and I consented. Mr. Shimer was to look after the payroll and I to oversee the works.

For the third time I engaged to manage a furnace. Mrs. Eicher, wife of our watchman, kept a boarding house for the company, and we had comfortable rooms fitted up for our use, with bathroom and conveniences adjoining.

I usually stayed a week or two, as the works needed much attention. We were obliged to buy new machinery and install blowing engines. The company did well under our management, as we increased the output of pig iron from eight tons to three hundred tons daily.

Harry Hazard, who preceded me, was not a furnace man, though a skilful engineer. Labor was more or less demoralized under his superintendence. I secured the services of Charles McCreery, who took labor in hand and improved the status of every department. He was a practical furnace man, somewhat radical, but pugnacious to a fault. If a furnace went wrong, as blast furnaces occasionally do, McCreery became head furnace man until the trouble was over.

With his able lieutenants, John Dowd and James McVeigh, he was equal to any emergency. One of these ran the day, the other the night, turn. Both were true to the interests of the company; iron sold freely and the company was earning money when rumors of a strike among the coke bakers and miners came to our ears.

* * * * *

1894 STRIKE

THERE was no occasion for trouble, as we made liberal offers to our men. We called them together, and told them that if they would continue on their jobs, whatever wages prevailed at the end of the strike we would pay, beginning with an increase immediately. With the exception of one or two malcontents, the entire meeting agreed to continue. Something, however, happened over night and next morning mines and ovens were idle, and the great coke strike of 1894 began throughout Fayette and Westmoreland Counties, and, in fact, all through the entire Connellsville region.

The company had on hand a large supply of coke for its furnaces, which the owners hoped might last; but when coke baking ends on the first of April and is not fully resumed until November first, the supply, however large, becomes exhausted.

The temper of the men showed that it was a fight to the finish. Orders were issued to run the mines, bake coke, and supply the furnace if possible. There are always a few men loyal to the company's interests, willing to risk their lives for the right. Orders to fire the boilers to furnish power to lift coal from the mines were issued. Only three men answered the call. Some advised not to run with so few, but a beginning was made. A few wagons of coal were hoisted. The weak-hearted were backed up by the company's willingness to run, even at a loss.

The second morning seven men came to work and thirteen the day after. But the strikers were not inclined

to look idly on while we ran our works. Our workers lived a distance from the mines, some of them having to pass through a wood. The second or third morning an attack was made upon the men as they were coming to work; one of them was so severely injured that he had to be taken to the Connellsville Hospital, which was four miles away.

Arrests were made, but I had no time for trials or courts. I was there to run the mines and to find the best way to do so. The men who lived at a distance agreed to continue working if protected. We then hastily turned an unoccupied miner's house into a commissary. Bunks were erected in every vacant room, while a kitchen was improvised and a colored cook put in charge. We bought food for them, and our men, justly afraid of the strikers, were amply provided for and protected.

McCreery was a college graduate, had been captain of a football team. He was extremely handsome, of dark complexion, more than six feet high, and knew not the word fear. I recall one incident of the strike which occurred soon after the families of the strikers began to need money for supplies. Two men were sent around with a subscription book and solicited help from McCreery; without warning he began kicking them. As they ran he went after them, kicking until they had crossed the bridge which led from the furnace to the road, over which they had approached to meet him. Afraid of the toe of his boot, they did not stop running until they were a hundred yards or more down the road; it was a funny sight!

Feeling sure that the strike would last many months, I made my home in the front room (or parlor) of a house occupied by one of our mine widows, who had lost her

husband some years previously, and I planted onion sets, radishes and lettuce in her garden; all of which matured before the strike was ended. I erected a crow's nest over the commissary and placed a chair and a Winchester in it, over which our faithful watchman, Eicher, presided. Eicher was a veteran of the Civil War. Above this on the hill—Dunbar was all hills—I placed a locomotive light on a turntable; this was our fortification.

The sheriff of Fayette County was afraid to come to our help, and sent a deputy, who, though he seemed only a boy, was a man in courage. I was able to secure twenty-seven trustworthy men from one department, who were sworn in as deputies, of whom I assumed command. My deputy badge is still in my possession, and as I have never been sworn out, I suppose I am still a deputy sheriff.

The company purchased twelve Winchester rifles, with which to arm our deputies. I gave positive orders that no one fire a shot, except in self-defense. McCreery alone disobeyed. Some men lined up threateningly one day in front of McCreery and me, when McCreery began firing his pistol, not at the men, but into the ground just in front of the feet of the men nearest. They backed and he continued to fire, and they continued to back, until they turned and ran away. He was a good shot and careful not to hit them, but they so outnumbered us that if they had been armed or had charged on us, we would have fared badly. Our deputies met every afternoon for target practice in order to learn the use of firearms, and also to advertise the warning to everybody that we were prepared for any emergency.

Our fighting force was exaggerated a hundredfold by the Connellsville newspapers. The details of our target practice were constantly published, and the Dunbar depu-

ties became notorious throughout the county. The furnace and the mine were about a mile apart, across a deep ravine, an eighth of a mile wide; this was spanned by a bridge which carried our railroad and a water pipe line to the mine. Guarding this bridge was the most important work of the deputies.

The strikers had established a camp about half way between the furnace and the mine. The Connellsville valley, through which the strike extended, is about fifty miles long.

Companies numbering hundreds marched from one end of the region to the other, stopping at the camp for rest and refreshment. There were a number of such camps as the one near our works, which we named "Camp Intimidation." There is no law forbidding men to march on the highways. But to stop and menace men who are working is a punishable crime. One day I heard that a number of the strikers were coming. The notice was so short that I was only able to collect together nine of my deputies to guard our works while the procession passed. We were posted upon a hillock looking down upon the marchers, each of us had his gun, and looked as fierce and indifferent as possible. Sticks and fists were raised defiantly as they passed our little party, but we stood as quiet as if on dress parade.

These marchers, numbering 803, armed with clubs and bludgeons, were formidable enough to look at, and they knew it, and might easily have annihilated our little band, but all men, whether strikers or not, admire pluck and bravery. While all the front ranks seemed anxious to attack us, those in the rear took off their hats and cheered us as they marched past. They rested in Camp Intimidation, continuing their progress to the end of the

valley near Greensburg. Camp Intimidation had its front on the country road, and its rear upon our railroad. A rail torn up or a tie across our track, meant a loss of communication between mine and works; so I instituted what was known as my "locomotive tactics," which consisted of a locomotive started every twenty minutes to run to the mine and return. Two armed deputies rode on the engine, and the engineer had orders to run down any one rash enough to venture on the track.

As it required about ten or twelve minutes to make the round trip, the locomotive passed in the rear of Camp Intimidation about sixty times during the night. It takes time to remove spikes from a rail, and men must work at the job at least one-half hour to obstruct the track, so our track was not disturbed.

Thus our deputies were kept employed in an interesting occupation; communication was almost continuous, and every man, at each end of the line, was kept on the alert by this method.

The Dunbar Company owned about 180 houses, many of which were occupied by strikers. Ten days' notice must, under the law, be given to any tenant whose house is needed by the company. When the strike began, we were obliged to give immediate notice to every striker that his house must be vacated within ten days. Some moved voluntarily, and others waited to have their belongings set out upon the road. The company could not afford to have their houses occupied by strikers. Then began the suffering of innocent families. The unfortunates found shelter under fences covered with branches of trees. Rails from one framed fence were removed and set up, using a standing panel for a ridge pole. About 5000 or more of the families of the strikers were

so housed from the middle of April, 1894, to November first of the same year.

Meanwhile through our care and vigilance, our mining continued; we succeeded in securing twenty-nine men, who mined enough coal to supply coke to our furnace. The furnace could run four or five days, then a day or two off, until more coke could be baked.

Every night there were ten or twelve deputies brought out to the mines to watch. These men had orders given through John Smith, my first lieutenant, that no men should sleep while on duty. One man, our chemist, fell asleep at his post and a brother deputy seized the opportunity to daub his face and clothes with car grease. He presented a pitiable appearance when he awoke, and the others ridiculed him so that the poor man was ashamed, and never showed his face at the works again.

At Rainey's mines a breech-loading gatling gun was mounted, while he deputized a cavalry platoon as scouts. Governor Pattison, a Democrat, was in control at Harrisburg. I wrote several letters to him, urging him to send a company of state militia to guard the valley. He answered my letters by sending the postmaster of Pittsburgh to spend a night at Dunbar! A number of us met him and he reported that our fears were justified. Up to this time there had been some rioting and many threats, but no one had been killed.

Under the English law, which governs in this mine district, sheriffs do not anticipate trouble. They must wait until some overt act has been committed. Had my request for state troops been answered affirmatively, not one life in that great coke strike would have been sacrificed. As things were, the strikers were under no control except that of their leader. They got drunk and

committed depredations, and kept law-abiding families in terror. One night, during a riot at the lower end of the valley, nine men were shot and killed by deputies there. Some of the leaders were afterwards found to be arrant traitors. There was no strike in the neighboring valley, to which many of these fellows repaired every Monday and worked in the mines until Saturday, when returning they became strike talkers and agitators. They had comfortable berths and pay, while their dupes suffered. All this was not discovered until near the end of the strike.

Early in May, at the beginning of the strike, Mr. Samuel Dickson applied through the Fayette County Court for an injunction to prevent marching of strikers and finally, after many days, had it granted. Many small bands had passed up and down the valley, but stopped after the decree came, and Camp Intimidation was abandoned.

Law cannot restore life or delayed justice remedy mistakes. At the next meeting of the Legislature, a state guard of 100 men was authorized. Cold weather and Jack Frost were perhaps the most potent factors in breaking up that strike.

It ended about the first of November, just eight months after it was inaugurated. When Mrs. Wister visited Dunbar with me after it was over, she asked McCreery's mother (who kept house for him) if she had not been afraid that her son might have been killed. She replied that she had certainly been very much worried, and had spoken to McCreery about it, when he said, "He was not afraid, because he was sure that they would kill Jones Wister first, and until Wister was killed, he could not consider himself in danger."



ONE winter morning, en route to Dunbar, we were awakened with the news that our train was five hours late. It had been detained by a wreck of freight cars in front of us, so that instead of arriving at 7 A.M. at Connellsville, we would not reach there before noon.

As there was no dining car this might have been serious news had not the conductor cheerfully assured us that we would halt at the next station and find a good breakfast. We alighted at the next station and found it to be nothing but a country farm house, with a haughty, most disdainful spinster in charge. Everything was as cold as the snow outside; chops, beefsteaks, plates, coffee—nothing was warm. Some buckwheat cakes looked inviting, and I felt a sudden hunger at sight of them, but they were cold and I, hoping for hot ones, tried my best society manner on the lady in waiting, smiling at her and asking as sweetly and politely as possible if I might have them warmed up. She regarded me with a scornful stare, as though I were a worm, and answered severely; "You'll take them cold, or you'll get none!"

One of the most interesting features at Dunbar is the plant of Semet-Solvay Coke Ovens, built with the funds of the Semet-Solvay Company, but owned half and half by it and the Dunbar Company.

We always lodged at the company's boarding house kept by Mrs. Everett. While the ovens were under construction, young Christopher Atwater represented the Syracuse people. He was an expert engineer, affable companion, and good musician. He had a tenor voice, while McCreery sang bass; they gave us many a pleasant evening of vocal music, fine duets, for our entertainment.

Atwater's father was quite well-to-do, lived with his family in Germantown until he went to Paris to represent

a corporation manufacturing farming implements. He later bought some 500 acres of land on the Brandywine River, near where the battle of Chadd's Ford was fought.

A successor of Charles McCreery was an agreeable companion but unfortunate man. Shortly after his arrival, he went to the mines over the bridge on a train of empty coal cars, without engineer or brakeman, he acting in that capacity. The train reached the top of a steep incline and began its downward course at an ever-increasing speed. He did not know how to apply the brakes. Prudence would have suggested his stepping off, but he was plucky and sticking to his engine was precipitated with it to the valley below. He was badly shaken up, but not seriously injured.

One Christmas morning I was playing golf on the Bel-field links, near my old home in Germantown (I was president of the club) when I was called to the telephone and learned that gas had exploded our blowing engines to pieces, and the Dunbar furnace was idle in consequence. That day all the family were bidden to Christmas dinner at the house of my Aunt Mary Fox. There were sixty-two of us that day at table.

I engaged a drawing room on the night train for Dunbar and kept my troubles to myself until after the meal was over, and then told the family. Mrs. Wister and I left that night to the rescue of the furnace.

Next morning, on arriving, I found our manager in despair, not knowing what to do. At first glance, the wreck seemed complete, but on examination I concluded that one engine, at least, could be repaired. The weather was below zero, bitterly cold, and ground covered with snow, and furnace half a mile from the house, and as the explo-

sion had blown out one side of the engine house, every carpenter was pressed into service to board it up.

Securing what machinists could be had, we built large fires to keep the men warm and established a commissary. The furnace was banked up as well as possible for an unexpected stop and work began. The men worked faithfully and well, continuing on the job as long as they were physically able. This was strenuous and went on all day and all night, until in about a week I succeeded in putting one blowing engine on the furnace, which began making iron and was saved from a chill.

No one seemed to know how such an accident could have occurred. I was on watch for a reason and found that an escape valve, which should always have remained open, had been strapped down by orders. Of course, the natural outlet being closed, the gas forced its way back to the engines and exploded as soon as it reached the air. I was forced to be superintendent as well as manager; this meant for me all-day and all-night work; it was not easy, for I was past sixty and no longer young.

Our good-looking manager seemed to find trouble easily. One night that week I was called up in the night to the works to find that a beam, which had been insecurely erected, had fallen on his head. He was badly cut and bruised, and was carried home to his bed, while I had to fill his place, and his troubles did not end. Twice he had marvelously escaped death, and was to have a third escape from that fate. His grandmother kept house for him and acted as nurse while he was laid up in bed. These successive accidents had made her nervous, the old lady's eyes were none too good, and by mistake she gave him the laudanum liniment internally and nearly poisoned him. Fortunately, there was a doctor near, who pumped it out.

Sterling G. Valentine was another manager. He was well named, and possessed every good quality, was most capable, and endeared himself to all at the works and also to ourselves. The men respected and gave him loyal service.

Mr. Valentine had a beautiful wife and four children. Her sister, Miss Elliott, often visited them. After several years his health failed and Stewart Marshall, our chemist, was promoted and successfully took charge of the works. Reginald Palmer was treasurer of the company.

It was during Mr. Valentine's management that he invited Mrs. Wister to light furnace No. 1. This was just after our return from our Egyptian trip.

The lighting of a furnace is a great occasion. Miners and workmen come from miles around, also their wives and children, a most motley crowd! The scene is weird, impressive and uncanny, fit subject for the brush of a Rembrandt. Lurid red lights from molten iron, on swarthy faces of men stripped to the waist, all waiting in impatient expectancy. Everything was prepared, the furnace was full, a lighted torch given to Mrs. Wister, who stooped and ignited the shavings loosely thrown below, and as they kindled an enthusiastic shout went up from the crowds, as though some great deed had been performed. Now came the moment for which most of them had waited! Cigars in the shape of Pittsburgh stogies were distributed to each man, while candy was divided among the women and children.

A furnace is kept in blast as long as possible, and lighted only at long intervals, sometimes two or three years.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. Mr. Valentine, in memory of the event, had a small pig struck off for a paper weight, five inches long by one inch in height and

one and a half inches wide, rounded along the top. He had it silver plated and then presented it to Mrs. Wister as a souvenir. On it was engraved the following inscription:

"Iron from First Cast Dunbar Furnace No. 1. Furnace Fire lit by Mrs. Jones Wister, August 28, 1900." She still uses it.

I made many changes and improvements while L. & R. Wister & Co. were managers of the works. Engines and hot ovens were built; locomotives purchased; new mines opened; coal washers and a revolving Bessemer machine installed; some land and houses bought, new houses built, and many improved and repaired. But money grew tight, pig iron went down in price, and we were unable to sell at a profit, and had a large quantity of iron on hand. It was a big plant, we had more than one hundred houses for our workmen.

* * * * *

AFTER 1900 my health became impaired, my heart gave out at times, and I was subject to fainting attacks. I was obliged to rest of afternoons and went less and less to the office.

On January 1, 1910, being over seventy years of age, and everything seemingly going well under Rodman and Shimer, I went out of business and signed a paper to that effect, drawn up by Samuel Dickson. I agreed, however, to let my money remain in the business, and only to draw out what I needed for living expenses.

Mrs. Wister and I spent the winter South, visiting Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, and Florida. We returned about the end of May in 1910 and heard that Dunbar was about to be sold. Thereupon Mrs. Wister and I concluded to pay it a farewell visit.

I had made my agreement to retire from business on January 1st, but in August, when calamity overwhelmed the firm, I thought it only honorable to stand by them, and thus lost nearly all the money for which I had worked so hard all the years of my long life. Some disappointments followed.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song.
But the man worth while
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

In my depression I could not help thinking of our early happy Belfield family, full of hope in the future, and how it had been broken up by deaths and disappointments!

First, my brother, Langhorne, who was supposed to be the strongest of us all; then John, who had such endurance, and was the most inveterate and best fisherman I have ever met. He could fish and catch trout where others failed. Had he not made a burden of his pleasures, he might still be living, but his earnest disposition did not permit him to take things easy. After he bought a share in a shooting ranch in South Carolina, he went South every winter. On New Year's night, 1900, when over seventy years of age, he boasted that he could walk as far and endure as much as any young man of twenty.

He and his family were unaware of his weak heart, and John did not believe his physician, who told him that his condition was precarious. Against good advice, he went as usual. He killed seventy ducks, the last day of his outing, but it was his last sport. He returned home from this trip about the middle of February and went to bed at his winter quarters, the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

I visited him there many times before leaving with my family for an Egyptian trip, but did not realize when I bade him good-bye, that I should never see him again. He became better, sufficiently to get to his country seat at Belfield, the old family mansion, but never recovered his status. He died the following June.

Though several years apart, other deaths seemed very close together; my beloved brother Frank, then William Rotch Wister, followed by his daughter, my favorite niece, Molly, wife of Owen Wister, and next my youngest brother, Rodman, after a lingering illness. I was the last of my generation.

My wife tells me that I have so much to be thankful for that I ought not to regret the past, that I have life and health and my children, and so long as there are no more deaths, very little else matters.

"STATE IN SCHUYLKILL"

My brother, Rodman, and his wife were very popular, had hosts of friends, and were invited everywhere. Rodman was an officer of the State in Schuylkill Club and fond of entertaining there, but more especially at its Colony, a most comfortable and commodious place of informal gatherings.

On entering, everybody donned a huge white apron which completely covered the wearer, and as the guests were expected to help cook their own food and serve it, brew the punch, lay the table, these aprons were necessary. Some of the men carried in large logs with which to replenish a fire in the huge open chimney place. Others fastened the shad on boards for the purpose, and stood them upright before the blaze until they were planked to a turn. The ladies made coffee or cooked vegetables, while everybody joked and laughed and helped make everybody else happy.

At the dinner, which was partaken at a long narrow table, before beginning, everybody stood up solemnly, with a knife and fork in each hand and drank of the punch to the "memory of General Washington"; then another solemn toast was proposed to the "memory of Governor Morris," after which everybody sat down amid a great clatter of knives and forks, as they were laid on the table.

The fishhouse punch was as innocent tasting as lemonade, but if too much was taken, quite different in its after-effects. Appetites improved by inhaling savory smells in the kitchen, and dinners were thoroughly enjoyed.

After the meal we all helped to pile dishes, etc., on the kitchen table that our caretaker might not be deprived of the enjoyment of washing them in the morning. Then we grouped ourselves around the open fire to tell stories, smoke, or sing until such time as we scattered with regret to our several homes.

One party at the "Colony" I remember well; besides our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Wister, there were Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Whelen, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. William Curtin, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Voorhees, Edward Samuel, Ellicott Fisher, John Wagner, Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parrish, and Mr. and Mrs. William Redwood Wright, and ourselves.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to say something of the history of this oldest and most exclusive social club in America. Established in 1732, called the "Schuylkill Fishing Company of the Colony in Schuylkill," their first "Council House" was located on the east bank of the Schuylkill at Fairmount. In 1748 they built their first "Court" House, near the site of what is now Girard Avenue Bridge. The owner of the property was elected a member and called "Baron of the Soil." The rental was fixed at one white perch a year, and paid with due ceremony.

There was another fishing club called Fort St. Davids, located five miles from Philadelphia on the bank beside the Falls of Schuylkill. The "Fort" was burned by Hessians during the Revolution. On March 3, 1781, the two clubs united and declared themselves free and independent, and as the very name of "Colony" had become obnoxious, took the title of "State in Schuylkill," with governor and executive body. Later, in 1812, they built for themselves the "Castle of Independence."

There the members fished together in harmony until 1822, when Fairmount Dam was built, and destroyed the

most romantic and picturesque spot in the vicinity of our city. Up to that time the Schuylkill River was filled with shad and all kinds of fish. Trout loved to hide under the falls in the numerous pools and holes among the rocks, where rough water tumbled. To complete the ruin, powder was used to blow up the rocks, and later two unsightly modern bridges of the Reading Railroad have completely changed the whole aspect of this once charming spot, the cataract and falls now having become smooth water.

The "State in Schuylkill" now moved its castle in 1822 to Rambo's Rock, near Bartram's Garden, below the city and the dam, hoping to remain there permanently, and for the first time in its history paid cash for ground rent, at the rate of fifty dollars (\$50) yearly. Sad to say, this part of the river also became commercialized, and the march of improvement forced them to seek other quarters. In 1876 the Commissioners of Fairmount Park granted them property at the junction of Wissahickon River with the Schuylkill, which was accepted for lack of better choice, and the old stone house and barn on the grounds were altered into a quaint and attractive clubhouse, incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania and called "Colony of State in Schuylkill."

The "State" with its "Castle of Independence" was carefully taken down from Rambo's Rock and put up in Andalusia, on Banks of Delaware, near Torresdale.

The Council Chamber of State of Schuylkill is eighteen feet wide by fifty-two feet long, and having been rebuilt in 1812 and moved twice, it has become very precious; it contains many relics, such as a bust of Governor Morris, ancient pewter and porcelain plates, etc. Eighty people can be seated there at table. No candles or lights of any kind are allowed there lest it be destroyed by fire. If it

were a Mohammedan possession and as highly esteemed, those who enter would be obliged to cover their shoes with slippers so that the floor should not be damaged.

* * * * *

IN October, 1892, my brother, Rodman, and wife gave a dinner at their Germantown summer home and invited me to meet Mrs. William Weightman, Jr., daughter of Mr. Charles d'Invilliers. We were mutually attracted, further acquaintance developed congeniality, and we were married by Bishop McVickar at Holy Trinity Church, June 20, 1895. Since then we have been always together, never been separated, companions for each other in our old age, and have never regretted our partnership.

Mrs. Wister had two married daughters, the eldest, Marie, to Doctor Randolph Faries, and the second, Annie, to Richard Waln Meirs. She had also four single daughters. These, with my two, made six in the house. However, there was no friction and all went well.

My daughters asked my wife if they might call her "Mother." I do not think either of us made any distinction in our love or treatment of our children, or they in their affection for us.

We did everything we could to give our girls a good time, gave coming-out teas, dinners and dances, and on Friday evening, January 3, 1902, gave a large ball at Horticultural Hall. Perhaps it was our fault that we made the house popular and that such numbers of young men came to see our girls and that weddings followed too swiftly for us, as we were left all alone in a large house, which a few years before had seemed too small.

However, we both loved to travel, and have taken many trips, each time to a different place.

NORWAY, SWEDEN AND RUSSIA

THE good steamer *Spree* of the North German Lloyd, Captain Wilegorod in command, landed us safely at Bremerhaven, about 3 P.M., on the Fourth of July, 1895. The ship was decorated with many flags, and our national airs were played by the band while the passengers marched around the decks feeling patriotic. The captain had sent a bouquet to every lady on board, and also a small Star-Spangled Banner to every gentleman, showing that our National Birthday was not forgotten by the Germans. All of us Americans were delighted with the consideration shown to us.

Bremen is about an hour from Bremerhaven by special steamer train. We put up at Hillman's Hotel and started the next morning to view the city. It boasts of a Rathskeller, about one thousand years old, built of brick, unique and interesting. It contains in its upper story queer old paintings of ships and a war scene or two. In its cellar are many old wine casks, one of which is said to hold wine eight hundred years old, which is sold by the drop to those willing to pay the price. It is not difficult to believe this, as the cask is never emptied, but kept constantly supplied with new wine, so that some of it must, of necessity, be the old stuff. At Bremen I found an ivory-headed cane, showing a splendid likeness of Prince Bismarck. This is one of my treasured belongings.

Hamburg, on the River Alster, was our next resting place; its location is beautiful and adds to the charms of an otherwise lovely city. Boats are the prevailing means of transportation, which ply between various points upon

the stream, principally to the beer gardens, which, by the way, are features of every German town. Music and the theatre are there combined. There is always a Tivoli Garden and Restaurant, and large audiences. Everybody goes and all are well behaved. Families spend their evenings together at these resorts, and eat and drink and dance, but are never merry.

We saw many interesting plays in Germany, and though all audiences seemed pleased, they did not laugh nor did they applaud. One must go to see an English, French or American play to witness demonstrative enjoyment.

The northern nations in their heavy way doubtless enjoy life quite as much as those more hilarious in their mirth, but they certainly do not appear as happy.

Agriculture was at its best from Bremen to Hamburg, and in Denmark it was not far behind. There was a fullness and rich look all through Germany that did one's heart good. The cattle existed in vast herds, every animal looking sleek and well fed, though, strange to say, we could not buy a glass of milk, not even at the large hotels, and only saw cream as accessory to another order. All the milk and cream seemed to be reserved for the manufacture of cheese.

Raspberries, strawberries, and cherries abounded, while peas, beans, cauliflowers and artichokes were upon every hotel table. Veal (such as is seen everywhere in the north of Europe) is seldom met with in America. A fine roast of veal is unusual with us, but in Europe not only is it a constant delicacy, but is considered most wholesome and is prescribed for invalids by physicians. There it is not killed until nine to twelve weeks old, while ours is seldom permitted to live four weeks.

We crossed from Kiel to Korsör on the *Prince Adal-*

bert, a staunch German boat. A colony of sea gulls flew after us in the wake of the ship, and fished for its droppings. They were a beautiful sight. We fed them from time to time, and so wonderful was their eyesight that pieces of bread no larger than a grain of corn were invariably detected and picked up.

It was at Korsör, while waiting for the custom officers, that we first saw spread out a bountiful table, generously and trustfully provided for travellers. We were given a variety of good cold dishes, ptarmigan, about the size of grouse, squabs, ham, tongue, etc., any one of which would satisfy the most fastidious; three kinds of bread, white, rye, and brown; fish of two or three kinds, potted, fried and smoked; caviar; chicken; several kinds of cheese and a glass of beer, or as much milk as we wished. All this for one and one-half kroner, about forty-two cents. We were astonished at receiving no bill, and that our word was believed without question as to what we had eaten. The table at Korsör was typical of many we saw later in Norway and Sweden.

Copenhagen has beautiful surroundings. King Christian lives very much like his people, walks and drives about town without guards. We saw him driving a handsome pair of bays, his coachman sitting beside him upon the box. He is about seventy-eight years of age.

We spent a morning at the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Factory, where exquisite blues are produced. Mr. Philip Schou, director, had sent to Chicago's World Fair a remarkable display of porcelain. We learned that his factory had an order for all porcelain used by the United States Navy, which did not seem to our Republican ideas quite just to the Trenton and other factories in our good land, however it may look through Democracy's spectacles.

When Mr. Schou passed through Philadelphia before sailing, Mrs. Wister had entertained him at Ravenhill and invited friends to meet him. Mr. John Morris accompanied him to Memorial Hall Museum in our Park, where he was so much impressed that, after his return home, he presented a handsome blue and white vase to that institution with the compliments of the Copenhagen factory.

Mr. Schou was extremely polite to us and untiring in his efforts to make us enjoy our visit while we were in Copenhagen, and thoroughly succeeded. He invited us to dine at a restaurant, located on top of a hill which overlooked the harbor and from which almost all of the city was visible. It is the swell eating house where many of the wealthy and fashionable people of Copenhagen assemble every evening to dine and listen to good music.

The Copenhagen factory also sent an exhibition of their wares to the San Francisco Fair in 1915, at which there were no pieces equalling those of their exhibit at Chicago in 1893. The gentleman in charge informed Mrs. Wister that prices were double what they were at the time of the Chicago Exhibition.

We went from Copenhagen by train to Fredericksburg Castle, formerly the King's residence, built in the centre of a lake. Very imposing it was, but much too vast and expensive to be now used as a dwelling by the King and Queen, as they are obliged to economize most of the year in Copenhagen in order to entertain their many royal relatives when visiting them on house parties at Fredensborg in summer time. This is situated on the border of a lake about twenty miles north of Copenhagen. It is a comfortable but not beautiful palace. Their children, the Empress of Russia, Queen Alexandra of England, her husband, King Edward, and the King of Greece, would

meet there and try to enjoy life as common mortals. Though there were seldom fewer than eighty at dinner, that seemed to be as small a number as royalty could well have.

The royal family is always supplemented by attachés of the court, ministers and their ladies, and suites, which accompany their royal masters on their outings.

Vistas are cut through the woods to the water, showing lovely views. Walks and drives (along which are statuary) are many; resting places abound in the park and make it as attractive and quiet a spot as possible. Great attention is paid to the preservation of game and fish, and appearances indicate that royalty could have as good a time there as anywhere in Europe.

At Elsinore, where is located the old castle of Kronberg, supposed to be the birthplace of Hamlet and scene of Shakespeare's play, we had a laughable experience. We wanted to cross to Helsingborg in Sweden. There it was in full sight, across the Cattegat, not apparently as far distant as Camden from Philadelphia, yet there was no transportation until 11.30 that night, and it was then about 6 P.M. We could not speak Danish, and there was no one to speak English; everybody shook their heads at us, until Mrs. Wister grew desperate and stood at a corner where many people passed and called to each one, "Parlez vous Français?" "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" "Can you speak English?" until there came along a student who kindly volunteered his services as interpreter, and engaged for us one of the dirty foul-smelling fishing sail boats to transfer us to the other side. Our trunks had been checked through to Christiania, and we had only hand bags with us.

There was no wind, we had no choice, and as it took

us three hours to make the crossing, we had ample time to enjoy the greasy fishing boat and our two companions, who seemed to think us a huge joke, as we spread newspapers over the seats to keep our clothes clean. The passage was rough, but there was a grand sunset, and as it was still daylight at 9 P.M., we easily found our way to a good hotel and supper, with thankful hearts that we had not been obliged to put up at Elsinore.

We heard that King Oscar was expected at Gothenburg, and next day stopped over there by train to see him in procession, continuing afterward our journey to Christiania.

A singular custom prevails at the hotels and eating places in Denmark and Norway and Sweden. Placed upon a side table is what is called the "schoemer." It consists of caviar, pickles, salt fish, tongue, etc., the object of which is to whet the appetite for the heavier viands which follow. A moderate eater would find his appetite gone if he attacked the "schoemer."

We young things were bent on seeing Norway, and Christiania was to us only the starting place from which to make the Valdres Valley trip. After a day in the city, we took train to Lake Randsfjord, and thence by steamer to Odnaes, where we spent the night and engaged a native, who owned a captivating pair of cream-colored horses and victoria, to drive us sixty miles to Laerdalsörem.

We arrived at Odnaes about 10 P.M., but as it was still daylight and trout fishing reported good, I got out my line and reel and started to the river. I caught no fish, but a thorough wetting and my clothes and shoes were obliged to be dried in the hotel kitchen, preparatory to our next day's start to Oilo. We, however, got plenty of fish along the road; in fact, we got more fish in Norway than anything else, as our principal diet there was

fish and white potatoes. This seemed to be the only vegetable cultivated by the women in their small fertile spots, sometimes only 30 by 60 square feet in size.

At Oilo we could see the time by our watch at midnight without a candle. From Oilo we drove to Nystuen for dinner at a romantically situated hotel, located high up beside a lake among snow-peaked mountains. The place was so beautiful that we decided to revisit it at some future time for a longer stay.

Maristuen we reached about 11 P.M., and found children playing around the front of the hotel and servants, alert and ready, with our suppers. The long summer of the north held daylight so long that the roads were frequented by travellers at almost any hour. We did as others, not stopping until midnight. We found many English summering in Norway, the men fishing for salmon or trout, both of which were abundant.

The Norwegian mountains abound in lakes, waterfalls, plenty of snow, scenery grand, imposing, and always picturesque. This drive through the Valdres Valley to Laerdalsören was the most beautiful it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy.

Before the boat left the wharf a peddler brought on board a basket of the largest and best oxheart cherries we have ever eaten. We had bid farewell to our luxurious carriage and ponies, and anticipated with misgivings future experiences with stolkjarrs.

At Balholmen we rested over Sunday and took boat again on Monday morning up the Faerelandsfjord to Faereland, where we lunched and drove to see the great Jostedalsbrae glacier, the largest in Europe. Then took boat again back past Balholmen, through the Naeröfjord, the narrowest and most beautiful of all, to Gudvangen.

It was late afternoon, but nights did not count, and we started to drive to Stalheim. The Naerödel is a huge pointed mountain of rock, sometimes called the "Yodel," guardian to the entrance of the Naerödel Valley. The scenery was magnificent. I left the carryall and walked up the twelve-hundred-foot hill to Stalheim for exercise, and because I did not wish to miss any of the scenery. It was grand beyond description.

Stalheim is a natural observatory and the site of a modern comfortable hotel. We left with regret in a stolkjarre, which is a one-horse carriage on two wheels. The driver sat behind us, the reins passing between, and made precarious riding on brink of precipices. Norway mountains are rain producers. A luxurious landau is one thing, but an open vehicle, with wet reins between us, constantly being pulled to guide the horse, and only one umbrella to ward off the rain, is quite another proposition. Damp clothes dampens enthusiasm, and we longed for clear skies and dry weather.

At Vossevangen we met Mr. John Livingston and daughter, who tried to persuade us to join their party back to Christiania, via the Telemarcken Pass. This would have been delightful, had we been sure of clear weather, but we, having seriously considered Russia, and our time growing short, hurried by train to Stockholm in order to take a steamer for St. Petersburg.

The Norwegian peninsula covers upon a smaller scale all manner of land that Europe does on a larger. In the south and west and interior the ground is low, level, and very fertile, with large and small but well-filled rivers and streams, while the north and west is mountainous and grand.

Melting snow is a constant source of water power

supply, and every stream is utilized for manufacturing purposes. Where so large a proportion of the soil has been removed by glacial action, the remainder must of necessity be forced to double duty, and right well does it respond to the hand of the agriculturist. There are always two and sometimes three harvests. Potatoes, rye, barley, fruit in great abundance, and grass were the staples. Women in the proportion of two or three to one man, did field duty. There is so much rain that it was a common sight to see crops of hay hung on wire screens to dry. No one need offer sympathy or feel aggrieved that the women work in the field, for a happier or more contented people does not exist. Women not only share men's labor, but appearances indicate that they perform more than half of it. They drive horses, cut grass, row boats, in fact, they seem to be doing any and every labor which men do in America, and look well and content while so engaged. Work is divided, as men are largely engaged in the fisheries.

The charming features of Norwegian scenery are its lakes and waterfalls. They are not much spoken of in guide books, but are everywhere. The mountains shed their snowy covering in spring and summer, and in doing so the water finds its way to the smaller ravines, trickles to the nearest level and forms a lakelet. This fills up and its water overflows to the level next below it. This, in turn, forms a reservoir for others below until the long valley lakes are supplied with the freshest and purest water imaginable. It is along these lakes and rivulets that the government has built roads. They are seldom more than twenty feet wide, often not more than sixteen, sometimes only eight or ten, but wherever built are well constructed to an easy grade.

Bicycles have penetrated the peninsula to its most distant points and riders seem to enjoy passing the slower stolkjarrie and carriages, which convey most of the tourists. These vehicles are drawn by sturdy ponies, and carry trunks, bags, passengers and driver. The horses deserve more than passing notice; they are pony-built cobs, generally cream color, with manes cut like mules; strong and well made, they never seem to tire. I was told that some of them had been taken to England, but did not thrive there. The largest are about fourteen hands high, but thirteen or even twelve hands is about the average height. They cover about twenty-five to thirty miles a day. When greater speed is wanted relays can be secured at Government Post Houses, the keepers of which are under contract to furnish horses and drivers when required.

The western part of Norway's shore is indented by water, which is navigable for steamboats for great distances. These waterways are the remarkable fjords which have cut through primitive rocks, sometimes to the depth of three or four thousand feet. These fjords correspond with our western shores in Alaska and convey on a smaller scale the water from the different mountains and glaciers to the sea. In some places the opposite sides of the fjords approach each other so closely that the walls must of necessity ascend to great heights to allow the passage of such a vast body of water as at one period of the peninsula's history passed between.

Fjords are grand and imposing, and have a terribly weird appearance. The rocks are mostly bare of verdure, except some mosses and small trees or shrubs, which take root and grow in the crevices.

These rocky banks are often almost perpendicular,

extending a mile or even more above the water. Water falls from almost every height, adding to the grandeur of the scenery. The narrow fjords, though most impressive, are not the most beautiful. They lack the picturesque and quiet charm of those wider and more open. These include verdure, forests, fields and streams, and do not impart the melancholy feeling of barren rock.

No picture, however sublime, is perfect without life. One can always find time to return to the field or the stream, but after a long stretch of bare mountain has been passed, the mind experiences relief that it is over.

Perhaps no people in the world are as honest and amiable as the Norwegians. They are kind and considerate to each other, to the stranger who visits them, as well as to the cattle within their gates. Cross words are seldom, if ever, heard. Beggary and drunkenness are almost unknown, and a confiding spirit prevails everywhere. It was impossible to lose anything from a roadside hostelry. If we had inadvertently left a comb, a hairpin, or a toothbrush in our room, the matron would run out to our carriage and remind us of our loss with the article in her hand.

* * * * *

HAVING learned that Russia was dry, warm and bright, with a shining sun, we hurried to Stockholm by train and stopped two days to see its wonders, while waiting for our steamboat to St. Petersburg.

Of course, we visited the restaurant of Hasselbakken, the most popular in the city, and took the great elevator lift of Masbakken, from a lower level to the upper level of Stockholm, for the view.

I had ample time to have our passports viséed by the

American Consul, had I known it to be necessary. However, I learned by experience what it means to travel to a country where every other person is suspected of being a spy or a nihilist.

The *Oleoberg*, our steamer, stopped for several hours at Helsingfors, in Finland, giving us opportunity to see the market place and visit Senate Square, which is surrounded by handsome buildings.

At one end we found Kamps Restaurant in a beautiful garden, and as we were hungry for a good square meal, ordered an English beefsteak with accessories. Eating it we forgot all seasick qualms, and were strengthened to continue our voyage.

Passing Cronstadt the next day we arrived at St. Petersburg about 3 P.M. on a Sunday. Then began our trouble without proper passports. At first we were kindly treated by the Russian officials, who spoke a little English, and did not examine our baggage more than could be officially avoided, until I was asked for my passport! Then we became objects of suspicion, and I was nearly landed in jail within an hour after our arrival. In charge of two gendarmes I was driven in a drosky through the streets of St. Petersburg to the office of the American Consul. Matters seemed pretty serious. I was placed in full view of a wooden pen, with the intimation that, unless my passport defects could be remedied, I would be locked up. All this information came through a boy who spoke German to me, and then interpreted what I had to say in Russian to the officials.

The consul, a Jew, was fortunately in his office. Having explained my difficulty, he promptly attached his signature, for which he charged me \$1. I thanked him and was departing when he called me back, saying, "You had

better make my fee two dollars." Although I knew I was being robbed of one dollar, I gladly paid it, so as to join Mrs. Wister at the hotel. Meanwhile, she had been put with our baggage into another drosky and escorted by two other gendarmes to the Hôtel de l'Europe. The address had been given by a polite English-speaking passenger on the *Oleoberg*, who was sorry for her.

Although the landlord was courteous and allowed her to be shown to a room, he did not dare to permit baggage to be taken up, not even handbags, until I appeared with the amended passport.

By this time it was nearly dark, and we had missed the afternoon service in the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Our landlord advised us to talk anything except politics. This advice we strictly adhered to, as our first day's experience was not calculated to lessen our fear of the police.

Russian officers wear very handsome white uniforms and (even when the thermometer stood at 85° Fahrenheit) beautiful gray overcoats, nearly down to their ankles, with top boots to the knee. The top boot prevails among all Russian officials, whether in the army, railroad, or police service, dark coats buttoned to the throat, and with lavish whiskers, complete the discomfort of many of the toilettes.

We took a drive next morning through the principal street called "Prospect," and saw the bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great, mounted on a huge granite base, a single mass of rock brought with great labor and expense from Finland.

We found that sightseeing without a guide was impossible, and engaged a man named Krause. We liked him so well that we took him with us to Moscow and Nijni Novgorod. He showed us everything worth see-

ing, Hermitage, Winter Palace, Tsarskoë Selo and Peterhof, and all else that visitors are permitted to see. Krause was an inveterate drinker of tea, which he took in a tumbler without sugar, cream or lemon juice. Tea stands were at almost every street corner; people went to them as they do here for fruit or soda water. Mrs. Wister counted twenty-six cups of tea that Krause drank in one day while with us.

The Russians are extremely devout. Small shrines or Icons exist in innumerable places, in the streets, in the stores, over saloon doors, in fact, everywhere. We were informed that there were more than four hundred saint days or thirty-five more than there were days in the year. Processions in honor of the saints seem to occupy the streets almost every hour. The image of the saint and Icons are carried aloft in front of the procession, while the worshippers walked reverently behind. For those who adhered strictly to the observance of saints' days, there was no time for other employment, so useful occupations suffered.

Money is lavished upon the churches. The front of a Russian, or, more properly speaking, Church of Greek Catholics, is elaborately decorated with paintings of Christ and the Virgin, together with many Icons, painted by the priests. These are supreme in their offices, and rank next to the emperor. The priests seem to be loved and respected by the people, who keep up a continual worship of Icons.

Their religion prevents the worship of idols, but not of images. Before these they prostrate their persons. They kiss the painted faces of our Lady of Kazan, of the Virgin and Child, and of every other Icon. They press their forehead and breasts with their fingers, in making

the crucial sign, as they pass before the numerous shrines, which seem to be ubiquitous.

The Christians of the Greek persuasion seem to be continually on the lookout for Icons, and whenever and wherever found they worship. This worship is voluntary, nor does any one of the other denominations pay heed to them. As far as we could learn, only officials were required to worship, and these, through their employment by the emperor, who is the head of the Greek church. Under the emperor are the Metropolitans who preside respectively over the districts of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw.

Inside the churches worshippers increase their devotion. Many of the Icons are kissed beyond all recognition. The constant touch of wet lips blurs what may have been fine art. Nothing would have induced us to risk contagion by going too near these smeared paintings. The Holy Virgin and Child were done in gold or silver, many of them fine works of art; we bought several.

St. Isaac, considered the finest church of St. Petersburg, was a disappointment. Beautiful paintings, historic and religious decorations cover the walls, pillars and altar front, but the light of day has not been permitted to find its way to the interior, so its beauties were somewhat hidden. Its altar façade was magnificent, as indeed was that of every important church. Mosaic pictures of saints, of Christ, of the Virgin, of Alexander Nevski and of the Apostles, by eminent artists panelled the sides, while the Virgin and Child Icon, surrounded by gold and silver framing, was the centre of each altar. These frames were adorned by precious stones of great beauty and value, and the façades groaned under the wealth of a great country.

Never had we seen such expensive decorations in churches or cathedrals of any denomination, nor had we ever seen such religious zeal. The magnificence of the churches reflects the religious fervor of a great and powerful people, which bows itself before the eternal God, in sublime reverence.

We were in Russia shortly after Alexander had been killed by a bomb. Silver wreaths were hung in great profusion in the church where he was entombed in memory of the sad event. There could not have been fewer than eight hundred or a thousand wreaths.

Politics among the people of Russia is an unknown subject. If spoken of, it must be in a whisper to tried friends, who will not divulge what is said to the police. These are more numerous than Icons, and most dangerous to him who says something wrong. An innocent remark is oftentimes misconstrued against the offender. That the present Russian Potentate is respected as well as loved by his subjects was demonstrated by the many offers of good will in the shape of bread and salt delivered upon salvers immediately after his coronation.

In the Winter Palace we were ushered into a room about fifty feet by one hundred and fifty, containing three tables, extending from end to end. Upon these tables were six rows of silver and gold, and an occasional china salver. These were of the best workmanship; often decorated with carving and precious stones, and each had been presented to the young emperor, Nicholas II, upon his accession to the throne. A delegation from each town, province, or corporation, brought the gift, and the Emperor graciously accepted each good-will offering from his affectionate people. We secured a small loaf of bread from one of the priests in the Royal Chapel attached to

the palace which he had used that morning in giving communion to the Emperor and Empress.

Russia, away from palaces and churches, is not interesting. The country is one vast prairie, flat and not fertile, inadequately watered, and the soil is lean and poor. The peasants live in thatched log houses, one end of which is inhabited by cattle, belonging to the family, who live in the other end.

Petersburg is large and busy, but not a beautiful city. Its streets are wide and paved in the centre with cobble stones, with a driveway of wood on either side.

Almost every house or palace is perfectly square and flat, and built with thick brick walls, covered with colored plaster upon the outside. A few of the palaces are of stone, but, almost without exception, stucco is the outside covering of houses, whether occupied by Czar, Grand Duke, or merchant. This finish seems a necessity where such extreme cold prevails in winter, but it is not beautiful. The squareness of the buildings after awhile becomes monotonous; not so inside—no monotony there.

We had visited palaces, churches, cathedrals, museums and parks in Germany, Italy, France, England, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and America, and, in our innocence, imagined that we were a judge of these resorts and the glory of them, but when in Russia we were ushered into room after room and hall after hall, each unique and more costly and beautiful than its predecessor, we stood lost in amazement and admiration.

Color and tones were so blended that the extreme costliness of decoration, which brought about so harmonious and magnificent a whole, would have been lost sight of had not our guide constantly told us how many thousand roubles had been expended upon each article.

St. Petersburg and Tsarskoë Selo were built outside the city in parks and were picturesque.

A canal at Tsarskoë Selo reached from the river to the palace, on which a boat might convey the ruler. The palaces of royalty were built by French architects. The buildings were approached over marble stairs of exquisite white, leading from the park to elaborate doorways. The inside of the building was in perfect unison with its outside surroundings. Floors were highly polished, while the walls were covered with silk hangings in lieu of paper. An inlaid border surrounded the floor of each apartment, giving a finish, which we saw in no other country. Figures in bronze or ivory, together with paintings of battles or historical events, decorated the walls and hallways. One felt that it was almost desecration to walk over these well-polished floors.

The rooms were individual, one more wonderful than the other. There was a gold room, a silver room, an amber room, a lapis lazuli room, a malachite room, an ivory room, etc. Each room in perfect harmony with tasteful decoration. The artistic decorator had had full scope of time and money, and, as Catherine of Russia and her successors had unlimited command of the latter, the miracle was explained.

Though Russian palaces are beautiful and costly, yet the Greek Church—which is the religion of the country—has lavished upon its cathedrals the wealth of the land.

Our guide took us to listen to the exquisite singing which ends the evening services.

The horses, carriages, and cochers of St. Petersburg were astonishing. Each cocher was enveloped in a heavy padded overcoat, which in the summer (we were there in July) must have been oppressive. A fat wife and a fat

coachman, the fatter the better, is the ambition of every Russian. We loved to watch for them. The horses are always driven on the right-hand side of the road, at as high a speed as possible. As all travel in the same direction, there are few, if any, accidents.

There was a large square full of unemployed men, waiting for employment. It was a pathetic sight and made us think of what they might become in time of revolution; these ignorant men with low foreheads, without education, only a little above beasts; no wonder the police were obliged to be vigilant.

At Moscow we lodged at the Slavianski Bazaar Hotel. Of course, we visited the Kremlin first and saw the great bell. The largest weighs about 200 tons and is 67 feet 11 inches in circumference. Then the Church of St. Basil, where, in the square adjoining, hundreds of prisoners had been tortured and killed by Ivan the Terrible and others of his kind.

Ivan the Terrible was well named. Krause showed us where he was buried, between two nephews, whom he had murdered in order to ascend the throne. Krause also related that after the architect had built this remarkable and unique Cathedral of St. Basil, Ivan ordered the man's eyes put out, so that he could not duplicate the structure.

He also told us that once, when a messenger brought a petition to Ivan, before reading it, he raised his spear, and pinned the bearer's foot to the floor, and that had not the man stood rigid, as though nothing was the matter, while the reading was being done by Ivan, his life would have been forfeited. This man's heroism saved him. There are other awful stories of Ivan's cruelty. It was in Moscow that Napoleon learned that fire was more destructive than the sword.

We had been strongly advised to visit the great annual fair at Nijni Novgorod, 200 miles east. We left Moscow at seven one evening, and arrived at Nijni at seven next morning, thus having the whole day in which to see the place. The Volga River runs through the city and on it was a steamboat just about to start for Siberia. It was crowded with passengers and cattle.

The country is very flat and uninteresting as seen from the hill on which was located the restaurant in which we ate our lunch. As far as the eye could reach, tents and shacks of the fair covered the ground over the vast plain. There was only one rather pretentious building, for jewelry and Siberian stones; the others were one-storied, mostly frames, sometimes containing saleable goods, such as furs, but mostly bales of cotton, lumber, iron, etc., were piled on the ground, with salesmen in shacks nearby.

But we had not time or inclination at Nijni to buy iron or bales of cotton, and after a perfunctory walk through the avenues, were glad to invest in some Russian furs and leave on board the 7 P.M. train back to Moscow. In spite of its having the worst paved streets in Europe, which jolted us almost beyond endurance, its historical associations and curious buildings with venerated valuable relics, were of absorbing interest. The Russian peasant women do wonderful embroidery sold in the bazaars.

Krause seemed to know of everything worth seeing. The treasury is a museum of ancient and modern Russian valuables, jewels, plate, etc. I thought the enormous vase, cut from one piece of green jade, the most remarkable exhibit. There are also coronation robes and couches, and wonderful bazaars, all too numerous to mention, but described at length in guide books. We stayed a week in Moscow, and then regretfully bade good-bye to Krause.

On taking the train to Warsaw we noticed that smoking was allowed in every compartment, until at last we discovered two ladies in one compartment marked "Dames Seules," and Mrs. Wister asked the elder of the two ladies if she would mind having us occupy it with them, as we objected to smoke. "No, indeed," she answered, "we will be very glad to have your company, and when my daughter and I smoke we will go outside." Thereupon, we went back to our own section, and stayed where our bags had been deposited with some French salesmen. They were most polite and must have understood our English complaints about the smoke, for they carefully went to another part of the train when they took a cigar.

Warsaw was a pathetic reminder of what it had once been, and the stories of Thaddeus of Warsaw and John Soebieski were ever-present. The Jewish quarter was intensely interesting. All the males, including small boys, wore long coats down to their shoe tops. Most of the women wore wigs, because after a woman is married, our guide explained, it was not considered modest for her to wear her hair uncovered. Thus women who preferred a change of color could purchase any shade that suited her fancy, but it was grotesque to notice black hairs protruding from beneath a blonde wig. The men wore fur skull caps with a long curl down each side of their face.

The Jews were assigned to one quarter of the city and seemed to be closely herded together, there were so many of them. Indeed, if I remember rightly, there was a gate to shut them in. Mrs. Wister tried to buy a silver spoon as a souvenir, but succeeded in buying only a small silver pipe. The guide said it was amazing how every

visitor wanted to buy spoons, and why it was, "he could not understand."

From Warsaw we went to Berlin. We were in luck again with our fellow-passengers. These were Germans who spoke Russian, and about midnight when we crossed the frontier were most useful in helping us to have our passport viséed.

I was certainly thankful to be out of Russia, for, be it known, at every city and every hotel, our passports, on entering, would be examined for the signature of landlord or consul, and, to be accepted at the next place, must bear a signature from our last place visited. There are more spies and red tape in Russia than anywhere else.

We stopped a day or two in Berlin, waiting for our steamer to sail from Bremen. She had broken a shaft and was replaced by another vessel. To while away the time we visited Potsdam, the museums, and palaces. Life in Berlin seems to bore the Berliners, and if all of it is upon such stilts as a few visits to the Royal Castles would indicate, there is little wonder. An admission ticket is purchased in the lodge, which is demanded at the door. Here the unfortunates are kept waiting until the usher has returned from showing an advance party over the palace. Each visitor is required to place crude woolen slippers over his shoes, and in these he must glide over floors not too well polished, and, to an American eye, not good enough for such care. Then the usher, who speaks only German, and that in a stentorian and prosy manner, points out the various objects of interest in each room. The slippers are heating to the feet, the voice of the usher monotonous in the extreme; the palaces generally decorated in very bad taste, and, the ordeal over, the tired visitor experiences genuine delight on reaching the street.

Fortunately, this condition applies only to Berlin, where Imperialism is young and green and shows its authority.

The contrast between a German and a Russian palace was painful. A guard showed us through, telling just how much each ugly piece cost. We felt like escaped prisoners when leaving these stuffy buildings.

There is an absence of servility among hotel employees in Norway, which might be recommended to their brotherhood in the large German cities. There the servants, from the porter to the bellboy, bow and scrape to the guests. These soon become accustomed to adulation and manhood seems at a low ebb.

From Berlin we went on to Bremen to secure passage in a substitute steamer, but found nothing but steerage accommodations, which had been hastily constructed into cabins.

The Baron and Baroness von Friesen had cordially invited us to Oldenburg, and we ran up there and spent a night in their happy family. They had two fine boys. They told us it was the custom for vessels to reserve a first-class cabin until the last moment, hoping that some one of consequence would claim it.

Baroness von Friesen kindly accompanied us to Bremen and the steamship office and secured for us one of the best staterooms on board a vessel sailing a week later.

The von Friesens lived in a stately mansion they had built themselves. She was the daughter of our old friend, Charles Smith, of Philadelphia, with whom they spent every summer.

After leaving Bremen we spent the intervening time at Scheveningen, where we took sea baths and afterwards crossed to London to make our boat at Southampton.

THE WEST AND ALASKA

APRIL 18, 1897, we left Philadelphia for the west and Alaska with a Raymond and Whitcomb party, on a train composed exclusively of Pullman cars on which we had a drawing-room compartment throughout the trip.

We had never been to the Pacific Coast and joined the party by advice of our friends, Mrs. J. Dundas Lippincott, Mrs. Isaac Wister, and Mr. Isaac Clothier. They had gone on a similar excursion the year previous and spoke so highly of the pleasure and consideration they had enjoyed that we concluded to try.

At Harrisburg we stopped long enough to view the ruins of the capitol, which had been destroyed by fire February 22d of that year. Then across the magnificent railroad bridge at Rockville, over the Susquehanna, and away to the Alleghenies, where it took two enormous locomotives to pull our heavy train up the incline. Then on to Chicago, where we stopped at the Auditorium Hotel.

We had our first view of wonderful scenery when Mr. Cook ("our personal conductor") halted our train in the Royal Gorge and permitted us to walk through, the better to appreciate its towering cliffs and rushing waters. Our awe was mingled with admiration for the talented engineers who had conquered such stupendous difficulties. All through our trip the same feelings obtained at science overcoming obstacles.

Glenwood Hot Springs, picturesquely situated at the base of towering cliffs, gave me an opportunity for a plunge in its pool and incidentally a good supper for everybody at the hotel.

After miles of desert we approached Salt Lake City, a beautiful oasis surrounded by bleak mountains, showing on their sides the marks of subsidence of Great Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City is certainly a remarkable place; headquarters of the Mormon sect, with a huge tabernacle, shaped like an egg, with unsurpassed acoustic properties, it is surprising that architects do not copy its form. The slightest sound is heard from end to end of the great hall.

We were much interested in the row of little cottages formerly occupied by wives of Brigham Young. We were told that once, when he needed a laundress, he proposed to a skilful workwoman, was accepted, and that then she worked for him as his affianced wife, under contract for her board, to wash for him for nine years, after which time he married her, and lived with her one week. The union was blessed by a son, and she, consequently, became one of the "Elect."

A bath at Saltair, the Salt Lake watering place, is unique. There is a huge amusement pavilion built out into the lake, equipped with ball room, moving pictures, restaurant, porches and bath houses, each of the latter being supplied with electric light, stationary washstand with fresh running water, and a small elevated platform on which to stand while dressing, so that wet bathing clothes would not dampen dry garments. The water in the lake is so dense with salt that one cannot sink. Floating can only be accomplished with difficulty in a sitting position, and swimming only with great effort to keep above water, as the head being heaviest, sinks first. Many are drowned, but are found with feet and legs protruding from the water, the head always submerged.

Santa Barbara reminded us of Nice, "between the mountains and the sea," although in this case it was the

Pacific instead of the Mediterranean. We met there Mr. Williams, of Baldwin Locomotive Works, and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Dreer.

Coronado is a vast overgrown hotel, like that of the Poinciana at Palm Beach. We took a plunge in the bay and also in the salt swimming pool.

All this time I had been carrying my trout line and reel, hoping for an opportunity to fish. The name of Riverside, renowned for its cloister-like beautiful hotel, sounded well, and I thought that at last I had found the longed-for spot, but not so; my hopes were blasted when I saw the dry bed of a river and learned that there was water in it only in the rainy season. All the rivers of southern California were the same disappointment; after that, we had a saying, "As dry as a California river."

When at Pasadena Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stocker came to our hotel, lunched with us, and invited us to spend a day with them at San Anita. They met us at the railroad station, mounted on a four-in-hand, and we drove with them through the three-thousand-acre plantation of orange trees and grape vines owned by her father, "Lucky Baldwin," one of the '49'ers, enormously rich, proprietor of Baldwin's Hotel and Theatre in San Francisco, and a heavy stockholder in Lake Tahoe resort, etc.

They did not live in one mansion, but in a number of bungalows, some to sleep in, and others for eating and living. Mr. Baldwin was about seventy-four, a handsome, gentlemanly man, erect, tall, thin, and very entertaining. He looked as a clergyman should, quiet and proper. We had the honor of playing croquet with him.

From Pasadena we also made an excursion to Redlands, the winter home of Mr. Smiley, of Lake Mohonk. The place is noted for its hot, dry climate; nothing grew

without irrigation. To show what could be done with water, Mr. Smiley bought a perfectly barren sterile mountain in the centre of the valley, and transformed it into a paradise of trees and flowers and vegetation of all kinds.

Mt. Lowe is another excursion from Pasadena. A cog-wheel railroad pulled us up to the top, where we found an extensive view and poor lunch. My whistle produced a marvellous echo, reverberating from hill to hill. I had to repeat it many times for the benefit of the others. At this point we were foolish enough to join a party on board a trolley car and were whirled around dizzy heights and along the edge of frightful precipices at breakneck speed until we feared to breathe lest the car jump the track, and resolved that if spared to arrive safely at the bottom we never would thus tempt Providence again.

From there the party took train to the Yosemite. We stopped off at Raymond and I then engaged a carriage independently for ourselves to take the drive. We found that the stages, four of them, kept on ahead to avoid attack from the bands of desperadoes who infested the country, and left us behind to remember all the alarming tales we had heard. Becoming uneasy, we coaxed our driver, named Charley, to get in between the coaches. He was a very obliging fellow, and did as he was told, but it seemed that by doing so, he incurred the ill-will of the haughty stage drivers and they complained of him at Wawona, their headquarters, and procured his discharge. He was very much cut up at this and told us he would have to work in the mines. We wrote letters begging his retention and assuming all blame, and hoped he would be kept on the route. He was a delicate-looking fellow and did not seem fitted for rough underground work.

Pictures only do partial justice to the glories of the

Yosemite. We had a delightful room in a corner of the little hotel over a roaring stream. An English nobleman and his brother accompanied our party from Raymond. He had been advised against climbing mountains, but insisted on going up to Lookout Point and made the trip, only to have an attack of heart failure on his return, was very ill all night and died the next day.

We did not attempt that climb, but went on horseback to Verdant Falls. On coming back along the dizzy ledge, Mrs. Wister saw a quarter dollar lying in the path, and I got off my horse to pick it up. Both horses then began to browse on the edge of the precipice. At this our guide at the head of the line came back to see what was the matter, and was just in time to catch Mrs. Wister who had become dizzy and was falling off her horse. After this episode we walked down the mountain.

While stopping at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, we were invited to dine by Major and Mrs. John Darling. She was a daughter of General Keyes, a "'49'er," and was the widow of a Mr. Catherwood before marrying Darling.

At that dinner I saw for the first time the very small oysters and very large crabs of the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco then boasted its Nob Hill and all the handsome palaces of the '49'ers. It seemed that when these unique people had made their millions, they thought that to build a palace handsomer than any of the others was to be happy, and when the palace was finished did not know how to enjoy luxury, did not feel at home, and went elsewhere or died. We were told this when we asked why so many were vacant.

San Francisco was then a straggling, unevenly built city, frame buildings, large and small, intermixed with those of brick and stone, with only one tall office build-

ing. Cliff House and Sutro Baths were great places of resort, with their interesting seal rocks lying outside in the surf. In 1915, when we visited San Francisco again, the seals had been banished and Cliff House was at the end of a beautiful park where once had been barren fields, thus showing again the results of irrigation.

The city and Palace Hotel had been destroyed by earthquake and fire, the palaces of Nob Hill all had gone, only the tall office building remained; alone no more, for it was surrounded by many others. San Francisco had been rebuilt into a handsome, flourishing city, the rival of any large metropolis.

When we were at San José, we drove up the mountain to the observatory, and seeing the fine orchards and luxuriant crops, were very much amused when told that the principal products were "dried peaches, prunes and raisins."

Mt. Shasta, with its top covered with snow, was circled around by the train; it was a superb mountain.

At Portland we took a boat up the Columbia River and saw a salmon cannery. The fish were caught by machinery at the falls; they covered the floor a foot deep. Deft Chinamen cut them up and packed the meat with lightning rapidity. While there we picked up a number of pieces of petrified wood lying beside the river.

Portland, we decided, was the most beautiful city of all. While there we took the trolley to Willamette River, where I caught a huge salmon under the falls.

At Tacoma the people insisted that the stupendous snow mountain in full view was called Mt. Tacoma. At Seattle everybody insisted its name was Mt. Rainier. From Lake Washington, behind Seattle, there is a wonderful view of this beautiful mountain.

I caught a number of trout in Lake Washington from a rowboat I was fortunate enough to secure.

We next took the *Queen* steamer to Alaska and had seats at table next to Governor Brady; he was enthusiastic about the future of the territory, and seemed exactly the right man for the place. At Juneau, with his help, we bought a real Chilcat blanket, made with wood fibre, interwoven in its fringe and dyed with native, not alkaline, dyes—these are fast disappearing.

Up to this time no one had heard of Yukon gold, and the news was scarcely believed when we were told of it at Juneau. However, our captain took the steamer to Chilcat Bay, and we thus were able to see the glacier and the beginning of the route over the "White Pass," where so many adventurers died. Our boat was the first to carry the tidings to the states. The next year, 1898, was the year for the great rush to these gold fields. On our return home a young friend asked us what we thought of his chances to win a fortune at the Yukon gold fields and, on being pressed for the reason, owned that he was in love with a rich girl, and did not dare ask her to marry him before having enough money to support her. He was a fine, noble fellow, one whom any father would be glad to have for a son-in-law. I advised him not to consider the trip until he had asked his girl's advice. He did so. They were married shortly after and have been happy ever since. His father-in-law took him into partnership. He is now a rich man, and head of a flourishing business.

At the Taku glacier we stopped to take in ice with grappling irons for the steamer's use, but while doing so the tide was running out, and left us aground, and there we had to stay several hours until it turned. As the bay

was full of huge floating and stationary blocks of ice, this was by no means a safe or pleasant experience.

At the Muir glacier all passengers were landed in small boats, some of the party got scattered and wandered up the Moraine hill to obtain a better and more extended view. Our captain was nearly crazy and threatened all sorts of calamities to the offenders; he feared the tide might fall and that his experience of the day before be repeated. If he had dared, I think he would have left the tardy party to their fate to starve and freeze on that desolate shore.

Governor Brady made his home at Sitka and had told us all about the fishing at that point. We arrived about 9 P.M., but as it was still bright daylight, hired a rowboat and fished in the beautiful harbor until 11, there being still light enough to see the many fish we pulled up, and took to the steamer for next morning's breakfast.

We passed and stopped at a curious island named Metlakatla, where the Indians had been civilized by a self-sacrificing missionary, Father Duncan, who lived with them and devoted his life to bettering their condition. They revered and almost worshipped him.

With great regret we bade Mr. Cook, our guide, adieu on returning to Seattle. We then took a train to the Yellowstone Park. Mammoth Hot Springs faces a series of terraces formed by white deposits from the springs. The water holds lime, soda, potash, oxide mercury, cinnabar, and other minerals in solution. These average about 100 degrees Fahrenheit when discharged, and when cool become "formation." The terraces take the colors of ingredients of which they are made up, and the sun shining on them produces beautiful effects, which should be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Yellow-

stone Park was included in the vast tract of land sold by Napoleon to the United States in 1803. He needed money for his campaign, was hated and detested by every nation in Europe, and consequently welcomed our proposal with delight, and sold for the small sum of \$15,000,000 thousands of square miles which have since been carved up into a dozen states.

Our government did well to reserve Yellowstone Park as a perpetual pleasure ground, for it contains, besides the remarkable geysers, mountains and valleys, obsidian glass, rivers flowing with blue, white and green crystal waters, many-colored soils, yellow predominating, and waterfalls twice the height of grand Niagara.

People travel thousands of miles to see these geysers of steam and water burst from subterranean caverns. One of these is known as the "Minute Man," because he spouts every minute. Old Faithful spouts every sixty-five minutes, and is so named because, though other geysers may vary in time, he never disappoints those who wait upon his labors. Many desiring to anticipate nature in her free exhibition, surreptitiously have thrown soap in the pools to hurry explosions, and many geysers have been put out of commission in consequence, Nature refusing mortal help.

Uncle Sam now keeps soldiers on guard to protect his wonders and prevent this barbarism and relic hunting. Tourists are notorious relic hunters, and most of them show no honor or honesty. They will pick up anything portable to show their friends at home, if able to elude the watchful eyes of caretakers. Uncle Sam's police are so zealous that they will not even allow any of the formation to be taken.

We had hired an individual survey and enjoyed leav-

ing the beaten track to see the petrified forests, steep volcanic mountains, and the mighty rush of the Yellowstone River. Any one unlucky enough to fall into its icy waters has little chance of getting out alive. Then, too, the yellow rocks through which the river flows, and which form its banks, are as smooth as the ice of millions of winters can polish them.

After leaving Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, we stopped for a night at the Fountain Hotel, where we visited the celebrated Paint Pot many-hued geysers near the hotel. Next day we drove along Fire Hole River to Old Faithful Inn, stopping several times to catch trout in the river. Our driver was as fond of fishing as I, and as I had an extra rod I was glad to loan it to him. We caught many fish which were good eating and which we would order cooked at the next hotel for dinner or breakfast, as the case might be.

The park is open for visitors about four months each year; during the other eight months snow and ice prevent easy travel. In 1897 neither steam nor electric transportation was permitted in the park, although the Yellowstone River in many of its minor falls would yield enough power to drive fifty trolley lines over its interesting hills and through its valleys.

I enjoyed more satisfactory fishing in the Yellowstone than in any other locality I have ever visited.

We took passage on a small steamboat to cross Yellowstone Lake to Yellowstone Hotel. This steamer had been hauled there in sections and put together on the lake. At breakfast the next morning we had the same waitress as at Green's Hotel, Pasadena, and learned from her that she and the others belonged to a syndicate which sent them in winter to hotels in the south and in summer

to the north, and as she liked to travel and see the country, she could do it in this way without expense to herself, meanwhile saving money with which to complete her college education.

Larry, at Old Faithful Station, had been most entertaining. He told of catching fish in the lake at the steamboat landing, while standing on the edge of a boiling pool, and dipping the trout into the geyser to cook, while still on the line. I determined to emulate his example, and did, but, of course, the fish was not fit to eat on account of the acid waters. The best sport I had was at the mouth of the Yellowstone River just above the falls in an open boat, during a blinding snow storm on July 3d. We threw in lines baited with flies, two hooks to each rod, and pulled in two trout every time. These fish, however, were wormy and not good to eat. Every fish weighed at least one pound. After that we drove 18 miles to the Canyon Hotel, stopping en route to view the mud glacier, and losing a pair of rubbers in the heavy mud.

By the time we reached Canyon Hotel we were almost perished with cold. Mrs. Wister had some hot tea and went to bed. I took a hot bath and played billiards. The altitude is so great that water boils at a lower temperature than at sea level, and does not seem nearly as hot as at home.

Next morning, July 4th, snow covered the ground, and the air was crisp and clear. We had to get out of the carriage and walk and run to keep warm. The journey by train from Mammoth Springs to Minneapolis is perhaps the most uninteresting and seemed the longest of any we had taken. The weather gradually became warmer and hot! At Minneapolis we found the temperature 112 degrees, and the city in gala attire, flags, and

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UPPER—MR. WISTER AND SILVER FISH, MIAMI, FLA.
LOWER—CATCH OF TROUT AT YELLOWSTONE PARK

DEPT. OF
COMMERCE

"Welcome" arches everywhere, not for us, alas! but for "The Elks" Society. The Elks were visiting Minneapolis!

OLD FAITHFUL

At the Yellowstone Park I became very much interested in geyser phenomena, and conceived an idea by which a geyser could be produced by artificial means, by using exhaust steam. On my return home I worked out the process, was successful, and took out patent rights. A very excellent reproduction was exhibited at the Llanerch Park Grounds and witnessed by thousands of people. I did not advertise it, or follow it up, and had nearly forgotten my invention until in January, 1915, an exhibitor for the San Francisco Exhibition applied to me for the purchase of my patent. I answered that I was willing to sell, but that was the last I heard from him. I now believe that he discovered my rights ran out in March, and that then he could use my invention without recompensing me, which he did.

In September of that year I visited San Francisco and the 1915 exhibition, and in common with everybody else, saw the Northern Pacific Exhibit of Yellowstone Park, Old Faithful Inn and its famous geyser. To my astonishment, I found my geyser the principal attraction, wonderfully reproduced after an illustrated lecture on the park, with motion pictures, which led up to the climax at the end. The hall was darkened and then a huge curtain withdrawn, and my geyser burst in all its glory, enhanced by flashlights. Not a word was said in the lecture or program about the inventor! The next day I went to the office of the principal newspaper in San Francisco and told my story. The staff listened with great interest, and

took it all down. I was told it would appear in their columns next day. I said I was perfectly willing to have my patent used but merely wanted credit as the inventor. Next day the account was not published, and I received a communication that the managing editor thought it unwise to publish anything that might reflect on the Northern Pacific Railroad, their largest advertiser!

Johnny Barrett was one of my fishing acquaintances at Duncannon, often rowing me out upon the Susquehanna. It was rumored that his wife was addicted to giving him curtain lectures whether deserved or not.

One day after we were in the boat and fish had slackened in biting, a fierce rain storm came up and we were drenched to the skin. I called to Johnny, but he took no notice. "Johnny," I called louder. Still oblivious. "Johnny," I shouted, "don't you think we had better go home?" and he answered, "But this is a damned sight better than home!"

SOCIAL CLUBS (COLONIAL)

In January, 1885, the Manheim Club had not been built when the following men met to consider the founding of a club for social intercourse at the corner of Greene and Harvey Streets, Germantown, with the name of "Junior Germantown Club."

FOUNDERS

Samuel Welsh, 3d.	George B. Warder
Ridgely Brown	Charles F. Gummey, Jr.
Chas. T. Cowperthwait	Edward N. Wright, Jr.
James B. Cowperthwait	Joseph L. Woolston
Chas. Henry Gummey	Edward S. W. Farnum
Lewis H. Wister	H. Latimer Brown
William Brockie, Jr.	William W. Sergeant
William W. Noble	John A. Harris, Jr.

April 23, 1887, a charter was taken out and the club incorporated according to the laws of Pennsylvania and the name changed to "Colonial Club."

In 1893 I was honored by being chosen president of the Colonial Club, Auguste F. Müller, M.D., Vice-president, Jacob Riegel, Secretary, Edgar N. Butler, Treasurer. We held many pleasant reunions.

At this time the club numbered over one hundred members.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

1893

OFFICERS

Jones Wister, President
Auguste F. Müller, M.D., Vice-President
Jacob Riegel, Secretary
Edgar H. Butler, Treasurer

MEMBERS

Lemuel Coffin Altemus	J. Horace Harding
Guilliaem Aertsen	John A. Harris, Jr.
Wellington I. Addams	S. Pearce Holton
Henry D. Booth	Allan Hunter
William M. Bradley	Edward Ilsley
William Brockie	Morris A. Janney
George F. Brown	William N. Johnson
H. Latimer Brown	William S. Johnson
Walter H. Bryant	J. L. Ketterlinus
William E. Bullus	Frederick J. Kimball
Edgar H. Butler	G. Lee Knight
George A. Cameron, M.D.	I. McLean Lachlan
Samuel Emlen Carpenter	Henry Lewis
Chas. S. Carstairs	Albanus C. Logan
J. Hazletine Carstairs	Irving McCallum
Carleton C. Champion	William H. McCallum
George H. Chase	Thomas McKean
Charles A. Chase	A. Heywood Mason
E. W. Clark, Jr.	E. J. Mathews
Herbert S. Clark	William G. Mayburry
Samuel Williams Cooper	E. Rittenhouse Miller
Henry R. Cornelius	Thomas E. Morehead
Charles T. Cowperthwait	W. C. Morgan, Jr.
R. W. Deaver, M.D.	Auguste F. Müller, M.D.
Edward E. Denniston	John Andrew Myers
C. Miner Dodson	William E. Newhall
J. Henry Dunn	William Woodbridge Noble
John G. Dunn	W. F. North
Robert M. Dunn	Albert A. Outerbridge
Edward S. W. Farnum	George T. Pearson
John A. Freas	Axle Petre
H. L. Gantt	T. Bennett Phillips
William H. George	Horace Pinckney
William Goodwin	Thomas C. Potter, M.D.
Harry S. Grove	C. W. Raymond, U.S.A.
Charles Francis Gummey, Jr.	Henry W. Raymond
Charles Henry Gummey	Jacob Riegel
Edward H. Hance	L. Dorr Schaffer
Edward H. Hance, Jr.	Charles W. Schwartz

Charles W. Schwartz, Jr.
William W. Sergeant
Alexis duPont Smith, M.D.
Henry K. Spalding
Edw. T. Stotesbury
Augustus B. Stoughton
Frank W. Thomas, M.D.
Henry L. Townsend
William P. Troth
Frederick Turnbull
John Wagner
John Wagner, Jr.
W. Worrel Wagner

William G. Warden, Jr.
Samuel Welsh
Daniel Whitney
H. Edward Whittaker
Clement N. Williams
Alexander W. Wister, Jr.
Charles L. Wister, Jr.
Jones Wister
Hanson L. Withers
Edwin A. Woolston
Joseph L. Woolston
Samuel W. Wray
S. M. Wright

Manheim Club, with its beautiful grounds, athletic sports, and boys' and women's quarters, was becoming popular. I was a life member of it. All our Colonial Club men joined. Many did not care to belong to two Germantown Clubs and resigned from the Colonial.

By January, 1900, it was considered unwise to continue with a diminished membership. A Liquidation Committee was formed and the property sold, the sale netting enough to pay off mortgages and indebtedness of all kinds.

The charter and seal were retained, although we could have sold them to another new club; they were sent to me for safe keeping.

MILTON CLUB

Thy pleasures, O Milton, are in the wild wood,
Where turkeys and woodcock give sound,
By marshes and rivers, where tides ebb and flood,
Where fishes and wild ducks abound.

When hunters return to the cozy gun room,
And sit by the blazing hot fire,
To tell of their prowess, when game met its doom,
Fishermen, hunters, like lovers, ne'er tire.
Our oars drop a tear as we row away home,
Leaving Milton and fishes and ducks in the "mash,"
Let's come again soon, and lazily roam
Midst wily old turkeys, red holly and ash.

IN 1888 four of us brothers, John, Langhorne, Rodman and I, bought property on the James River for a shooting box and called it "Milton-on-the-James." The farm consisted of five hundred acres, three hundred of arable land, and two hundred of swamp, admirable for duck shooting, wild turkeys, pheasants, quail, etc.

Mrs. Truax (the postmistress) at Sturgeon's Point was our nearest neighbor and kindly looked after our interests when we were absent. Just back of us was located the plantation of Judge Tyler, a lineal descendant of President Tyler. To the west was the extensive plantation of Wyanoke, and opposite, one mile across the river, were located the upper and lower Brandon historic estates, so that we might be said to be located in the most aristocratic portion of the James River.

The house had been destroyed by fire during the Civil War, so that when we first visited Milton it was to picnic in small cottages. But in 1894 we decided to enlarge the club, turn it into a stock company, and build a comfortable house. To this end we added other members: James W. Brown, Edward Samuel, James M. Bullock, Robert N. Carson, and Josiah M. Bacon. Plans were drawn and the house was built on a point some fifty feet high above the water, and commanding an extensive view up and

down the river. Building was difficult. There were no workmen or material nearer than Richmond. However, under the supervision of Messrs. Samuel and Bullock, the house was finished and proved entirely satisfactory.

To attract birds to flock to Milton we planted ten to twelve acres of buckwheat, millet and beans, not to be harvested, but allowed to run to seed for the birds to eat.

We got quantities of terrapin, but a trifle stringy, as they were not diamond backs.

A new steamer, *Pocahontas*, in 1894, was put upon the James River between Richmond and Old Point, to replace the little old *Ariel*, after which connections could be made with ease and provisions ordered from Richmond.

Before this the trip was difficult. One route was via C. and O. Railroad to Providence Forge, then by a drive twelve miles on a farm wagon to the Chickahominy River, a wide muddy stream which could be crossed by a bridge five miles distant from Milton, if the water was low and the bridge not submerged by freshets.

In summer the country was infested by malaria, and we then avoided the place. One very pleasant party went there October, 1897—Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Wister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foster, Mr. Howard Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wister. We went by train from Philadelphia to Richmond, dined there at the fine Jefferson Hotel, and slept on board the *Pocahontas*, arriving at Sturgeon's Point about 10 A.M. Rowboats were waiting, as the power boat was under repairs, and we soon reached the clubhouse, where the cook made us happy with a good lunch.

We men got up early and brought in more than enough game to supply the table. Our gamekeeper singu-

larly enough was named "Woodcock," and could imitate the wild turkey call to perfection.

Our afternoons were given up to the ladies for walks and drives, or boating and fishing. The mournful-looking cypress trees growing in shallow water near the banks were an unceasing wonder.

It was always a jolly party that gathered around the two huge open fireplaces or the rough dining-room table. The latter was built around one of the substantial house joists which rose from its middle to the ceiling, and was always kept decorated with greens.

After supper we smoked and talked and played backgammon and cards.

The morning our party broke up I had the good luck to shoot a wild turkey, still at roost on his tree, and took it with me to Richmond and thence to Charlottesville, where we had been invited to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Tattall Lea. While there the Leas entertained a large equestrian party, who were to hunt next morning, and my turkey was one of the courses at dinner. There we met Miss Nancy Langhorne, afterwards Mrs. Waldorf Astor, now Lady Astor, and her sister; both girls were very beautiful.

Mrs. Wister and I enjoyed the grown-up party at Milton so much that we decided in April, 1899, to take a young party, sensibly equipped with guns and waders. They were all good sports, but Nina Levick, our niece, now Mrs. Winthrop Neilson, proved to be the best shot.

They had such a jolly time that they coaxed us to prolong our stay another week.

We returned via Old Point Comfort. By that time I had run out of cash, and was glad enough to recognize at the hotel my old friend Major General Robert O'Reilly, who vouched for my check to the hotel manager.

MANHEIM CLUB

MANHEIM is associated with many pleasant recollections. There were at first no competing country clubs, and everybody flocked to its grounds from far and near. There was a fine Colonial grandstand, the boxes of which were quarrelled for at matches, every seat sold, numbers standing, and a line of coaches beside the field with my mother perched on top of one of them, holding court to admirers, who styled her the "Mother of American Cricket."

That was a great game when Lord Hawke's team played at Philadelphia. Huge tents were erected for the accommodation of those who could not find room in the clubhouse for luncheon, and that night a grand ball was given for Lord Hawke at Manheim.

There was another match later in September, 1895, I remember well, which was remarkable for the enormous crowd and intense heat of weather.

A grand game of football between Princeton and Pennsylvania, resulting in victory for the latter, aroused great enthusiasm, and the demand for seats was so great that it was found necessary to erect bleachers across the field from the grandstand to accommodate the multitudes.

The crowds that in those days filled the Manheim grounds were object lessons to public-spirited citizens like Doctor William Pepper, who then projected Franklin Field of the University. Also, to residents along the Main Line, who purchased ground and built the Merion Cricket Club at Haverford.

Manheim is also celebrated for its tennis matches and

swimming contests, for there is a fine swimming pool, squash court, etc.

The Loyal League of Germantown met at Manheim every winter for its annual grand dinner.

Dinners were also given to the Junior Cricket Club, to which we veterans were invited and expected to make speeches of encouragement to the youngsters.

There was always music on Thursday evenings in summer, and we had many a pleasant dinner on the upstairs porch, served by Martin Frankfurter, major-general of stewards, who had presided over the appetites of Manheim members for more than twenty-five years. On New Year's Day a free luncheon was served to members and guests.

At Manheim there was also a Ladies' Clubhouse, where wives of members held receptions every Tuesday, and as the ground in front of it had been given over to the Bowls Committee, Tuesday afternoon became a favorite for the men playing bowls. A glass of lemonade from a fair hand after a game is always appreciated.

My cousin, Mary Carpenter, never missed being present, also Mrs. George Stuart Patterson, and Mrs. Cuyler Patterson, Mrs. John C. Sims, Mrs. Robert Maury, Mrs. Evans Dick, Mrs. Frank Wister, Mrs. Rodman Wister, Mrs. Robert Newhall, Mrs. Gilbert Newhall, Mrs. Samuel Betton, and many others; but many of these have passed away and new faces fill their places.

GAME OF BOWLS

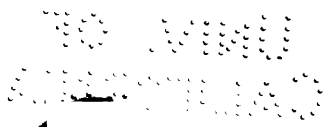
WHEN in Scotland in 1889 I saw the game of bowls for the first time, and brought home with me a set of the balls. When the governors of the Manheim Club had



MANHEIM, MEN'S AND LADIES' CLUB HOUSES
Cricket being played



BELFIELD CLUB AND MEN'S DRESSING ROOMS
Side view
Tennis being played



set aside a piece of ground in front of the Ladies' Club-house for the game, I presented a new set, and in 1898 offered a pair of silver-mounted bowls as a prize to the player who had joined in and had had recorded the greatest number of games during the season. A book for this purpose was given to the janitor of the dressing rooms, who entered all games reported.

NAMES OF CONTESTANTS

Henry M. Steele	Rodman Wister
Jones Wister	Edward T. Greene
Henry W. Raymond	George Walley
John A. Freas	H. W. Armbruster
Alex. W. Wister	Charles F. Gummey
Walter Gummey	H. Dargman
Walter Gummey, Jr.	William T. Tilden
Randall Chase	S. P. Jouis
Frank White	M. Heyward
Samuel F. Betton	S. Percy Jones
W. C. Morgan	G. H. Chase
J. W. Patton	M. McAllister
W. B. Stoevers	E. A. Earnshaw
George W. Carpenter	Samuel Carpenter
W. T. Raymond	S. Howell Smith
Oliver Hill	J. McLachlan
Howard Smith	Edward Toland
Dr. William N. Johnson	Robert S. Newhall
Albert Wilson	Doctor Pitfield

Of a total of eight hundred and thirty-three games played during the season of 1898, John A. Freas played one hundred and sixty-six games and Alexander W. Wister played one hundred and sixty-three games. The prize of silver-mounted bowls was therefore awarded to John A. Freas.

EGYPT

MODERN discoveries and inventions put to shame those of a hundred years ago. Fifty years only have elapsed since the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship in the world, displacing 16,000 tons, was thought too large for practical use. Now a 90,000-ton vessel floats between Liverpool and New York. Swimming pools, gymnasiums, and suites de luxe have supplanted close quarters in badly ventilated, candle-lit staterooms and cabins. Automobiles, airships, submarines, made possible by steam and electricity, broaden our minds and make us feel that we know only a very small part of the world and make us wish to visit other portions of the earth's surface.

On March 3, 1900, we sailed on *Kaiser Wilhelm II* from New York to Alexandria, taking with us our three daughters, Louisa Weightman,* Ethel Wister, and Ethel Weightman,† the latter from Farmington Boarding School. We had been through a gay social season, and the quiet on shipboard was a welcome change, that is, when the vessel was not rolling! I shall never forget, and hope never to repeat, my experience when we "rolled" on the Gulf of Lyons.

Our first stop was at Gibraltar, where we saw a little corner of Spain. Next we stopped for two days at Genoa, enabling us to take train to Nice and Monaco on the Corniche road. In 1860 this journey was only to be made by stage or "vetturino," as it was thought impos-

* Married, April 26, 1902, to John Strawbridge..

† Married, April 30, 1908, to Edwin N. Benson, Jr.

sible to construct a railroad where so many tunnels were necessary.

Nice had outgrown our recollection; Monaco was much of an enigma. Although nature had done its best to make life worth living out of doors, it was curious to see hundreds of well-dressed men and women sitting in close, artificially-lit rooms around huge green baize-covered tables, gambling as though their souls depended on the game. They were all anxious and worried looking. None of them wore a pleasant expression, and did not appear to be enjoying themselves, yet there they sat.

After touching at Naples long enough to discharge and take on cargo, see the city and aquarium, and to buy some coral trinkets, we went on to Alexandria. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II* anchored some distance from the shore, and was immediately surrounded by small boats, filled with nimble, dark-colored, monkey-looking Arabs, talking and gesticulating in an unknown tongue. Imagine my surprise at hearing my name, "Jones Wister, Jones Wister," shouted in a loud voice from one of the small boats, 7000 miles from home. It was Mahomed Pilley, whom we had engaged as dragoman, through the kind recommendation of Mrs. Charles Platt, Jr. He continued calling until we went to the ship's side and answered that we were on board, and very willing to put ourselves into friendly hands.

Our party had been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts. We all followed him and his Mohammedan roustabouts, as they carried our bags and trunks down the ship's ladder into one of the small boats and were rowed to the shore. They seemed such a wild, strange crowd that we were fearful some of our baggage would be stolen, but Pilley held a whip in his hand with which

he freely belabored the bare backs of his assistants, keeping the while a watchful eye on them.

We reached our hotel without the loss of a single article and voted Pilley a major general. The hotel was third rate, but the best in Alexandria, and we slept well in comfortable beds, after an evening spent at a fourth-class theatre.

Next morning Pilley told us that Pompey's Pillar was the only sight worthy of interest. This is the name of a column supposed to celebrate the conquest of Emperor Diocletian over the pretender Archilleus, 296 A.D. Of course, the monument has no right to its name, but such is fame! Fortunately, since the English occupation, railroads have been built in Egypt and we took a train to Cairo, 90 miles south.

At the station small cups of muddy coffee, the beverage of the country, were handed in at the windows. This mixture we hated at first, but learned to like it before our departure.

Shepherd's Hotel is the centre of attraction in Cairo. It is to Cairo what the Nile is to Egypt. It is a beautiful hospice, built in Oriental style, columns imitative of Egypt's grand old temples, and furnished in dark Turkish manner, soft rugs and divans everywhere.

We had numerous letters of introduction from Thomas S. Harrison, our former Consul General, one of them to Judge Tuck, representative of the United States Government in Cairo. Tuck is from Maryland, an appointee of President Cleveland. He knows Egypt thoroughly, and is a first-rate man. He and his wife invited us to their house to meet all the Americans we knew in Cairo, *vis.*, Mr. and Mrs. Stoke Vere Alston. She was Miss Anne

Chew. Dr. and Mrs. Hess; she is William Ellicott's daughter, of Baltimore; her husband is an Egyptologist.

We drove to Zeitoun, a suburb of Cairo, taking in the tree and well where the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the infant Jesus stopped while in Egypt. The tree is in a pretty garden and the surroundings betoken the truth of the legend, for they must have stopped somewhere, and why not there?

Thence to the ancient city of Heliopolis, of which not a vestige remains, except the finest obelisk in Egypt. Then to the Tucks, where we had a cup of good Ceylon tea, made by American hands. It was one of our pleasantest days in Egypt.

To return courtesies we gave a lunch party at Shepherd's, five of us, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, Judge and Mrs. Tuck, Judge Long and his two nieces, the eminent Egyptologist, Emil Brugsch Bey, the Misses Spencer from Florida, Miss Ellicott and Mrs. Hess, and Maurice Bey and his charming wife, *née* Phillips, later Potter, later Countess Potter, now Madame Maurice Bey, and possibly later honors awaiting. She confided to me that she was only thirty-eight and was perfectly happy with her young husband, who is a good-looking Englishman of about forty. She has a grown son married and is a grandmother. Her attire was perfect, and her gloves black, though most of her dress was white or more probably gave that effect. She was as gay as ever.

After the party separated Judge Tuck took us to see the regimental sports up on the barracks grounds. They were well arranged and went off with great *eclat*. We saw the sword dance for the first time. The Highland Fling was danced by eight competing dancers, one at a

time, over a pair of cavalry sabres placed thus X, to the music of the bagpipe. If a dancer is unfortunate enough to touch a sword with his feet, he is thereby out of the competition. It seemed impossible for them not to injure themselves by taking such chances, but the Highlanders were quite at home, and their toes missed the swords to rapid music with surprising accuracy, and in a most graceful manner. Each danced two or three minutes. All wore the costume of their clans, and were a fine looking set of Scotchmen. .

The entertainment had begun with foot and bicycle, horse and donkey races, which elicited much applause. The tug-of-war pulled by ten men on each end of the rope was particularly good, but everybody was on the *qui vive* for the dancing to begin.

The various trophies won or received for good records were all set out in the regimental tent. All manner of eatables and drinkables were handed round, the British soldiers were most hospitable, and it was to us a rare and enjoyable occasion.

Next to their meals our women love shopping, and the bargains they secure are amazing. In every shop the inevitable thick Turkish coffee is brought out, to facilitate our acquaintance with its proprietor, and to encourage us to purchase.

Every traveller stopping in Cairo finds himself at Shepherd's Hotel part of every day. Bazaars centre round it. Seated on the veranda one can view the passing show, the most motley, animated crowd in Egypt. A panorama of quaint and picturesque costumes, some worn by those of high degree are of rich colored cloth, their robes fall gracefully over their figures, and give them an

important and imposing appearance, which our plain European costumes fail to impart.

The beautifully dressed Zeiss rests here while his employer enters the Oriental hostelry. They are the out-runners and herald the approach of wealthy inhabitants, who drive in well-appointed equipages. The horses may travel fast or slow, but the untiring Zeiss must maintain a distance of about fifty yards in advance. I cannot describe these men better than by quoting Mr. Finley Acker's description of them in his interesting booklet called "Pen Sketches," whose only fault is that it is too short. He says: "These functionaries, whom I have never seen in any other city, are generally tall and fine looking, slenderly built Arabs, with black hair and moustaches, with feet and lower part of their limbs bare, attired in a red fez and white turban; a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, disclosing bright red undersleeves. They also wore white bloomers and a short red cloth jacket, richly embroidered with gilt braid, and a wide bright-colored sash." The long poles they carried seemed like the baton of our much-admired drum majors. I was told that the constant running was bad for their heart, and that this class of men were seldom long lived.

Postal facilities are imperfect in the Sultan's dominions, so those who desire rapid delivery of letters must employ a messenger, always to be found at the large hotels. These men wear highly decorated clothes, and wear wide belts from which protrude fierce-looking daggers and long pistols.

Their mission seems to be to assist the local police, most of whose time is occupied in keeping the donkey boys in order. The latter are aggressive to an intolerable

degree. With much persuasive eloquence he sizes up a prospective customer and names his mount accordingly, "Yankee Doodle" for an American, or "Queen Vic," or "Prince of Wales," if he has a cockney appearance, and then claims that his donkey is by far "the best in Cairo, if not in all Egypt."

Police are required to keep an eye on the procession of alligator and monkey showmen, flocks of goats, sheep and poultry, as they are driven by on their way to market, as also on a host of vendors of water, fruit, vegetables, ice cream and red circus lemonade. These police carry whips, flagellation is mercilessly bestowed, as the procession passes the delighted and bewildered guests on Sheppard's Hotel porch. The Arabs do not resent this treatment, but rather court it, as it excites pity, and gives them an excuse for backsheesh, while the native police strut around as important as possible.

There are no legal classes in Egypt, and it is difficult to conceive how the man who continually goes around with a rhinoceros hide whip receives his authority. Yet the poorest look upon him with respect and receive all blows delivered without protest, whether merited or unmerited. He lays it on right and left, just as his fancies suggest. As the whipped wear voluminous skirts and lean back as the lash is applied, much of its force wastes itself upon dry goods, and one learns their advantages.

The Sheik is a power for good as well as evil. He is a contractor who employs all labor and seems to own it. He is Lord over the village and rules with the absolute authority of a petty despot. If any one needs work done, excavating a tomb, or building a house, or a journey undertaken, a Sheik is the man to interview. He will furnish men and donkeys with their donkey-boy attach-

ments. He owns the donkeys, and perhaps the boys, for, while slaves are not bought and sold openly in Egypt, any one who owns a slave may do so with the entire concurrence of the authorities.

It is no unusual sight to see boys and men walking along while eating raw vegetable marrow; what the women eat on the street is hidden by their veils. Artificial ice is scarce and expensive, and the chicken one eats at night was alive in the morning, and, it is to be hoped, "healthy" also, and not "just died," as one woman said when she tried to sell us one.

The snake and crocodile charmer deserves more than passing mention. He opens his basket upon the pavement just below the marble platform, which serves as a porch to Shepheard's and as often as not, the reptiles scatter, each one in a different direction, while the owner's time is more than occupied trying to get them in line for his postponed show and prospective pennies. These showmen are desperately poor, one long, dirty petticoat being their sole garment.

At Cairo I was much interested in the Nilometer, located on the Island of Roda in the Nile between Cairo and Ghizeh. It is built of hewn stone; the lower the water the lower the taxes, and the higher the water the greater the taxes. In Egypt, as in other countries we know of, everything is taxed. The Nilometer has served to register the floods of hundreds of years.

We were all impatient to view the pyramids; Cairo's wonders grew pale by comparison. One morning after breakfast, we started to drive to the Mena House, passing over the great bridge and fine road of eight miles, bordered and made shady on each side by beautiful lebbek

trees, showing that trees can grow in Egypt as well as elsewhere if under government protection.

The Ghizeh road was constructed by Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, in order that Eugénie, Empress of the French, could drive to the pyramids during her visit to Cairo, at the time of the opening of the great Suez Canal. For her entertainment he also built a magnificent opera house at an enormous cost. The palace at Ghizeh was another monument to his extravagance. It is related that he possessed three hundred and fifty wives, more or less, and that after his bankruptcy and farewell to Egypt he sent three hundred of his wives back to their families, and only reserved fifty of the best lookers.

The palace is now a museum of priceless Egyptian antiquities. We hoped that it might be spared from fire until the fireproof building in Cairo should be completed. Our wish was granted. Since we were at Cairo the new fireproof museum, under the direction of Emil Brugsch Bey, has been completed, and the contents of the Ghizeh Museum, which were housed there only temporarily, removed to it.

We were fortunate enough to purchase a rare and splendid bas-relief, about seven feet in height, of Amenophis IV, Eighteenth Dynasty, and his family worshipping the sun from Tell el-Amarna. We presented it to the Philadelphia Museum at Memorial Hall, and they, in turn, have loaned it to the Egyptian section of the University Museum, as a precedent fixed for mutual loans. These specimens are rare and this is a better and larger example than any we saw at the Ghizeh Museum.

Before the English occupation tombs, palaces and pyramids were robbed of their curios by native Arabs who sold them to tourists. These latter frequently secured

prizes. The present government does not permit anything of value, except duplicates, to be taken from Egypt. The museum, therefore, is a store house of unique interest. Should a visitor wish to purchase a mummy or a scarab, or anything found in the tombs, he can obtain it at the museum, provided the antique is in duplicate. Almost every museum in the world is supplied from this headquarters.

On the Ghizeh road we met a weird procession of market people and wondered where they all came from. Like the vendors who pass Shepherd's, but hundreds more of them, camels, horses, donkeys, goats, sheep, live chickens, all kinds of produce, with men and women in charge, shouting, gesticulating—a scene not to be forgotten. We found that they were the farmers of the country, called the fellaheen, who were taking their goods to market to sell.

We visited the Ghizeh Palace Museum many times during our stay in the vicinity. The Mena House, named after King Menas, who ruled Egypt some 7000 years ago, is located at the base of, and immediately in front of, Cheops. Green verdure marks the line of the uprisings of the Nile, which at its highest point washes the foundations of the pyramids and their crouching guardian, the Sphinx, silently uniting the past with the present.

Golf has invaded Egypt. Notices were posted that sticks and balls could be procured from the Portier of the Mena House. A bareheaded Arab boy showed us the links, and did the caddy part, while I performed, as well as my emotions would permit, within a stone's throw of Cheops and the Sphinx. She is a good "stayer," having been placed there five or ten thousand years ago by old Cheops, who broke the records, for he was a splendid

"putter." He must also have been a good "driver," for it is written of him that 100,000 slaves were employed, who must have consumed immense quantities of "links" and "greens," showing that golf may have flourished during the time of Rameses, as there are "holes" in many of the old temple walls large enough to "take in" him and an entire suite of caddies, but it is dangerous to "hazard" an opinion when so many "sand pits" exist.

As one watches from his windows the pyramid of Cheops, called the "Great" because the largest, and the swarthy Arabs in waiting, he is filled with an overwhelming desire to climb its height. This desire is a disease with every visitor. The Arabs, wishing to be employed, pour their appeals into the tenderfoot's willing ears. Travellers who reach the top have a rugged journey. The ascent is difficult, because depredators have removed the marble steps King Cheops placed over huge blocks of stone, which are now the only outside covering.

Our three daughters, escorted by Mr. Roberts, made the ascent. We did not accompany them, but contented ourselves by climbing as far as the entrance to the tombs, which is in front about 50 feet up.

Our first visit to the Sphinx was upon camels. These mushy-footed, innocent-looking quadrupeds are easy to mount while kneeling, but one feels as though he had ascended the pyramids at one jump when the camel rises to his feet, so great is his movement aside from equilibrium. It costs a dollar to mount and most people would gladly give another to be again upon terra firma. The hour upon a camel's back seemed as long as a day of punishment in boyhood, on a diet of bread and water; but the camera fiend shortened the hour and lengthened his purse by photographing us all in a group. The deliberate

walk produces unpleasant stomachic sensations, but when trotting or galloping the tortures of seasickness are pleasant in comparison. Camels are called "ships of the desert." Perhaps the disagreeable undulations of motion have something to do with the name.

Our girls, however, enjoyed the novelty of the ride, and guiding their mounts to the beautiful road under the lebbek trees, whipped three of these deliberate creatures into a trot, and then ran a race at a gallop. They did well, much to the delight of the spectators, and disgust of their camel drivers.

Our most important excursion was to visit the pyramid of Sakharah, or step pyramid, some ten miles away. We went on donkey back. When selecting a mount of one of these useful animals, it is well to choose the smallest in case of accident. My donkey was making good time, keeping ahead of the party, when he put his foot into an ant's nest, tripped and fell, throwing me over his head on the sand. As it was soft as snow I was none the worse for the fall, and after a good laugh was again in the saddle. Each donkey is followed by a young Arab whose duty it is to beat the animal's rump, and, if possible, steal a ride behind his patron on the much-abused beast.

My donkey boy was a fascinating little Arab who was nicknamed "Schuye Shetan," meaning "little devil." His real name was neither Hassan or Hussein, nor yet Mahomet, as most Mohammedans are called, but Abdul Reilib.

Any one who enjoys athletics will find that donkey riding provides plenty of exercise. Many assert that the donkey cannot sing, but because no one has ever heard him is hardly proof. He clears his throat in a most emphatic manner, as though he were just getting ready to

begin, and if one has time to wait, it is not impossible that he might hear something.

Nearly at the base of the step pyramid stands the house in which Mariette, the distinguished French Egyptologist, lived for twelve years, while superintending his explorations. We reached there in time for luncheon, which was served upon his antique stone table on the portico, by our petticoated attendants, while the beautiful female-headed Sphinx guarded the entrance and smiled on us, as she had smiled at Mariette, and at others for thousands of years, and will continue to smile for ages to come.

Near the house of Mariette is the wonderful tomb of Meri, who was an official under King Seti, of the Sixth Dynasty, some 3300 B.C. There were numerous interesting frescos upon the walls of a suite of thirty-one rooms, excavated from solid rock. One of the bas-reliefs showed two chess players. We saw other numerous frescos showing games played, proving conclusively that amusements were not only in vogue at that period, but expected and prepared for in the future life.

The tomb of the deceased Thy or Ti is also one of Mariette's trophies. It contains upon its walls beautiful bas-reliefs of ancient art. The almost total darkness makes it difficult to see the various carvings, though our dragoman, Mahomet Pilley, carried flash lights, which were brilliant and short lived, but infinitely better than dip candles.

Upon these walls may be seen pictures showing preparation of food by the cooks of that period; the feeding of poultry; laborers in the act of threshing corn, reaping, hewing the logs with which to build ships, sawing timber, ploughing, sowing the seed, rams treading it into the

ground, boats sailing on an allegorical River Nile, with the representation of fish in the water under the vessels, and many other emblematic figures of the Fifth Dynasty, or about 2500 years before the Christian Era.

The pictures of men, women and animals, were cut into the solid rock and colored, and were in as good preservation as when the artists finished their work. Magic was expected to make all these pictures real, that the dead monarch and his retinue might have food, employment and relaxation during their pilgrimage through the under world and upon their return to life.

Mariette discovered Apis, Tombs of the Bull, or Serapeum, in 1851. These are hewn from solid rock, which everywhere underlies the desert. There are said to be twenty-four of these enormous sarcophagi in which mummies of the sacred bulls are enclosed. These monster coffins consist of a single block of either black or red granite, beautifully polished. They are about thirteen feet long, seven feet wide and eleven feet high, and weigh about sixty-five tons. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the bull, the cat, the hawk, and other animals at different periods.

Each bull was in a separate room, opening into a long passageway. The care of the remains of the bull was prompted by the belief that the spirit of the bull, like the soul of the ruler, was united with the God Isis. Pilgrims crowded to these tombs in order to present votive offerings in the shape of memorial tablets, called Stela, which were inserted in the walls of these subterranean tombs and galleries. I was so interested in these that I bought a Stela at the museum, and it was deciphered for me by my friend, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, the Egyptologist, thus:

Translation of Stela

Stela of limestone. Locality unknown, probably upper Egypt. Thirteenth Dynasty. Text: "May a royal offering be given by Osiris, the Lord of Busiris, the Great God, the Lord of Abydos. May he grant funeral sacrifices of bread, beer, oxen and fowls, linen and thousands of all good things to the image or personality of (Ka), the esteemed priest Mentu-Makhte, the justified one, the Lord of Dignity, born of Y-meru, the justified, mistress of dignity."

Below: The defunct priest and "his wife, Tytety," and the text: "The esteemed captain of the soldiers Tebek-hotpu—the justified one—the Lord of Dignity."

The climate of Egypt is specially adapted to the preservation of mummies; rain seldom falls, and the rise of the River Nile was the only water to be considered. Naturally ground was selected above possible inundations. All tombs are covered with dust, absence of moisture is conspicuous. Thus the beautiful colors upon the walls of these sepulchres have been preserved from the corroding effects of water. Many of the kings seem to have lived only to have erected memorials to their fanciful gods. Rameses, the greatest of them all, duplicated himself hundreds of times. It is a strange commentary on the evanescent nature of earthly grandeur that the "immortal" Rameses should be dug from his tomb, photographed, and exhibited in a glass case to any one who cares to look at him, and his very name degraded and used on a brand of cigarettes!

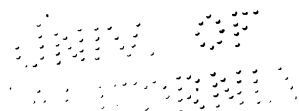
But we must not remain too long with denizens of the lower regions, for the day is passing. Some of our party accompanied us for a nearer view of the step pyramid,



STELA



RAMESES II, SLAUGHTERING MEN OF WESTERN ASIA



TO THE
ADMINISTRATIVE

the oldest pyramid of all, neglected and showing its age. I felt sorry for it, as after all we had seen, we had no enthusiasm left for it or its builder.

Our party divided, the others returning over the desert to the Mena House, while Mrs. Wister and I pushed on to the prostrate figure of Rameses, 30 feet long, done in white marble. It lies on the verdant plain of what was once the populous city of Memphis, now covered with vegetables, banana trees, and grazing fields, and this statue, once intended to beautify the city, broken by some ruthless barbarian, is the only landmark left of the ancient metropolis.

We passed through groves of banana palms to the Nile and with our donkeys and retinue were ferried across in a felucca and rode to Helouan, three or four miles further on, a city situated in an oasis, where many hotels flourish at the expense of visitors who winter there on account of its salubrious dry air. Many men having business at Cairo reside at Helouan with their families.

A railroad carried us to Cairo. It was after dark and trolleys had stopped running, so we hired a two-horse cabriolet and drove ten miles to the Mena House. Pilley remained in Cairo, as he did not wish to shorten his life by exposure to the night air. It was very cold and the contrast between the heat of the day and cold at night was very great.

We reached our hotel about 8.30 P.M., tired and hungry, after a journey of nearly fifty miles, and in thirteen hours, like good Americans, "had seen it all."

In 1900, the year that we were in Egypt, the Nile had less water in its bed and was lower than at any time for one hundred and forty-five years. Consequently, we were obliged to take train to Assuan, instead of going by

dhahabiyah. As all the cities and temples were built on the banks of the river, and it was possible to stop a boat at any point, this certainly would have been the ideal way by which to see Egypt.

The railroad is well equipped with "bed" cars, made comfortable for that warm climate. Assouan is just across the river from Elephantine Island, where our hotel was located. The river bed between was so dry that we were able to drive over it. Just before starting we passed a group of Mohammedans, prostrate in prayer, and saw for the first time what we witnessed many times afterwards, how these devout followers of the Prophet throw themselves upon the ground, their faces to the east (towards Mecca), and apparently breathe the dust of the earth in reverence. Some rich enough to own small rugs (prayer rugs), carry them and throw them on the ground before prostrating themselves.

Our hotel was a luxurious English caravansary, with not many sojourners, as the season was growing late. A collection of mud huts, a Bisharin village, was near the hotel. We were only seven miles from "Philæ," which is near the first cataract of the Nile, not far from where the English are building a huge dam with which to retain the waters of the river during the flood, and thus irrigate large areas of arid land.

Philæ was on an island, then situated fifty or sixty feet above the river level, a group of superb temples, the most perfect in Egypt. Had we come a year later, they would have been inundated. We hear that the top of buildings in Philæ can now only be imperfectly seen from a boat. The beautiful temple of Isis was not one of the most ancient, and was therefore well preserved, having been erected in the Ptolemies' time, about 350 to 400 B.C. Its

graceful lines were not marred by time. Napoleon visited it during his conquest of Egypt in the sixth or seventh year of the French Republic. Now we fear that the action of water will ruin it.

We boated through the first cataract, which, as the water was low, proved to be only a rapid. Beautifully formed, muscular Arab boys swam around the boat, hoping we would throw them pennies. They were remarkably good swimmers, and invariably recovered the coins from the rough water. Their wet skins shone like polished black glass.

One evening while at the hotel on Elephantiné Island we were waiting for the rest of our party to come down to dinner, when we were startled by an enormous beetle, as large as a small saucer, which came flying into the room through the open window with the velocity of a cannon ball, with such force that it killed itself against the opposite wall.

A young New Englander whom we met on the train had a fine rifle and sporting outfit, and expecting to have good lion sport, engaged an expert Bedouin guide, who advised him to invest in a dead donkey as bait. He then guided him to a lonely spot among the sand hills, and there they waited for hours, nauseated by the putrefying remains. Finally, a roar was heard, our friend thought it was a lion, but instead of their quarry it proved to be an army of ravenous mongrel dogs, which closed around to attack them. Fortunately they had plenty of ammunition and shot dozens of the dogs, who as they fell were immediately devoured by their companions. When daylight at last came after the longest night of his life, nothing was to be seen but dogs' bones and those of the rotten donkey.

Our hero was thankful to escape alive; it was a thrilling experience. He was thoroughly disgusted with lion hunting, and turning his back on Assuan accompanied us to Luxor. The subject was a sore one, and we were careful not to tease him about lions.

The temple of Edfou was in better preservation than others of the ancient temples. Philæ was modern in comparison. Mr. Charles E. Dana, of Philadelphia, had advised us not to miss it. Had the river been high enough to travel by dhahabiyah, this would have been easy; as it was low we had a hard day. The massive stonework and pillars were such as we saw nowhere else, and it was the only temple with roof intact.

The thermometer at Philæ registered 125 degrees in the shade. We decided to leave Assuan for Luxor, and to stop half way and visit the temple at Edfou. Pilley wanted another night at Assuan and went nearly crazy when he found we had paid for a special train to pick us up at Edfou. He was sure it would not be sent and tried to make us take the return train to Assuan; said there was no supper provided and all the lunch was eaten. I was annoyed at him, for the English agent had told me the train would not be along until after dark, and I had ordered him to bring extra lunch, enough for two meals.

Pilley was a gentleman who would not carry a basket. He employed a fellaheen who was sent back to Assuan with the empty basket, while we waited, supperless and thirsty, for the intense heat had developed thirst, and there was no water except the unclean Nile water, and it we bought in porous earthen bottles, and were glad to drink. These bottles were used because there was no ice, and the process of evaporation cooled the water.

Edfou was a collection of the poorest sort of mud

huts, with an apology for a station. Our train proved to be a baggage car, containing movable chairs. However, it carried us to Luxor by 10 P.M., where we found a good hotel and supper. One of its advertised recommendations was its bathroom. I tried a bath and found the water perfectly thick with black mud. The water had been dipped in buckets from the shore of the Nile and carried to the tub by fellaheen.

It cannot be doubted that the ancient Egyptians were a religious people. Though their minor gods numbered 71, the Sun God, Re, became the National God, and was generally worshipped. The reigning monarch was regarded as his representative on earth and was styled son of Re, or Horus.

As the Nile flows through Egypt from south to north, giving fertility to all within its reach, the Nile God was generally worshipped with Re, the two combined being responsible for all vegetation. The most terrible wars were waged with little or no reason, nor has the world been much changed by so-called civilization.

One word more about the temple of Edfou. The construction of the walls and roof seemed to antedate anything we had seen except the temple of the Sphinx. It was in viewing this stonework that I was able to solve for myself the problem of how such a temple could be built when modern methods were unknown.

The manner in which the Egyptians built their temples has been the subject of many controversies. When it is remembered that there is no timber growth in Egypt, or through Asia Minor except in Syria, the amount of lumber entering into a scaffold of sufficient height and strength to build the immense stone temple of Edfou, and to carry the enormous blocks of which it is constructed,

was a serious drawback. The theory that no scaffolds were required to erect a building sixty feet high, is somewhat startling. It is accounted for by the inclined plane, which is a conspicuous feature in almost every temple and mosque in the East, and doubtless was used by the ancient Egyptians just as it is used by the modern builders.

The length of the inclined plane was regulated by the height to be overcome. Retaining walls of smaller stones were built around the structure to the same height as the temple walls, and made higher as the work progressed. The space between the two walls was filled in with dirt. In this way the workmen were provided with a solid platform of earth to stand upon while moving and handling stones weighing many tons. The decorators and builders worked on the same solid platform and when the work was completed the retaining walls and earth were removed, and the beauties of the temple revealed.

* * * * *

THE temple of Luxor was built by Amenophis, and was dedicated to Ammon, his wife Mut, and their son, the moon god Khons. A paved street flanked on both sides with sphinxes of recumbent rams with human heads extended all the way from the temples of Karnak to the temple of Luxor.

While at Luxor we did the usual stunts, although the heat was excessive, and flies, fleas, and other insects abounded. Flies could only be kept from our faces by veils, which we all wore constantly.

Life of all animals, except that of human beings (there are many murders), is held sacred by the Egyptians, because they do not know whose soul may occupy the animal's body. It is considered a crime to kill a dog.

To such lamentable lengths is this superstition carried that swarms of disease-carrying flies fasten on the faces of young babies. Their caretakers neither cover the faces with netting, nor do they drive off the pests. These little sufferers are sacrificed to ignorance and religious belief, and blindness to the victims often results from their disgusting custom. The mother would not do it herself, but would allow us, after a small bonus, to brush off the flies.

Allah is a most accommodating god—he allows himself to be blamed or praised, so his name is used on all occasions. When our boat struck a rock on the Nile, Allah was blamed, and when our journeys were successful, he was praised.

To do any sight-seeing we were obliged to copy the habits of sojourners in India, and while at Luxor rose at five, breakfasted at six, and started on our sight-seeing tours at seven; rode on donkeys until eleven, when we returned to the hotel on account of heat, although the dryness of the air helped us bear it. We made the usual pilgrimages, to the obelisks and temples of Karnak on the Luxor side of the river, and on the Thebes side to the Ramesseum and tombs of the kings, tombs of the queens, and temple of Deir el-Bahari. Hot as it was, we did not miss anything.

Once a boy some eight years of age ran after me, asking me to buy him and take him to America, he would be "vera gooda boy," and his father, following after, was equally insistent, but as I had no use for the boy, no price was discussed. What I had seen of the habits of these Arab boys did not prepossess me in his favor.

Every hotel and house employs fellaheen servants. They do the menial work in city and country. Their

strength is prodigious, their wages are low, and their powers of endurance astonishing. Upon several occasions, while our party was at Luxor, two of our ladies were not equal to the long donkey rides. Two chairs were procured, which rested upon poles about 18 feet long. After the ladies were seated four of these fellaheen to each chair, raised the poles on their shoulders, and carried them 14 miles in a morning.

We stopped to see temples and tombs on the way, but the carriers kept up their solemn steady walk over a trackless desert, heated by the sun to a temperature of 140 degrees, to a monotonous chant of "Amenophat, Amenophat," which sounded like "Alone with Pat, Alone with Pat," the sound of which seemed specially suited to our weird surroundings. I have often wished I had secured a phonograph disk of the tune.

The men wore no shoes, as indeed none of the fellaheen do, and the sun must have burnt their feet, but they kept up with the donkey riders and did their work admirably. For the day they received ten piastres, about fifty cents each, which we felt morally obliged to increase by "backsheesh." The chairs, with their occupants, weighed at least 200 pounds each. These men certainly came of a sturdy race.

We were accompanied on these trips by a small army of beggars, men and women, demanding backsheesh, who persevered in spite of Pilley's flogging, merchants who kept their curio wares in turbans, sashes or tied up in dirty rags, or concealed in their wide sleeves, ready to show them at the most inopportune time. Sometimes they would run miles and miles after us visitors, and pounce upon us with a most seductive smile, and a Manchester scarab, saying, "Antiqua, vera gooda, vera old."

We were not always willing dupes, but would sometimes enjoy a long-drawn-out dicker, for what we knew to be worthless, and buy it at last to get rid of our persecutor, although we occasionally found ourselves owners of something really valuable. These finds are supposed to be dug from unexplored tombs.

The eastern merchant always asks more for a commodity than he expects to receive, and despises the man who will give first price. Antiques which are genuine command high prices in shops, and those who desire to own them must buy of regular dealers, or run the risk of being mistaken in their judgment. Experience is a useful agent.

In addition to the bundle vendor, one's donkey boy often plays a prominent part in the transaction, if he is what he always calls himself, "your good donkey boy," your bargaining is much helped by his experience; but not always, for, while crossing a mountain between the tombs of the kings and the River Nile, just opposite Luxor, I dismounted to look at some curious flints, which were mixed with the dry clay of the mountain side. My donkey boy, misunderstanding my object, thought he saw an opportunity to earn a dishonest penny and said, "Gooda place for antiquas, finda a scarab here mosta evera day." As it was an almost impossible place, I paid little attention to him. While leaning over to pick up a flint, he dropped a scarab behind me, as I turned and saw it he pounced upon it crying, "I told you so, finda scarab, genuine antiqua, what you give, vera good, vera old," accompanying his remarks by the most eloquent facial expressions at his command, for the Egyptian is not slow to adopt the worst traits of advanced civilization. As I declined to buy the trick fell flat, although I

have since been sorry that I did not take it, or, at least, examine it and appear to be misled.

Women fellaheen carry heavy loads on their heads with wonderful ease; one sees them continually at the Nile, filling huge water jars. They marry at twelve or fourteen, undergo great hardships, and are broken down at twenty-five.

Bedouins are splendid specimens of humanity; they live in tents, and rove from point to point, are a race to themselves, being practically licensed tramps. They live on the borders of civilization, but are never part of it, mostly pitching their tents on desert sands. Their interests are all fatal to progress and their lives one of continual unrest. They seldom wear shoes, but generally a headdress, which is often handsome and elaborate. Under a burning sun they wear a full turban and hood, falling from over the forehead to the shoulders. They deem strangers, especially a Christian, an interloper, and are taught from earliest infancy that the Moslem is defiled by contact or communication with him. They are apparently without the milk of human kindness, and seem to have no mercy on their women, or other beasts of burden.

When a Bedouin walks it is because he has no animal to carry him. When he has enough animals his family, which is generally numerous, ride them; if animals are scarce, his women walk, but the husband invariably rides.

It was because we travelled south by rail that we were able to compass so much in so short a time. The monsoon had begun to blow on the desert and the air at Cairo was full of its dust. After three weeks, in spite of insects, dust and heat, we regretted leaving the country. Everything was so unusual and full of instructive interest. Mahomet Pilley begged me to return the following winter

to rob tombs; "Fellaheen were cheap to him, that although the most important tombs have been explored by the government, yet there were others, which only he and the natives knew, which would yield rich booty."

Pilley seemed really sorry to lose us, but acknowledged that he knew nothing of Syria. That he has not forgotten us is evidenced by a postal card from him every Christmas.

Many ask why the monuments of the past were built. First and most prominent was the innate desire of men to perpetuate their memory. It may have been not only a question of power for the next generation, but his own position may have been threatened by competitors. Contracts have always been a favorite method for the distribution of patronage.

A temple to cost a few million employs artisans and artists, priests and laymen; years will be consumed in its construction. prisoners and slaves employed by the thousand. Votive offerings must be made at the many recurring feasts. The ancient kings seem to have been the victims of abject flatterers. The temple walls tell of wonderful victories of the ruling monarch, generally accomplished by proxies. He is a wise monarch who oversees the building of his own tomb. If he is up on hieroglyphics, he can read upon the temple walls, in characters more or less beautiful, just what the contractor thinks will help bring another contract.

Thus did king after king erect temples, dedicated to gods of the upper and under worlds. Each temple was ruled over by a high priest, who had suites of lesser priests, limited in number only by the exchequer of the king. The worship of the gods who brought power, grandeur, wealth and a few minor blessings, must be con-

ducted at stated intervals, while the propitiation of the gods of destruction, desolation and calamity, by gifts, fasting and sacrifices, must be forever practised in a suitable and religious manner.

The king's enemies are represented upon the temple walls in the attitude of supplication, while the merciful king in hieroglyphic of colossal proportions with sword in hand is cutting off their heads. High priests seem to have been a source of danger to the rulers of many dynasties, for when they became strong they sometimes betrayed their ruler and protector, and decorated the sacrificial altar with his head, when the high priest, prompted by a sense of religious duty, would proclaim himself the successor and monarch. These priestly traitors seem to have lived to set an exalted example to numerous prototypes of later periods.

The vastness of these monuments of the past tells the tale of horrors fortunately unknown in our day. Huge blocks of granite were taken from quarries located two or more miles across the Lybian desert. Multitudes of slaves, obtained by conquest, were ruthlessly used to erect tombs for the earthly glorification and eternal salvation of kings they did not care for, and perhaps had never seen. The great pyramid of Mena built in the time of Cheops, was one of many so erected.

Mysteries have delighted the hearts of men through all the ages. The educated might have cleared the mists that enveloped the ignorant masses. But large numbers of priests and laymen earned a rich living by inhabiting temples, monasteries and groves, where their services, enchantments and ceremonies added to the mystification of the great mass of uneducated people of Egypt.

Chief among the mysteries in ancient Egypt were

theories of the migration and transmigration of the souls of men.

The merits of the departed were determined by a formal trial before Osiris. If his good deeds predominated, his soul promptly migrated to the Elysian Fields or the regions of Aahlu, and the mummy was solemnly deposited in a special tomb, to remain until the day of resurrection, which was to be an accomplished fact at the end of three thousand years, according to Herodotus.

But if the life of the departed had not been one of rectitude, the verdict of forty-two assessors condemned the soul to transmigration. Sepulture was denied, and in the midst of social disgrace his friends carried the mummy to his home. These friends by correct and meritorious lives might redeem the soul of the departed. But the bodies of the many were buried on the side of the hills nearest their homes, and their souls condemned to transmigration through bodies of any animal lower than man. These souls were then supposed to inhabit the animal during its life, and to pass into some other at its death, and so continue on through the ages until purification was completed.

This doctrine was accepted by many eastern religions, and still obtains among several hundreds of millions of the human race.

Egypt has the proud distinction of having pointed out to all succeeding generations some of the fundamental beliefs which still prevail among men, and while modifications have occurred in the West, the East still pertinaciously clings to many of the beliefs of the ancient Egyptian. The study of temples, tombs, pyramids, gods and goddesses, sphinxes and obelisks is so mingled with the doctrine of the migration and transmigration of souls,

that no excuse need be offered for speaking of a doctrine without which these grand old landmarks would have had no existence.

The advancement of the human mind had then reached an elevation which it has not since surmounted. A pure physical life as a forerunner of eternal happiness was as essential to an Egyptian who flourished 6000 to 7000 years ago as it is to the Christian of the twentieth century. His preservation of the body by mummification may be regarded as superior to the decomposition of the earth or incineration; for when the day of resurrection comes, it may be possible to identify the mummy.

There was a firm conviction among all the inhabitants of Egypt that life did not end at death, provided the necessities of life were provided, and provided also that the mummified body was held intact. Hence the greatest care was taken to properly embalm the body of the dead.

Egypt prided herself upon being the nation which originated many of the sacred and sacerdotal institutions which afterwards were used by other peoples.

Their priesthood first recognized the attributes of the deity.

They first kept a record of the passage of time, and formed a calendar which has been retained to the present time. They taught mankind how to approach the deity in prayer. It was the Egyptians who propitiated their gods by prayers and incense. It is conceded by historians that Greece borrowed much of her worship from Egypt. Oracles came to Greece and Rome from Egypt, but later they degenerated. Though their priests looked upon the divinity as a sole and undivided being, the people did not participate in the secrets and mysteries of the objects they were taught to adore. They were encouraged to

believe in the sanctity of the idol, and the actual existence of the god whose figure they beheld.

The priests knew that the bull Apis was only a type of the divinity, while the ignorant masses worshipped the brute; when the worship of the cat, the eel, the snake followed, religion was practised for the benefit of the priesthood.

The scribe of the past who perpetuated the actions of the great upon stone and brick was an important factor in the creation of the gods.

G. Maspero, professor of Egyptology at Paris, thus writes: "In the fifteenth century before our era, under the reign of Thoutmosis, third of the name, a certain scribe of inferior origin had a son whom he called Amenothis. By what happy chance did this child, born to a humble rank, rise to the highest functions of a state, and thence become a god? He was the supreme civil and military authority, and in all Egypt only the king and the members of the royal family ranked above him; he disciplined the army, increased the navy, built temples, supervised the works ordered by his master, and it was he who erected at Thebes the colossal statues of Memnon. He was in such favor with the king that he was allowed to consecrate statues to himself in the sanctuary of Amon of Karnak. We are already in possession of four of these statues, and the last, which has just been found, is a masterpiece of Theban sculpture. He is represented with a face withered by age, and the inscription on the base shows what a very good opinion he had of himself. 'I came to thee,' he says to Amon, 'to pray in thy temples, for thou art master of all that is under the heavens, as thou art the god of men; in heaven all invoke thy splendor, and thou hearest this appeal, for thou art the incompar-

able sun-god. Thou grantest to me to be among the elect to act according to truth, and I am just, committing no iniquity. When a man is called before me I lend an ear to what he has to say. I listen to no falsehood that would deprive a man from that which is his. My virtue justifies the honors heaped upon me, and which shine in the faces of all. I have lived to the age of eighty years in the favor of the king, and shall endure unto a hundred and ten.'"

His Fame in Magic.—It does not seem very likely that he lived as long as this, but posterity reserved for him privileges even greater than those conceded to him by the Pharaohs, his contemporaries. At this time magic was counted among the most esteemed sciences, and no man could be perfect unless, in addition to being a statesman and administrator, he could also lay claim to being an accomplished magician. Amenothis escaped oblivion, thanks to his reputation for mystic accomplishments. To him is ascribed the credit of many magic writs. Not every one could find words which submitted the gods to the will of men, and the formulas of Amenothis were declared infallible. In consequence, Amenothis saw his name inscribed on the registers of the temple, side by side with the names of the magicians whom the thrice great Hermes had the most liberally favored with his inspirations. He was the hero of innumerable legends, most of which have been lost.

Like Amon, he had sanctuaries at his disposal, one at Karnak, in the city of the living, where his double and his living statues resided, and the other in the necropolis, where his divinity received the funeral honors which belonged to the dead gods. It was first at Karnak that the oracle was consulted. The faithful leaving the temple,

engraved on the plain walls, pictures or votive inscriptions in sign of their gratitude.

To pass from a simple mortal to a god is rare, and in the whole of Egyptian antiquity we find but two others to whom this seems to have happened. The example of Amenothis suffices to demonstrate, however, that the Egyptians did not deem it impossible to make gods. This was not the case with the Pharaohs, for the Pharaohs were not men, they were gods, incarnated in human forms, direct descendants of Amon, and in dying returned, by a natural process, to their primitive godship. Things were very different for such a one as Amenothis. The individual who was to be deified was then, indeed, a real man, in whose life no divinity had had part; and the transformation does not seem easy to explain. They believed that man had no right to immortality, and the portion of him which survived, called the soul, could live only on condition of being nourished and sustained. Living on the worship of posterity it could indefinitely postpone the moment of utter annihilation. The gods themselves were, so to speak, only sublime men, their virtues were stronger, their sensations keener and their life longer, but they also were subjected to human infirmities, to illness, old age, and death, but could be brought back to conscious life by the magic conjurations of surviving gods, and, provided the ordinary sacrifices were continued for them, there was no reason why they should not persist from century to century.

Nor were the Egyptians deficient in the arts and sciences.

Their decorations are still to be seen upon temples thousands of years old. Ornaments in gold and glass are upon exhibition in almost every museum, some of

beautiful workmanship. The syphon and bellows were in common use. Geometry, mensuration and arithmetic were taught by them to the Greeks, whose keen intellect improved upon all that had preceded them.

Days and nights were each divided into twelve hours, the week into seven days, and the year into 365 days.

The vivid coloring upon the surface of the inside walls of the tombs shows that their artists were acquainted with pigments. Brick-making was an art which perpetuated their thoughts, for their printing and writing were generally imprinted upon the clay before burning. Their papyrus was the forerunner of paper.

The eloquent Wendell Phillips's lecture upon the lost arts seemed to prove that we moderns could learn much from the ancients. They lacked full knowledge of the sciences, which must forever precede perfect art. The proficiency of the ancient is a source of wonder and admiration, but substitute chemistry for alchemy, astrology for astronomy, animal magnetism for electricity, the skill of the physician for the pow-wow, and the conditions of ancient life would soon be reimposed upon man.

The human mind advances when science points the way. Just here a clue to the monotonous and uncouth representations of men and women, birds and animals. Each cut of a man is alike and each cut of a woman is like all others. So of each tree, bird, cat or bull. This is accounted for by the fact that in each reign exact orders were given to artists. A man standing must be so high; his head, nose and arms of exact size and length. Finally, art was eliminated, and imitation became the order. Centuries elapsed before Grecian scientific art raised sculpture to as high a standard as it is likely to attain.

The years during which the Egyptians occupied the banks of the Nile are an unknown quantity, but probably many more thousands than history records. The soil near the old city of Memphis has been bored seventy feet in depth. Each boring revealed pieces of crockery. As the soil is added to year by year by the subsidence of mud of the Nile, it shows a country thousands of years old.

Immigrations from many countries have not changed the Egyptians. Their modes of life are regulated by the influences of the River Nile. No country in the world is so dependent upon a river, no river has such exceptional characteristics, and no race maintains such marked and unchanging individuality, and such complete isolation from the world.

They have little wish to improve their condition, and the fellaheen, or tillers of the soil, who form more than six million of the nine million of inhabitants, seem to live only for toil.

They are a tall, straight, lithe race. The women and girls are remarkable for their slender build and their erect and splendid figures. The men shave their heads, but the women wear long black tresses. They have straight noses, high cheek bones, sometimes thick heavy lips like the negro, but generally spare faces and thin lips. The color of their skins is distinctly dark, yellow, olive and light brown, although many of the men are almost black.

While travelling we had many opportunities of seeing how the fellaheen till the soil with plows, such as were used thousands of years ago, drawn by oxen yoked now as of old. The one garment worn by the field laborer is often shortened so the bare legs may keep as cool as the weather will permit. The garment is often

dispensed with by the men while at work in their fields, and generally by the children. They are so dark that they do not look naked.

The houses of the laboring classes are built of bulrushes supported inside and out by mud. These are generally in villages for their better protection, also that no more land may be occupied with buildings than absolutely necessary, for land is worth more than comfort.

There is no rain in Egypt for irrigating purposes, so artificial irrigation is the invariable rule. The soil of Egypt is naturally rich, but the Nile water makes it bloom with wonderfully bounteous growth. Before the great dam at Assuan was built, the water was pumped from the Nile either by man-power or that of animals. The Chodouch is a lever hung in the centre with a weight on one end, which elevates the water vessel, the power of the man being used to return it to the water supply for its load. The Sakieh, which is moved by oxen, is a rude wheel machine to which are attached earthen vessels which scoop up the water as they revolve.

This work was in constant progress from one end of the Nile Valley to the other while we were there, during the period of low water, and by far the largest amount of irrigation was performed in this way. Nor did the amount of water necessary for the growth of plants represent the amount of water pumped. The absorption of the water by the soil is enormous, and appearances indicate that at least three or four times as much is absorbed as is requisite for perfect crops.

The heavy taxes which have been collected from the fellaheen of Egypt for centuries is evidence of the productiveness of their soil. The customs and appearance of the Moslems were of constant interest.

There are two great classes of Egyptians, the serving and the served—those who till the soil and do all drudgery incident to their own living; second, those who have accumulated wealth enough to employ them. Every man or woman who has money employs a servant in some capacity. There are thousands and tens of thousands who do nothing else than carry water. Immense numbers drive the camels and the donkeys which carry food and freight.

Egypt is no longer under either the Sultan of Turkey or of the Khedive, except in name. The Khedive is the ruler, and he nominally receives his Khedivate from the Sultan, but it is hoped that the rule of the Turk is forever gone from Egypt. England is the power behind the Sultan's throne, and not only forms the policy of the government, but carries it out.

The policy of England in her many colonizations is to continue the customs and religions as much as possible. Mahometanism is just as much the religion of Egypt to-day as when the Powers went there and began administering the government.

If the Egyptian adopts foreign methods and ways that are injurious to his health, or to his prosperity, nothing is said to him by the authorities. If he drinks and carouses, which the Koran strictly forbids, spends too much money, and does not work for a living, but becomes a beggar, the authorities are silent, for it is not England's way to govern the individual. As long as he commits no crime he is undisturbed. If the local laws permit street beggary and vagrancy, England follows in the same way and does nothing. Some say, and probably with truth, that the Egyptians are deteriorating under foreign rule. Of the class that comes under the observation of the

visitor, this statement is probably true. The English and American, and, in fact, strangers from many nations are attracted to Egypt for its salubrious winter climate, for its wonderful old temples, for its antiquities, for the quaintness of the Ottoman dress, as well as for the charms of Cairo and her many excellent shops. Some of those who cater to and wait upon strangers become insolent, and often persistent and disagreeable. They extort back-sheesh; are aggressive; sometimes mislead the visitor and occasionally rob him, but generally are well-behaved, communicative and intelligent. We saw no harm in their wishing to be well paid for their work.

The merchants of Egypt seem to belong to no special nationality; they meet upon common ground, and compete for the trade of the world as it passes through Egypt's portals. Here, Moslem, French, German, English, and Americans offer their most attractive wares to all comers, and are sure of a ready market.

Just one word as to Mahometanism, the prevailing religion of Egypt. Mahomet flourished in the sixth century A.D., and in him we find a man of great ability who foresaw that Christianity must be supplanted in its old home, or that it would overwhelm the earth. He found a child-like, plain, innocent people, with deep-seated mysteries, suspicious of new forms of religions, and, above all, very superstitious. To mould all the ancient beliefs of immortality into a religion, which would permit and continue the degradation of women, was not as simple and easy a matter as it at first sight appears. But Mahomet's Koran is not only a most ingenious set of revelations, based largely upon the New and Old Testaments, but he brings himself forward as a second prophet whose word is absolute, and whose sword must conquer those who refuse the word. All the old heathen deities are

omitted, as Mahomet knew his people would not admit of more than one god. The Mahometan god is, therefore, the same as the Christian, except that his name is Allah.

The Mahometan god is made responsible for most of the good and bad which happens to the individual through the doctrines of predestination and fatalism. Progress is abhorred by the Mahometan rulers, who foresee their downfall when modern ideas prevail. Time, though slow, is gradually changing the dress, ways, and manners of the Mahometans. The Turkish soldiers wear European costumes, and hundreds of Egyptians are now dressed in European clothes. The tabouch, or fez, is generally worn, although it seems to me a headdress entirely unsuited to the climate.

Their philosophy teaches that all progress and change is wrong, that "All should be as it always has been," and that the Koran must be more industriously studied than any other book. It is almost the only thing taught in the unique University of el-Azhar at Cairo. There we saw students of all ages, from small boys to old men, sitting on the stone pavement, rocking to and fro, while committing to memory their non-progressive lessons. The professors squat at the base of a pillar, surrounded by their pupils, whose numbers vary with the influence and learning of the teacher. Matting covers the floor of this one-storied college, and all who tread within its sacred portals must either remove their shoes or else cover them with dilapidated slippers, held upon the feet by worn-out strings, which often break, leaving the ragged covering on the floor. This happened so often in many mosques, followed by the smiles of the attendants, that we were forced to the conclusion that backsheesh was their motive, rather than reverence for the sacred edifice.

SYRIA

WE left Port Saïd about 8 P.M. on an Egyptian boat, and what the fleas left of us landed at Joppa next morning. The bay is full of rocks and we were lucky to find the sea smooth.

When the Reverend Phillips Brooks visited the Holy Land, he was obliged to remain on board three days, tossed about until the winds and waves subsided.

Before leaving Cairo we had applied at Cook's tourist agency for a guide and had been assigned a man named Elisha, who met us at Joppa.

The train did not leave Joppa for Jerusalem until 3 P.M. We utilized the time in visiting the English School for Girls, the site of the house of Simon the tanner, and plucked huge red poppies. They grew wild, large and very plentiful. The market place was quaint and unique, and one of our girls took an excellent snapshot.

At Jerusalem we lodged on third-floor-front corner room at the "New" Hotel, just inside the Joppa gate. The first-floor front of this hostelry was occupied by shops; the rear on same floor was a foul-smelling stable. We enjoyed all the odors every time we ascended or descended the steep stairs to our room, for, of course, there was no elevator. The dining-room and kitchen were on the second floor.

There is no wood in Syria. Trees are heavily taxed. One morning it was cold. We wanted a fire, and they brought us a bundle of twisted roots. On our drives we saw women and children often digging for roots as fuel. Any one planting an olive tree must pay taxes for



Wister, Jones
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TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

it every year, not waiting for it to become fruitful, consequently, very few are planted.

Numbers of lepers were sitting' openly near the gates or walking closely veiled in the densely crowded streets, for Jerusalem was full of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe, who came to see the Greek fire on the following Sunday. We felt safer and consequently happier while making excursions outside the walls than walking through what we felt were plague-infested streets. However, at each Easter, ours and that of the Greek Church, which comes a week later, we pocketed fears and indulged our curiosity by visiting the "Holy Sepulchre" Church.

There are a few points of genuine interest, because time has been unable to obliterate them. The Mosque of Omar, built on the site of Solomon's Temple, still contains in its centre the huge stone reputed to have been the spot where Abraham had Isaac ready for sacrifice. A visit to the "Wailing Place" of the Jews showed us a part of the original stone foundation of the temple.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a vast edifice; Armenians, Romanists, Greeks, Episcopalians and Copts have an altar there, each in an alcove dedicated to his own belief. The Holy of Holies is contained in a perfect gem of a chapel, built in the centre under the dome. Each sect claims it for his own religion.

Early Easter morning we arrived there and found priests of these five Christian denominations marching around the Holy of Holies in a circle, in order that none of the sects should have precedence, with a line of Mahometan soldiers on each side of the procession to preserve order. So great is the fanaticism of the different sects that they are ready to tear each other to pieces on the slightest provocation. A sad commentary on religion!

Despite all reports to the contrary, Jerusalem is a hole, albeit 2800 feet above the Mediterranean. Its area, outside the walls, covers only two hundred and ten acres. There is only one short street wide enough for carriages. Its paths are closely built up on both sides and lined with shops. The sellers are Arabs, Jews, and all the motley turbaned and petticoated crowd who infest this end of creation. Every fellow attends to his own affairs in the most aggressively polite way.

If one does not enter their petty shops, which contain little worth buying and yet concerning which they always say, "very valuable" and "much cheaper" than elsewhere, he is met with a warm reception, half or all the way across the eight-foot street by the dirty merchants, who smile and flatter, with the result that you are "snake charmed" into the shop, "only to look, gentlemen, not to buy."

It has been "pull Dick, pull devil" here for so many centuries that authorities are generally at a loss for correct locations of former ruins. There have been some excavations and proofs have been discovered of several sites, but the "Holy Sepulchre," which the Christians worship and fight over, is half and half in doubt; there is no doubt, however, of its foulness!

Jerusalem needs a big flood preceded by an earthquake, to tear it up and wash it out.

April 20, 1900. We spent the morning inside the walls of Jerusalem. A strong stomach and plenty of cologne were requisite. Some of our party enthused, but dirt and nastiness are not inviting. The Ecce Homo arch seems and looks authentic. It is surrounded by the Church of the Sisters of Zion, who have found many old

rocks and pieces and inserted them into the new church, which makes it look old.

On the road from Jerusalem to Hebron, after passing Bethlehem, near the pools of Solomon and growing wild, we saw jet-black velvety calla lilies, fashioned like white ones, yellow stamen and pollen, exactly similar. We were so astonished that we stopped the carriage and dug up some of the roots, but although they were carefully packed and mailed to a florist in Philadelphia, they would not grow.

I made up my mind that the pools and springs were the only ancient relics left, and it was with great interest that I saw the pools of Solomon and waters of Hebron, and the spring of the Apostles on Jericho way. I have purposely refrained from all descriptions of buildings and places, as these can readily be found in guide books, and have only given personal experiences, one of which occurred at Hebron.

There was a noticeable absence of people in and about Hebron. Elisha said they did not want to be contaminated by Christians. There were numbers at the upper windows, watching and spitting and throwing stones upon us. We were glad to leave. Under the circumstances it will easily be seen that there were no hotels or restaurants in Hebron, and we would have had no lunch, had not the Cook Company provided a guardian angel in the person of Alexander Eckstein just outside the walls. He was a kindly old Jew, dressed in a long white gown, with embroidered sash and white turban, with a white, short curtain or veil hanging behind his head, and two tight corkscrew curls hanging either side of his face.

He served us a good lunch and inquired if we had met his son, Solomon Eckstein, in America; he did not know

if he had settled in New York or St. Louis, but it was one or the other. He also did not know whether his son had assumed his own name or had retained the name that was on the passport he had stolen from one of his friends named Joseph Orlinski!

Later in the week we decided to go to Jericho, although Elisha protested that we might not get back in time to witness the Greek Easter celebration. However, we started, and got as far as the Apostle Spring, where, after a short halt for a drink, one of our wheels came off. This was repaired and we went on another quarter mile, until a second wheel came off, Elisha again protesting that it was the will of the Lord we should not go to Jericho that day. We persisted, but when a quarter mile farther on, a third wheel became detached, we agreed with Elisha that it was the Lord's will that we return to Jerusalem; needless to say that no more wheels came off and we got back to Jerusalem in time for lunch.

Evidently our guides feared we might not return before the celebration of Greek fire, now only two days off. Mr. Merrill, our American Consul, politely invited Roberts and me to accompany him to the monastery balcony inside the church, and said that it would be impossible for ladies to witness it.

The day before, I had interviewed Elisha to see if he could manage to have our ladies present. He thought that for two pounds, one pound each, he could hire his mother and sister to keep places in the organ loft. These women went early in the evening the night before, supplied with food, and secured places, so that at noon next day Elisha and his brother came for our ladies and escorted them to the church.

They filed, one behind the other, each one keeping

hold of the one in front, Elisha leading and pulling, and his brother bringing up the rear and pushing, and in this way elbowing through the swarms of dirty, ill-smelling pilgrims who had been there all night, fought their way to the organ loft. I suspect the organist received a bonus, for excellent places were there for the party.

Two Austrian women, evidently of high degree, were also there, most courteous to our ladies when they found that they were Americans and spoke German.

We were told that the fire would appear at two o'clock. The organ loft was immediately in front of the small window of the sepulchre from which the fire was to issue. A few minutes before two the archbishop entered the Holy of Holies and closed the door to offer prayers. These were answered by a lighted torch which the Angel of the Lord (or the archbishop) thrust through the aperture at the appointed moment.

From the intense silence which prevailed after the archbishop's arrival, the church became a babel of noises and confusion.

People went wild, women set fire to their skirts, men to their beards, all on the floor seemed crazy, but the smoke of burning garments and from countless candles helped us better to breathe the fetid atmosphere. Couriers hastened in all directions carrying lighted torches to light candles in Bethlehem, Hebron, etc.; these in turn communicate with many others until every candle in the whole country is lighted with holy fire; 5000 to 20,000 candles inside the temple were quickly lighted. When a blaze of living flame is in every one's hand the sight is grand and impressive and one long to be remembered. I am used to the lurid flame of the blast furnace, but that spectacle of dancing flames held aloft above the heads of

ten thousand wild demons, surpasses description. It was immediately after this ceremony that we left for Jericho.

That afternoon at three o'clock our little cavalcade of three carriages started again to Jericho about twenty-five miles distant. We were glad to find that the Lord had entirely changed his mind as to our journey, no more linchpins were mysteriously removed from the axles, and we arrived at Jericho without accident.

A fine road had been built two years before for Emperor William's convenience, which we appreciated. The scenery was grand and most interesting, as the flocks and herds browsing on the mountains tended by their ragged shepherds must have looked the same in the time of our Saviour. Several murderously armed Arabs on superb horses approached and questioned Elisha. We wondered what might have happened had we had no escort. Jerusalem is twenty-eight hundred feet above, and the Dead Sea and Jericho are thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean level. The former is cold and damp, the latter tropical. We slept at Jericho, as well as insects would permit us, and next morning drove on to the River Jordan and Dead Sea.

The "shining shore" of the Jordan River is very muddy. As compared with our ideal of what it should be, it was a failure. The Jordan is slightly wider than our Wissahickon, is a fast-moving river, and carries considerable water. From the standpoint of a sportsman, the Jordan was perfect; from a religious point of view, it was a disappointment. The imagination must be worked to its utmost to see anything attractive about it. However, we secured in a flask brought for the purpose a couple of quarts of water, which we boiled over an alcohol lamp on

returning to Jerusalem, let it settle, and brought home perfectly clear.

The Dead Sea, on the contrary, was a complete success. We used the carriages as bath houses and with Arab gowns improvised into bathing dresses, had a delightful bath. The waters are clear and invigorating, alkaline and extremely bitter, very heavy and closely resembling that of our own Salt Lake in its powers of flotation, but not at all slimy, as some travellers assert. We also secured a bottle of this water as a trophy for home.

Jericho is one of the many "has beens." There is not a vestige of the old city and its five kings, but I do not doubt that the mounds were in reality ruins covered by dirt of a thousand years' accumulation and awaiting excavation.

New Jericho has three inferior hotels of which the one presided over by our would-be son-in-law was the best. There are plenty of fleas and climate hot. We remained only one night in the hotel at Jericho, but that was long enough for the proprietor to fall in love with one of our daughters, the youngest, whom we had taken from boarding school. He professed himself very much enamoured and made overtures to me for her purchase. I was very much amused with his absurdity and encouraged him. First he offered me \$5000 cash; then two houses in Jerusalem worth \$5000 each. I conducted these negotiations with such apparent candor that some of our party became a little uneasy. Just how much more might have been offered we did not remain to learn, as our time at Jericho was limited, and we started our uphill climb.

Men in that country can marry as many wives, up to four, as they possess means to buy. It is the Eastern

custom, in the lower ranks of society, to purchase the bride through a friend or go-between, by bartering with her parents as to the price they have set upon the person of the proposed bride.

The invariable answer is that she is engaged to some high official, generally a Pasha, who has offered \$1000. The purchaser knows this to be an untruth and negotiations, though delayed, begin again in a day or two, at a lower figure. The go-between (for the purchaser never acts in his own behalf) suggests that for the sake of the Prophet Mahomet, the owner should take off \$200, which he always agrees to do, and later, for the memory of the girl's grandmother, another \$200 should be deducted. Then upon other pretexts the purchase money is finally reduced to about \$200. The groom probably has \$40 or \$50 of this in cash; a camel worth \$30 to \$50; a donkey worth \$20, and a sheep or two worth \$5 or \$10, say \$100 to \$125 in all. Then he executes a promissory note based upon the half of next year's crops as collateral for the balance and the bargain is completed.

All this without the groom ever having seen his bride, as no respectable Egyptian woman may be seen by any other man except her own immediate family without defilement. Her veil must be, and always is, worn out of doors. An infringement of this rule means social as well as religious ostracism.

This separation of women from the world prevents social intercourse as we know it. Marriage becomes a lottery and after the groom has paid for his wife, he may be woefully disappointed when he sees her. However, this is digression. The bargain concluded, the wedding takes place by means of a procession. The bride is lifted into a highly decorated chair or carriage,

swung on poles between two gaily caparisoned and bedecked camels. Music is provided and to the tune of innumerable tom-toms the bride is delivered to the home of her husband without further ceremony, her relations and friends following on foot or in carriages, according to the girl's popularity or consequence. She is escorted to a bathing place, washed and properly clothed, and the procession ends when she is delivered to her husband's house or tent, always provided he has paid over to the lady's family the animals and money negotiated for. Query: If one camel's motion is so uncomfortable, what must it be to be jolted between two of them?

Women friends are occasionally invited to the houses of the better class to see the bride, and are expected to leave a gift of money. Our ladies were included in one of these parties, cake and wine were handed, and a flower presented to each guest.

The bride then becomes one of the family of her husband, who has, before his marriage, given a divorce bond. The wife may be as good and careful a wife as possible, never show herself in public unveiled, never meet any male except her husband, may be in every way a virtuous wife and mother, but should her husband tire of her for any reason, she is then paid the amount of money mentioned in the divorce bond and turned adrift. She may go back to her own parents if she has any, or to any other house than her husband's; the latter has no further interest in her, and she is no longer part of his family or under his protection.

Not so the children; they are the husband's, and he must take the best care of them he can afford, giving them every advantage in his power.

Three hours were sufficient for the down-hill journey to Jericho, but it required six or seven for the return.

I had a touch of fever at Jerusalem, which Doctor Wheeler, the surgeon in charge of the English Hospital, declared came from drinking Nile water. He cured me in one day with an enormous dose of quinine.

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WE had not planned an overland trip, and returned to Jaffa in order to take the boat to Beyrout, this time on a French vessel. Every week a boat of a different nationality left Port Saïd for Constantinople. One night on board, and in the morning we docked at Beyrout. This was a large, prosperous city and had more of an European air than any other in Syria. It possesses a remarkably satisfactory filter plant and an American college, both of which we visited and approved.

One of our fellow-passengers wanted us to drive forty miles that afternoon to Baalbek, sleep there, view the ruins in the morning and go on to Damascus in the afternoon, see that city and return to Beyrout the same night, so as to continue on the French boat to Constantinople. After consultation our party decided that this was a trifle strenuous, and preferred to take longer time on shore, and a Russian boat a few days later.

The view over the mountains from the train was superb. At every turn of the upgrade a different landscape seemed to unfold itself to our delighted eyes, with the diminishing city of Beyrout below, and the blue Mediterranean in the distance.

We lunched at the station, before driving the twelve miles to Baalbek. The ruins seemed modern compared to those in Egypt, but were massive and imposing, and

aroused our wonder and admiration. The huge blocks of stone were not exaggerated reports; indeed, one mammoth stone in the quarry was left in process of cutting out, showing how they did it. Small crevices were drilled into the granite, pieces of wood inserted and water poured on them until the wood swelled and split the rock—verily, time and patience were required in those days!

From Baalbek we took the train again to Damascus, passing a long stone aqueduct in ruins, which had been built by Queen Zenobia. Of course, at Damascus we visited the mosque where Hassan and Hussein, the Mahometan martyrs, are buried. Also, the bazaars, where we bought several silk rugs, and, in addition, visited a Turkish house which was interesting with its high walls around a central courtyard, all the rooms on the second floor seeming to have no walls, but open to the air. We, however, saw no women there—they may have seen us, but we did not see them.

We drove up to an elevated plateau on the side of the mountain to the spot where Mahomet is supposed to have been "Translated." It was dry and dusty, no rain seems to fall, and from that height Damascus looked like a patch of green oasis among desert plains.

The Russian boat is the slowest of all—six days is required for the trip, which other lines make in four—but it was clean and very comfortable. We had brass beds in our staterooms. There were only two first-class passengers besides ourselves. One, with a queer name, we were whispered, was the son of chief of secret service in St. Petersburg, the other had been consul at Beyrout and was going home. Both of them spoke English and were very polite.

The first gentleman had a beautiful white Arabian

horse in a box stall on the lower deck. We had no desire to venture off our deck, but looked with curiosity and pity on the strongly odorous hundreds of pilgrims bound to Odessa, huddled squatting on the bare boards, satisfied to sit there both ways in transit, while making pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the occasion of Greek fire. Each woman had a small bag of orange peel, which she chewed as if it were so much tobacco.

After leaving Beyrout our boat touched at Tripoli for twelve hours, and we, of course, went to the silk factory to make purchases. All through Syria the chief industry seemed to be the raising of silkworms and cocoons and spinning silk.

We had been told that the Tripoli oranges were the finest in the world, and so they looked to be, but we feared to touch them, and hastened back to the shore and the boat, for the orange vendor, a young man not thirty, was disfigured and swelled with leprosy, and not he only, but several others standing near him.



Our staterooms opened out of the dining-room saloon and were on an upper deck. The food was good and we had nothing to complain of except the slowness of the vessel. Our boat stopped twenty-four hours at Smyrna, and we took opportunity to visit the ruins of Ephesus and temples of Diana and Jupiter. No excavating had been done and there was little to see or wonder at, except the bed of what had been the sea and was now dry land by its retirement, and the ruin of Ephesus as a commercial city.

At Smyrna we had gone to Cook's office for our guide and were charged eighty dollars for his services, all

expenses extra, which they told us was cheap, and would recommend no other. We discovered later that many parties had been held up for ransom, and that the place was the resort of banditti, whom our old guide had placated with part of the bonus we had given him. At any rate, we were not molested on our ride among the ruins, and enjoyed a fairly good dinner at the little hotel near the station.

However, upon taking the train a horde of wild, picturesque looking men appeared as if by magic. They had revolvers and knives stuck in their belts, and we were glad we had invested the \$80 and had not seen them before.

They danced and laughed and pointed at us in derision. Some brought small pieces of pottery to sell to us, which seemed to amuse the others very much. We drew a long breath of relief when the train pulled out.

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OUR next stop was at Constantinople, where we learned that bubonic plague had appeared and that our boat had been the last to enter the port. However, we risked staying for several days, we had come too far to be frightened away. We first took a drive around the city and to the ruined massive fortifications, passing several unique graveyards filled with numerous evergreen spiral trees. An upright slab adorned with a turban meant that a man slept beneath; a bunch of flowers on top indicated a woman's grave. The old fortifications, Mosque of St. Sophia, Museum of Antiquities and jewels of the Sultan, and his appearance at "The Selamlık," sweet waters of Asia, etc., will not be forgotten.

Mr. Lloyd Griscom was acting ambassador in the ab-

sence of his chief, and showed us kind attention, escorting us to the bazaars and "Far Away Moses," the shop in Stamboul. His advice was most useful. Through him we were invited by Far Away Moses to witness that night in the Persian quarter the celebration of the Feast of Hassan and Hussein, supposed to be witnessed only by the faithful.

This so-called feast is really a sacrifice in commemoration of the murder of these faithful followers of the Prophet who were falsely maligned as traitors and killed as such. Too late the plot was discovered, and although the event occurred over 1400 years ago, enthusiastic believers show their sorrow for the mistake by torturing themselves annually.

At dusk we met our Persian friend at his shop in Stamboul and were duly escorted to the Persian quarter. This is an enclosure of some two hundred square feet, built around by shops, and entered under a low arch from one side.

There were such crowds of excited men that had it not been for our pilot we should never have gained the entrance. Just inside the arch to the right there were four or five steps to a door opening to a stairway. We huddled on the top step, waiting for the door to be opened as the procession had begun to move.

First came two beautiful white horses, dabbled with blood, and on top of each was fastened a snow-white dove, emblematic of the souls of Hassan and Hussein. Next came a platoon of men, striking their bare breasts with their bare hands until blood came, so that the noise of the slapping could be heard a quarter of a mile away. The next platoon carried whips, the cords of which were chains, and with these the lashers struck their bare backs until the

blood flowed down on the white garment fastened around their waists.

By this time the door was opened and we were glad to follow into the dark hall and up the steep, unlighted staircase, to file along a very narrow, long hall, which seemed interminable. Our pilot, at the head of our column, carried a lighted candle, which seemed only to make our surroundings more gruesome. Finally, we emerged on a balcony at the further end of the square in time to see two coffins borne around the circle with a dagger's handle protruding from the stomach of each corpse.

Next came a platoon dressed in white robes such as butchers wear, bareheaded, and carrying swords which they flourished over their own heads, often cutting the scalp. The wounds they inflicted bled so freely that their shirts were red with blood. So much in earnest were the marchers that one or two became exhausted from the loss of blood and were removed by their friends.

Other friends of some who could afford to pay for such serving walked beside the marchers, carrying billets of wood which they raised automatically, protecting the heads of the marchers, who cut the wood instead of their scalps. A remarkable thing about this ceremonial was that the men in the procession wore no turbans. We had never seen before a bare shaved head of a Turk or Persian.

Next and last came a platoon of small boys dressed like the others, carrying shorter swords, and emulating the example of their elders. It was most sickening. One of the boys—he could not have been more than ten—missed his scalp and cut the side of his throat, fell down immediately, and was carried out covered with blood. We felt he had severed his jugular vein.

The people became frenzied, the procession moved faster, and the wildest excitement prevailed. One man standing below our balcony thrust a dagger into his stomach and was carried out. Men seemed to hold themselves in readiness to carry out these deluded fanatics.

We sickened and wanted to leave, but our Turkish friend told us we would have to wait until the celebration was over; he could not answer for our lives if we ventured out, and when we did go, we were cautioned not to leave our carriages until safely at the Pera Palace Hotel.

When we were in Turkey (1900) no telephones were permitted for fear of insurrections. They were too easy a method of communication. Messages were conveyed by means of piratical-looking Turks, armed with long knives and grotesquely costumed. We never dared to laugh at them. We were glad to get out of Turkey alive.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left us at Constantinople and took the train to St. Petersburg.

Mr. Charlemagne Tower was then our ambassador to Russia, and was located with his family at St. Petersburg, now Petrograd.

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FROM Constantinople we took the train to Budapest, saw the Emperor's palace and a military drill, and thence to Vienna. At Vienna we found Dr. and Mrs. Norton Downs; she was as beautiful as ever. The Semmering Pass, in the Tyrol Mountains, Venice, Padua and Bologna were our next stops on our way to Venice.

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AT Venice we met Miss Beulah Hacker, who had just come from Athens. She strongly advised us not to

miss going there, even if for only two or three days. We took passage on a Greek boat from Brindisi to Patras. Stopping at Cyprus en route, we visited the Villa Achilleon, the residence of the unhappy Empress Augusta of Austria.

At Athens, the city and surroundings, Acropolis and Erechtheum, well repaid us for our uncomfortable, hot trip. The soldiers in their stiff white skirts and braided jackets with turned-up tasselled toes on their red shoes were extremely interesting.

The Greek boat on which we sailed had never been cleaned; at any rate, no evidences of cleanliness were apparent, and the service and food were bad to match the rest. I was the only man in the party of five. The ladies had a large stateroom containing five bunks. When I requested a separate stateroom from the captain, he said "He did not see why I could not sleep with my harem!"

Returning to Brindisi, we took the train to Naples and visited Vesuvius, Capri, Sorrento, Amalfi, and Paestum before going to Rome. Then to Florence, Pisa, Milan, Innsbruck, and by carriage to Oberammergau.

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At Capri we were fortunate to find the sea smooth and passage into the Blue Grotto easy. Its charms are much overrated. I much preferred the climb up the hills at Capri and to see the picturesque Bay of Naples—from this point it is seen in its greatest beauty.

We crossed to Sorrento and met there Mr. Vanuxem, brother-in-law of William Potter, our former minister to Italy. He read aloud to us extracts from Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." Next day we drove along the

sea, a wonderful road to Amalfi, and the Doric ruins of Paestum, remarkably preserved temples.

Pompeii, on account of the extensive excavations, was four times the size it was in 1869, when we saw it before.

At Vesuvius we could not ascend to the top because the railroad had been destroyed by an eruption. We went as far as the Hermitage and saw the enormous masses of black lava lately deposited.

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IN Rome we called to see Mr. and Mrs. George Wurts. She was Miss Henrietta Tower before marriage. We found them in a palace furnished with rare curios—a veritable museum of antique furniture of every kind, tapestries, thrones, etc.

The ruins of the Forum and Coliseum, like those of Pompeii, are much more interesting for the thirty years' work of excavation. It was hard to realize that what had then seemed to be hills or mounds, covered with grass and trees, were in reality hidden palaces covered with accumulated débris.

Of course, we saw all picture galleries—also, those in Florence—and ascended the leaning tower of Pisa.

OBERAMMERGAU

WE went to Milan from Pisa and there took a morning train to Innsbruck, from which we took the romantic drive to Oberammergau. On the road from Innsbruck to Oberammergau we were very much interested to know that we were passing the castle of Count Pappenheim.

Every tenth year the citizens of the small village of Oberammergau present the Passion Play, first given in gratitude for deliverance from war, now, seeming to be a good investment, as it attracts thousands of people from all over the globe, and as there are no hotels, visitors sleep in the quaint houses of the villagers, which, by the way, are all boarding houses during the Passion Play. The inhabitants reap a golden harvest.

We had secured accommodations before leaving America from Thomas Cook's agency, at the house of Frau Veit. We arrived in the midst of a heavy rain, but she was expecting us and made our stay under her roof most comfortable. It was not a hotel, but a private house. Some of her family had part in the show. They all knew the different performers and their occupations. In such a small place everybody knows everybody else. Many of the participants give their services to the town gratis, although a few of them are too poor to do so.

The money earned by admittance is used for public purposes. The theatre was paid for from the profits, as also are the costumes.

At Oberammergau we met Mr. and Mrs. Clement Stocker Phillips and Harry Barclay, also Doctor Royster, whom I teased about Bertie Page. He is since married to her.

The play was perfect in every detail, whether looked upon from a Biblical standpoint or a dramatic one. The representation was wonderful. When one remembers that the people who act in it are paid very little, probably gauged by what they earn at their daily vocations, it is astonishing that they perform so well.

Their theatre consists of a huge wooden auditorium, which holds just 3800 seated. The stage is fifty feet away from the audience, and for light and ventilation, is open to the sky. The audience, under roof, was dry, the actors, exposed to the weather, were often made uncomfortable by rain, for it is a most rainy country. But to their credit and endurance be it said that every performance is equally good. Rain or shine, the actors go through their parts, carefully and solemnly, as though the sun were always shining, their faces betraying no discomfort.

The method of the performance was after the manner of the Greeks and Romans, who, of course, had to announce what the actors would do next. The music was purely oratorical or operatic, and the human voice is treated as an instrument. As a prologue to each scene, the chorus stands before the curtain and stage. It consists of about fifty people, arranged in a half circle. The chorister sings the argument. Each end person is dressed exactly alike. The next from each end the same, and each couple the same way all the way to the centre person, who does all the talking. All the chorus wear white underskirts and a colored robe over it, in charming contrast.

Each one wore a headpiece intended to represent a brass helmet.

The morning session of the play began at 8 A.M., and ended at 11.30, when there is intermission for lunch. It again begins at 2 and lasts until 5.30. The performance is perfect in all its general arrangements, as well as in detail. All the men let their hair and beards grow long. A saint must part his hair in the middle and it must be long enough to soil his collar; he then looks like an artist, a crazy man, or a saint. The people at Oberammergau are trained to be saints, and as far as outsiders know, they are saints.

The villagers all seem to be on the make, and store-keepers work the saints for their own benefit. A number of them live by wood-carving. The crucified Christ is their chief work. Their prices are exorbitant. I made an offer for a Spanish type of Christ, which was an antique in ivory, but the offer was declined, although it was twice as much as it was worth. In Italy my offer would have been accepted, but in Oberammergau crowds of visitors kept up prices.

The country was too beautiful to be railroaded through, and we drove to Hohen Schwangau and Neuschwanstein castles, built by Louis of Bavaria.

We then took the train to Munich, Nuremberg and Carlsbad, where we all took mud baths and sampled all the waters, getting up early in the morning to walk with hundreds of others, each carrying a mug, to the spring for two drinks, then back to the hotel for breakfast.

As Carlsbad one of the party was indisposed, and I took a prescription from a Philadelphia M.D. to the "apotheker" to be made up. He refused to touch it unless it was viséed by a local doctor, and I was obliged to hunt one and to pay him five dollars for the privilege

of showing his name at the bottom of a perfectly good prescription. After which the druggist condescended to put it up, and I had learned another trick of our German cousins.

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OUR sister republic, France, gave our country a magnificent memorial in the shape of the Goddess of Liberty. She stands on an island in the Harbor of New York, lighting the path of mariners. Emblematically, she enlightens the whole world; teaching all nations that each one is at liberty to worship his God, as his conscience dictates. She inspires us to patriotism and love of country.

It was fitting and right that in her hour of need we went to help defend France and set an illustrious example in the World War of these same principles.

I have always loved France and Paris, and feel more at home in that country than any other in Europe. Have you ever read Max O'Rell's "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles"? It's full of delicious humor. I love all Frenchmen when I read that book.

At Paris we rested fifteen days at the new Trocadero Hotel, which time we improved by visiting the great exhibition of that year, as well as purchasing such attire as the Vienna modistes had not provided. In 1900 the automobile was a new invention, little seen outside of Paris, but the streets were full of them, running at dangerous speeds.

As the fountains play every Sunday at Versailles, I invited our party to accompany me there in an auto. We lunched early, intending to spend the afternoon motoring, but were disappointed, as, after numerous messages to the garage, the chauffeur reported that something ailed

his machine and that he could not start it. We consoled ourselves by going to Versailles by boat and train.

One of the ladies was buying a cloth coat at an expert fashionable tailor's shop, Saddler's, at No. 3 Rue Scribe, and my interview with him is worth recording.

I asked him about ordering a suit of clothes, when he remarked that American-made clothes were so much better than foreign made that he wondered Americans ever bought clothes abroad. I answered that I was not aware of it, but he assured me that it was a fact. In spite of his advice I bought two or three suits at the army and navy store in London, taking with me a pattern of how they should be made, and found them thirty-three per cent. cheaper than the same suitings could have been secured in Philadelphia, and entirely satisfactory.

On our journey from Budapest to Vienna we met some very pleasant travelling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Otter, and her sister, Miss Hobson. They were English people living on an estate of about two hundred acres, about seven miles from London. They enjoined us to inform them when we reached London, which we did, and we spent a delightful day with them. They were most hospitable, invited us to luncheon and met us at the station with a coach and four beautiful horses, which Mr. Otter drove himself. Mr. Otter showed me his herd of fifteen thoroughbred Alderneys, fruit trees trained against walls, up-to-date modern stables, etc.

It was strawberry time, the fruit grew larger than walnuts, and the cream had to be dipped out with a spoon.

Mrs. Otter's mother lived with them; she was still beautiful and youthful looking; it was plain to see how her daughters came by their lovely complexions.

As Hampton Court was in their neighborhood, he drove us to visit it on our way to the train. We had been there before, but were glad to renew our acquaintance with the historic old palace.

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AMONG the passengers on the steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, homeward bound, I found young Benjamin Frazier, son of my old friend, Wm. W. Frazier. He told me, as a good joke on himself, of how he had to economize and deny himself amusements in London because he had given up his letter of credit to tide over expenses of some Pennsylvania University boys, who had gone over to compete in the Paris games on July 14th. Their money had run out, and as Frazier's passage was secured, he thought he could afford it, but calculated too closely, and was too proud to ask a loan from friends.

He was a fine fellow. I told him that the honor and respect gained by his kind action would follow him through life, and that I was proud to shake hands with him.

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ON our return from abroad, 1900, we went to our summer home by the sea at Cape May, but were scarcely settled there before letters came from Valentine, our manager at Dunbar, calling me there for the occasion of blowing in a new furnace. This ceremony I have described a few pages back.

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AFTER leaving Dunbar we were interested, with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Platt Pepper, in introducing

a social function which gave our young people, and incidentally ourselves, much pleasure.

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MR. WILLIAM PLATT PEPPER was the first president of the School of Industrial Art and Pennsylvania Museum from its inception, 1876, for more than twenty-five years. Under him it expanded and outgrew its original small, and afterwards larger, quarters at 1336 Spring Garden Street, and it was proposed to purchase the old Deaf and Dumb Institution, at corner of Broad and Pine Streets. Mr. John T. Morris was prominently connected with the school from its beginning, and Mrs. Jones Wister was an enthusiastic worker on the Associate Committee to the Board of Trustees. It was largely due to the untiring efforts of these three that in 1893 the school was moved to its present quarters under protest, for many thought it impossible that it could ever fill those large buildings.

Events have proved their foresightedness to have been correct. From less than 300 at that time, the membership has increased to more than 1400, and every inch of the school is utilized; it has again outgrown its quarters. Originally costing \$541,000, the property is now valued at over \$2,000,000—proving the purchase to have been a good investment.

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THE campaign for the School Fund had thrown the Peppers and ourselves constantly together. We had daughters of about the same age who became debutantes about the same time, and mutual interests led to many meetings.

Mrs. Pepper when younger had belonged to the "Cin-

derella Cotillons" in New York, and was desirous of introducing them in Philadelphia, alternating with Mrs. Frederick T. Mason's popular Monday Evening Dances. To this end many letters had been exchanged, but nothing could be arranged without consultation.

We invited Mr. and Mrs. Pepper to visit us at Cape May, but as they could not come, we decided to go to them at Bellport, Long Island, where they had a handsome villa, amid beautiful surroundings, near the estate of Mr. Lyman, Mrs. Pepper's father.

They received us with charming hospitality, and our week-end with them was all pleasure, albeit we settled while together the matter of the cotillon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepper had thought over the matter carefully, and had prepared rules and suggestions of which we heartily approved, and promised our coöperation. To this end Mrs. Pepper and Mrs. Wister invited patronesses, seven in all, to chaperon

The Monday Fortnightly Cotillons

Mrs. Arthur Brock

Miss Tyler

Mrs. John Gerhard

Mrs. Jones Wister, Treasurer

Mrs. Effingham B. Morris

Mrs. Wm. Platt Pepper, Secretary

Mrs. George B. Roberts

The following rules were adopted:

Guests invited from 8 until 12 o'clock.

Drawing for Cotillon seats at 8.30 p.m.

Cotillons to begin at 9 o'clock precisely.

No men can be subscribers.

No débutantes can be subscribers.

No flowers allowed.

The leader of each Cotillon will be chosen and invited to lead by the patronesses.

The privilege of inviting extra guests will be reserved by the patronesses.

Light refreshments will be served at the end of the Cotillon.

The rules were sensible and good, and I think it would be well at the present time for those giving balls to adopt early hours.

The first Cotillon was held December 10, 1900, at Natatorium Hall, on Broad Street above Locust. Six were given during the winter at intervals of two weeks, and every year after that with great success until 1910, when, by common consent, they were discontinued.

Mr. Pepper and I attended these Cotillons and tried to make ourselves useful. We would stand near the patronesses, and if a girl came into the room without an escort, one of us invited her to walk to a seat, and we found that before we went many steps, some young man would come up and claim her for the waltz which preceded the Cotillon.

The number of patronesses was afterwards increased to eight. If one resigned, another lady was invited to fill her place. The following list gives the names of those who also honored the Cotillon by lending their patronage:

Mrs. Thomas P. C. Stokes	Mrs. Sydney L. Wright
Mrs. Francis I. Gowen	Mrs. Robert Coleman Drayton
Mrs. Richard McC. Elliot	Mrs. Bayard Henry
Mrs. Theodore Voorhees	Mrs. Clement A. Griscom
Mrs. Charles P. Keith	Mrs. Malcolm Lloyd
Mrs. George Mason Chichester	Mrs. Charles Williams
Miss Elsie Willing Balch	Mrs. Francis A. Lewis
Miss Christine W. Biddle	Mrs. Joseph M. Fox
Mrs. Arthur Biddle	Mrs. Herbert M. Howe
Mrs. Charles E. Dana	Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott
Mrs. J. Howard Gibson	Mrs. J. Mackay-Smith
Mrs. William W. Frazier	Mrs. James McCrea
Mrs. Thomas deWitt Cuyler	Mrs. John C. Sims

A SMALL subscription dance was given at the Natorium, on November 30, 1900, two weeks before the first Cotillon, by fourteen of the débutantes of 1899, chaperoned by their mothers and by Mrs. William W. Frazier and Mrs. Jones Wister. It was such a pleasant occasion that I filed away the card of invitation, containing the subscribers' names as follows:

Miss Edith F. Biddle
Miss Fanny Brock
Miss Sarah Gerhard
Miss Rhoda Howe
Miss Nina Levick
Miss Emily G. Lippincott
Miss Eleanor B. Morris

Miss Ellen Drexel Paul
Miss Alice Marion Pepper
Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts
Miss Dorothy Sims
Miss Hope Binney Tyler
Miss Louisa Weightman
Miss Ethel Wister

MEXICO—1901

As king, or prince, or potentate,
You welcomed us, fair Mexico;
With flowers, music, costly fetes,
You honor us where'er we go.

WHEN the American Institute of Mining Engineers, to which organization I have the honor to belong, planned a trip through Mexico, late in the autumn of 1901, November 1st to December 1st, I was among the first to subscribe for staterooms, and sent in the names of my wife and two daughters, Ethel Wister and Louisa Weightman.

We found many friends in the party, among them William Eustis and his two sons, Augustus and Frederick, who made it most agreeable for ourselves and our two girls. Indeed, these two young athletes proved invaluable. For the sake of exercise they were always ready to overturn trunks in the rear baggage car for the convenience of passengers. No wonder they were favorites!

Our train was composed entirely of Pullman cars. Donaldson, who presided over the dining car as head waiter, was most efficient. He was earning money to pay his way through a medical college. We all respected him and wished him success. He showed his ability as a surgeon the night before leaving Mexico City, when one of our waiters tried to carve up an inhabitant with disaster to himself. Donaldson sewed him up, applied antiseptics, put him to bed in a vacant stateroom, and had him almost well before our trip was ended.

We were told that a syndicate had expended \$30,000

to entertain us, hoping to secure capitalists who would be interested in Mexican opportunities.

Our route lay via Kansas City and El Paso to Chihuahua (pronounced "Chee-wow-wow"). On reaching the station, we were greeted by music, a band playing our national airs. Next, a deputation of citizens received us, and as we stepped off the platforms, each lady was presented with a bouquet of flowers, and each man with a boutonniere.

Carriages were in waiting to drive us to the governor's palace, where we listened to what we supposed to be a complimentary address to us, and while Mr. Parker, our president, read an equally complimentary speech to him in reply, all in Spanish.

These ceremonies describe our reception at every stop, except at Zacatecus, of which more anon. After the speeches the party scattered, some to the silver mines and others to see the city.

That first afternoon in a Mexican city, at Chihuahua, a bull fight had been arranged for our entertainment. We found it horribly brutal, and some of our women fainted, while the Mexican spectators, who crowded the outdoor theatre, were wild with applause.

At night a grand ball was given for our benefit at the handsome opera house. The stage was set with a forest scene, a beautiful table of refreshments in the foreground. We were interested in watching Mexican beauties, who sat around the circle of the parquet, beside their chaperons. They are supposed to be dark-complexioned, but each one was pasted so thick with white powder, ornamented with red and black paint, that they resembled clowns at a circus. When a man wished to dance with one of them, he walked up, made a formal bow, and the

lady then solemnly got up and danced with him, without exchanging a word while the waltz lasted, and then was escorted back to her chaperon in silence; and there she sat until some other was courageous enough to repeat the performance.

We were only at Chihuahua one night, but that was long enough to offend the people of Zacatecus. To our surprise, when we reached there we found ourselves boycotted. No one was at the station to meet us, the governor refused to see Mr. Parker or to listen to explanations, although he and some of our officers walked to the governor's mansion in order to conciliate him. Carriages were forbidden to drive us, even trolley cars refused to run, and all shop doors were closed. It seems that the committee in charge of our reception at Zacatecus had expected us to skip Chihuahua and go straight to them, and revenged themselves accordingly.

When Mr. Parker realized the situation, he gave the order to move on, and our train shook the dust of Zacatecus from its spokes, and steamed ahead to Mexico City, crossing an altitude of 11,000 feet grade on the railroad tracks.

The city itself is at an altitude of 7000 feet, built on the dry bed of a lake and surrounded by mountains.

BULL FIGHT

WE stopped at Hotel Iturbide in the centre of the city. When at Chihuahua we were told that the reason the bull fight there was so shocking was because the performers were all amateurs, and to see one in its perfection we must go to Mexico City. We went, and found it more horrible than the other. We were so demoralized

that we found ourselves wishing the performers would be gored and killed. A description of one bull fight is to describe them all.

A fine, large, black, well-shaped bull was introduced into the arena; seeing the crowd he became frightened and tried to back out the way he had entered. Finding the door closed, he veered around and ran the other way; when he came to the wall around the enclosure he jumped over it and into the audience, more frightened than the spectators. There was great excitement, but the bull was driven out and around again to the arena. Then men (Picadors) rode in on broken-down horses and stuck cruel darts on shafts about 30 inches long, trimmed with feathers, into the poor animal's back. These darts were shaped at the point like an arrow, so that they could not fall out, and each one so planted roused shouts of applause from the immense audience.

After the beast realized that the men were torturing him, he became infuriated and tossed one horse after the other on his horns; several of the horses were so badly hurt that they trotted out with their entrails hanging down from their stomachs. Their cruel masters outside quickly pushed the entrails back, bound a blanket around to keep them in place, blindfolded the horse, and the performance went on until the horse was dead.

After the bull was sufficiently mad, the matadors appeared, dragging red cloaks to further infuriate the bull. Then the beast, not knowing what he did, rushed from one to the other, trying to exterminate his enemies, and was finally killed by the matador thrusting his knife in a vital part, and the poor bull was dragged away to make room for another, when the performance was repeated. We waited to see seven bulls slaughtered in this inhuman

manner and were told that six more were to come, but we had had more than enough of gore.

The government keeps a pawnbroker's shop called "Monte de Piete," opposite the cathedral, where one can purchase second-hand jewelry.

There is also a beggars' or thieves' market, where one can buy articles stolen or otherwise. We bought a couple of old Spanish paintings, probably pilfered from some church, and an onyx table top.

The flower market on the pavement beside the cathedral was most attractive. Beggars were numerous.

We were informed that President Diaz would give us audience at his residence, the famous Castle of Chapultepec, built on top of a rocky hill, rising up from the middle of the plain, covered with trees and flowers. We found him an affable, agreeable gentleman, surrounded by his staff, rather handsome, with bright dark eyes, a little less than average height. It was impossible to believe, as we shook hands with him, that the stories we had heard of his former cruelties could be true.

The drainage works were most interesting, as without them Mexico would be flooded.

From Mexico City we took a day's excursion on a narrow-gauge road to Cuernavaca, where we saw a beautiful garden which must have been wonderful a hundred years before. From Mexico City we went to Guanaquato, a pretty town between steep hills, built each side of a narrow river, dammed at its upper end for water supply, which made us think of disaster should the dam break, as at Johnstown, Pa. Small as the place was, it boasted a large opera house—indeed, there was a fine opera house in every Mexican city—which was opened for our benefit, to listen to a Mexican band playing our national airs.

We had heard of the curious cemetery and went there. It proved to be a stone enclosure with shelves on every side, deep enough to contain a coffin endwise, and blocked off in squares, a door in front of each square just large enough to allow the coffin to be slid into them. We learned that one could pay by the day, month, year, or perpetuity, for the privilege of thus shelving relations. After the lease runs out, if the body has become mummified, it is stood upright along the walls of the crypt below, and if not presentable, is dumped into the common small enclosure, and destroyed by lime, later to be used as fertilizer. The corridor in the crypt, lined each side by dried standing mummies, is grewsome.

Scarcely any one is too poor to, at least, hire a coffin and shroud and niche for the time of the funeral. After the time paid for is up, the government assumes care of the corpse.

We met men carrying huge earthen water jars on their backs. These are filled with water from springs located in the mountains and peddled to people's dwellings in the valley below. The river water running through the city is supposed to be impure. I bought two of these jars and brought them to Philadelphia in our baggage car and presented them to the museum at Memorial Hall.

At Aguas Calientes (hot water) we took baths in the marble sunken tanks, built by Spaniards more than two or three hundred years before; very few of them were still intact, but the water was clear and warm, and we were glad of the opportunity to bathe. Some years later in Cuba, I wanted a rubber bag filled with hot water and remembered "Aguas Calientes," the only Spanish I knew.

At Guadalajara we were given a luncheon at the coun-

try club, built on the edge of the Baranca, which proved to be a precipitous cleft or chasm in the earth, about 100 feet in depth, so deep and hot that tropical plants grew at the bottom, while temperate zone products flourished on the level above.

This luncheon began with "Tichuila," as a cocktail, a small glass being placed by each plate. This is a fiery liquid, stronger than whiskey, distilled from the aloe, and a favorite means of intoxication among the natives. We were served a nine- or ten-course luncheon. A description of one luncheon describes all. Our first course was raw oysters (canned), and, by the way, every one of our feasts began with these raw bilious-looking oysters, which no one seemed to take, as they were always passed around several times. These oysters, to an accompaniment of our national airs, were anticipated with dread, and never were we disappointed in our expectations.

At Pachuca we descended by a 1300-foot elevator shaft into a silver mine without accident, and when we emerged were ushered into a huge frame building erected for the occasion, beautifully decorated inside with flowers, and containing long tables and chairs to seat us all.

At Parral we met William Pettit, who was in charge of some of the mines. He introduced us to his landlady and to her home. This was like all the best of the Spanish homes we saw, one story, with high ceilings, built square around a central courtyard, which contained orange trees, flowers, and a fountain in the centre. The entrance was by an arch (open or closed) in the side of the house fronting the street. The house seemed modelled on the style of those at Pompeii.

We certainly could not complain of being unnoticed by the natives. Every time our train stopped we would

find squads of dark-skinned peons from anywhere and everywhere, with their large straw steeple-top sombreros and picturesque ragged garments, perched upon tops of side-tracked cars, platforms, sheds, low buildings of every description which afforded a view of us northern gringos—it is needless to say that we regarded them with equal curiosity.

The road down grade to Tampico was one of the most beautiful, with varied vegetation and changing views, that I have ever travelled. We arrived at Tampico Beach by the gorgeous light of a full moon. The sand dunes edging a wide expanse of hard beach, and the surf rolling in from the Gulf of Mexico resembled that of Ormond in Florida, or of our own Jersey coast when unspoiled by boardwalks and unsightly improvements.

Next morning, we were told that smallpox was raging in the city, and that if we went there it must be at our own risk. We, as well as a few others, were not afraid and boarded the car on a little branch railroad which carried us there. I hired for my party the only vehicle in town, and as we could not speak Spanish, and our driver spoke no English, I waved my arms in a circle to indicate "all over," he nodded his head, and we were at his mercy!

The first place he showed us was the square stone enclosure, 20 feet high, where bodies are thrown in to be consumed with lime. All round on top of the wall was a black line of vultures! We thus soon got enough of Tampico, and went back to our train. There we found numbers of our party taking sea baths with improvised bathing suits, pajamas, or similar coverings. Our train was luxurious as trains go, but bathing facilities were lacking, and thus we welcomed every opportunity to soak our limbs. The rolling breakers made us feel at home,

and we hated to leave the surf for our train and dinner, but our time was up, we were scheduled to start for Monterey, Houston, the oil fields, New Orleans, and then home.

CUBA

IN 1899 we had made a flying trip to Havana from Miami, just after the Cuban war, and saw our army of occupation in command. We also saw the bread-line of women and children near the Hotel Pasaije waiting for rations. We also saw the marks of bullets in the walls of the hall and staircase of Hotel Inglaterra. One day we stumbled by accident into the house of General Gomez and saw a dinner table, but after the dinner was over (and the fifty guests gone), covered with dishes, wine glasses, and empty bottles, quite a contrast to the bread-line outside!

General Gorgas was then fighting every unsanitary germ in Cuba. Moro Castle was full of yellow fever patients. The masts of the *Maine* were plainly visible above water, monuments to the lost crew.

Havana was under martial law. General Fitzhugh Lee was in command of a large camp at Vedago, a suburb of Havana. We called to see him at his tent; he was a fine looking man, every inch a soldier. There was much small-pox, and our vaccination marks were inspected before we received passports to return to Miami. My wife had none to show, but mine was so large that the doctor said it would do for both of us!

The old flat-bottom steamer *Lincoln* made the trip between the two ports and danced over the Gulf Stream in a way that no one on board will ever forget. It was surprising to see so many well-dressed people, unable to eat, lying on the hard deck, rather than in their cabins!

At Havana we visited the enclosure where bodies are thrown to be consumed by lime, and secured a very good-looking skull. This was wrapped up so quickly—lest it be taken by the caretaker—that the absence of a lower jaw was not noticed. However, one of the party remembered a jaw bone picked up on the beach at Cape May, and found later, on tying them together, that they fitted well.

JAMAICA—1903

IN January, 1903, between the acts of an opera performed at our Academy of Music, we read on the program an advertisement of a trip to Jamaica, via the United Fruit Company's steamers, and soon afterwards attended a lecture at the new Century Drawing Room, by Mrs. Henry Bartol, describing her stay on that fairy island.

Within a month we boarded the *Admiral Schley* at Arch Street wharf. Our party consisted of our daughters, Ethel Wister, Ethel Weightman, and our niece, Ella Wister. Philadelphia was a mass of ice and snow when we left, and after two days at sea our clothing was too warm. In four days we were at Port Antonio and the old Titchfield Hotel. Had we not had rooms engaged, we might not have fared so well. The hotel was full, with an overflow into adjoining negro cabins, leased for the purpose. The hotel was uniquely situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the bay and Caribbean Sea; from it the view was superb. Fire destroyed it the following summer and a very handsome structure was erected in its place. This burned in 1910 and was rebuilt again in 1911.

It was our first experience of the tropics and we were enchanted with everything. Two dozen varieties of fruit on the hotel table, huge bunches of red and yellow

bananas hanging from the roof of the porch for the guests to consume at leisure, and baskets of oranges at command.

We took beautiful rides through the cocoanut palms and banana groves, seeing on the way quaint thatched huts, women very upright with fine figures, carrying enormous weights on their heads, of vegetables and fruit to the nearest market, sometimes ten or twenty miles away. Also men digging or planting with machetes, as though that was the only tool ever invented, to do all sorts of work. We visited Governor's Palace and Botanical Gardens.

A strange code of morals exists among the lower classes. So long as a man is not married, he is expected to work and support himself, but not so after marriage, as then his wife must work to support him. Therefore, many couples never marry. Though the woman is willing to support her children, she is not willing to support the man, and so long as she is not married to him, may turn him out of her house when she tires of him. Missionaries find it difficult to teach them laws of civilization.

Jamaica is an English colony and was garrisoned by English troops. Their summer barracks are located 2400 feet high, on a spur of Blue Mountain, from which a grand view of Kingston and its harbor is obtained. Numbers of officers from the garrison visited the hotels to dine or dance at the balls. Their bright uniforms contrasted well against the background of luxurious foliage.

An English officer told us that when we visited the barracks we must walk beyond where the carriage stopped, around the bend of the hill for about a quarter of a mile. We did so and were certainly surprised at the startling change of vegetation. The five minutes' walk had taken us from dry to wet climate; from parched grass and shrubs, to wild tropical vines, gigantic ferns and excessive moisture.

Constant Springs Hotel had slats or blinds on one side of the rooms, instead of windows. We opened these to the strong trade winds and were comfortable. There was also a large swimming pool and numerous bath-rooms, supplied only with cold water, as no one ever wanted a hot bath—the air was hot enough!

Constant Springs Hotel was the headquarters of fashion at Kingston. Six miles inland and on higher ground it was cooler than its rival, Myrtle Bank Hotel, in the city. Along the harbor in front of the Myrtle Bank Hotel colored boys dove for pennies in deep water as in Egypt. Kingston was then a thriving city, not a beggar in sight. Both hotels were crowded with guests. At the balls there were as many light-colored people as whites. Handsome girls with regular features danced with white officers, and except that their necks were the same shade as faces and arms, they might have passed as brunettes. The fathers of these girls were wealthy and prosperous, their families were educated and associated with the best society in Jamaica.

The climate varies to an astonishing extent; on one side of Blue Mountain (Port Antonio), the ground was always moist. It rained every day, not continuously, perhaps, only a passing cloud, while the sun shone. At Kingston the ground was parched and dry, the roads full of dust.

From Kingston we took the train to Mandeville, 2300 feet above tidewater, a favorite resort for invalids and summer quarters for people living in Jamaica. The market place, with colored vendors of fruit, vegetables, or home-made fabrics, was extremely interesting.

Then we took the train to Montpelier in the heart of the grazing country, past the "bad lands," the latter

formation very curious and appropriately named, being a succession, or rather a collection, of countless cone-shaped hills, each standing alone, exactly alike, the bases touching and from fifty to one hundred feet high. It was no wonder that travellers got lost and died of hunger trying to pass through this labyrinth.

At Montpelier I had hoped for real cream in my coffee, on account of the great number of cattle in the vicinity. I was doomed to disappointment—to buy cream it was necessary first to secure a doctor's certificate! It was here that we saw the ranch where three thousand East Indian oxen are kept. These are mostly sold for hauling heavy loads from place to place. They are fine animals, and their caretaker was very proud of them and very polite in showing them to us.

From Montpelier we went to Montego Bay, where, for the first time, we saw the whole process of manufacturing sugar from sugar cane, brought to the mill by natives.

We had made inquiries and learned that there was a swimming club in the suburbs, and that a permit from a member was necessary to secure admission. This we obtained from the hotel proprietor. The clubhouse was built on a bank overlooking the bay, and over a coral grotto, to which we descended by means of a ladder. The bath in crystal water, with sunshine tinting the white coral, was perfect and cannot be described.

We were naturally anxious to revisit Cuba on our way to the States and joined with other visitors at Port Antonio, Kingston, etc., to charter a steamer of the Red Star Line to take us across to Santiago de Cuba. The boat was very slow; we learned afterwards that she was loaded down with powder. This was our second visit to Cuba.

There was no vestige remaining of the Spanish fleet.

We had twelve hours of daylight at Santiago and visited San Juan Hill. Curiously enough, there and at Cabanes, overlooking the bay of Lieutenant Hobson's fame, we found numbers of a peculiar hard-shell land crab wandering over the ground. They looked like their sea brethren, but, of course, were a different breed.

The boat steamed on to Cienfuegos. The hotel there had been a palace two or three hundred years before, and was not in as good state of repair as it might have been. Our dining-room floor was of white marble, but as the waiters brushed all débris upon it, and as dogs were admitted to eat and lap up, and flies predominated, it took a good appetite to enjoy a meal. In our rooms were beds with woven wire springs, no mattresses, one pillow, and two quilts, neither white nor clean, one to sleep on, the other to be used as covering.

From Cienfuegos we took the train to Matanzas. There we found a curious sort of buggy vehicle called "volante," very high up on two wheels, with long wooden shafts. At Havana we saw the game of "Hialji" played for the first time, a sort of basket ball substitute, after bull-fighting had been abolished by United States authorities. We also saw a chicken fight.

Charles Wright, Redwood Wright's brother, was in business at Havana and added much to our pleasure.

After leaving Cuba we stopped at the Royal Palm Hotel, Miami, where we went fishing in a sail boat for king fish, securing a great number. The Poinciana Hotel at Palm Beach is a vast overgrown affair, devoted to suddenly rich people, who showed their fine clothes for each other's benefit. Very much advertised, but not nearly as elegant or refined as the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine.

At Ormond we met Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cawthra, of Toronto, most agreeable English people, and good sports. Several years later, as we were passing through Toronto, they entertained us over night in their palatial home. We have always since had a warm feeling of gratitude for their kindness to us, "the strangers within their gates."

PANAMA—1910

EFFIE RODMAN, my cousin from New Bedford, was many times a beloved guest of my mother's at Belfield, and I saw much of her then. Afterwards, when she had become the wife of General George W. Goethals, and he was put in charge of excavations at Panama by President Roosevelt, we naturally took great interest in reading all newspaper reports of progress on the great canal.

After writing to them to tell us the best way of traveling, we, in February, 1910, took steamer from New York to Colon. Our party consisted of our daughter, Martha Weightman, our niece, Suzanne Levick, and ourselves.

There was a party on board of merry gentlemen from Waterbury, Connecticut, who styled themselves the "Noisy Five," under the leadership of Mr. Irving Chase, president of the great Waterbury Watch Company. They were brimful of humor, and great favorites with all. Later in 1910 and 1917, when our daughter and niece were married, they joined in a beautiful gift to each bride, and the card enclosed read, "From the 'Noisy Five.'" Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biddle, from Riverton, New Jersey, were also on the boat.

General Goethals sent one of his aides to meet us at Colon and pilot us to the train, looking also after our

baggage. At Gatun cousin Effie met us and rode with us as far as Culebra. She could not go on to Panama, as General and Mrs. Witherspoon and son had arrived the day before and were visiting at her house, but she promised to lunch with us the next day.

At Panama we took carriage to the Tivoli Hotel, located on Ancon Hill, government reservation. While registering at the desk, General Goethals came over to speak to us. He was with a large party of government officials, showing them the sights and wonders.

During the winter previous to our trip to Panama, my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott, had given General and Mrs. Goethals a dinner in Philadelphia, and invited prominent engineers to meet him. They kindly included us in their party and we had the pleasure afterwards of driving with General Goethals to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot on his way to Washington. Consequently, when we met in the office of the Tivoli Hotel, we at once recognized each other.

We were fortunate enough to visit the great canal while excavations were in progress. No one merely seeing the water in the locks can appreciate the stupendous undertaking. Enormous excavations, steam shovels, endless trains of débris, dredges, thousands of men at work, the like of which is scarcely probable ever to be seen again.

We found that large airy rooms with a bath, overlooking Panama Bay, had been engaged for us. I believe it was called the presidential suite, and we were very comfortable.

Our visit to Panama was all pleasure, owing to the courtesy of the Goethals. General Goethal's little auto railroad car was at our disposal. Cousin Effie took us to Balboa on the Pacific end the first day, and then as far

down the line as Culebra. Every foot of the way was full of interest. General and Mrs. Gorgas called. We were particularly honored to meet the great physician and scientist, who had made the Isthmus habitable. Dr. and Mrs. Martin also called. He was in charge of the Ancon Hospital. She was especially kind to our two girls. While at Panama we took a steamer ride to the Island of Toboga in the Pacific. The convalescent branch of Ancon Hospital is located there. There was a fine bathing beach and as our girls had brought their bathing suits, they took a bath and I took a kodak shapshot at them.

We met General and Mrs. Witherspoon at a dinner and luncheon given by the Goethals. In parenthesis let me say that when we motored the following summer to Gettysburg, we found that General Witherspoon was in charge of the encampment of our Pennsylvania troops. We called to pay our respects and he invited us to be present at the review the next day and to bring friends. We accordingly asked Mr. and Mrs. Sterling G. Valentine and her sister, Miss Elliott, to accompany us. They lived on Seminary Ridge. We had seen much of them at Dunbar, and were glad to renew our friendship.

After the review we rode around the camp and had a rousing reception from the Philadelphia City Troop. This is digression; to return to Panama.

Before leaving we spent a day at Gatun, where the magnitude of the work could be best appreciated.

At the Young Men's Christian Association, where we lunched, there was a bottle of quinine mixture on every table! It surely was suggestive of fevers. The great hotel at Cristobal had not then been built, but we had a letter from General Goethals to the landlord who had

charge of the government quarters at Colon. All night we could hear the waves breaking on the beach below the windows. It was not properly speaking a hotel, but a sort of two-story barracks on the edge of the water, near the statue of Aspinwall. We paid for our room and for everything we ate, but for drinking water and service waited on ourselves.

We had been told to order fish "à la maitre d'hôtel," and did so. The dish was a chef-d'œuvre, planked and served on the board, garnished around with greens and every variety of vegetables.

Next morning early we boarded our steamer to return to Kingston. While we had been at Panama our vessel had been to Limon, Costa Rica. As we stepped on deck we had difficulty in avoiding hundreds of huge turtles sprawled on their backs. They were intended for northern consumption, and later were transferred to the hold.

I forgot to mention that when we stopped at Kingston on our way down, our ship was boarded by numberless negroes, East Indians, and every variety of people, seeking work on the great canal, intending, as they always did, we were told, to work a month or two, and then come back to Kingston to spend the money they had earned from Uncle Sam.

We were curious to see the ravages of earthquake wrought after our first visit to Jamaica a few years before. The city was a pitiful sight, all its best business portions in ruins. Beggars everywhere. The Myrtle Bank Hotel had been rebuilt. We stopped there over night, trusting to the adage that "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," and engaged a motor for a tour of the island. Constant Springs Hotel was partly in ruins. English

soldiers had been withdrawn. The side of the mountain on which the deserted barracks still stood was loose in places and unsafe to drive upon.

During our first visit we had gone by train everywhere the railroad took us, but this time we hired a motor, and found that when we were there before we had missed most of the scenic beauties. The island is small and it took us just one week to ride across and around it.

From Myrtle Bank Hotel we started by motor to Spanish Town, through Bog Walk to Moneague, a quaint hotel and an extremely picturesque spot among the mountains, and on to Ann Harbor, a good hotel kept by natives. There we again saw the "Noisy Five" we had met on our boat to Panama.

We passed the "Roaring Falls," very romantic, but by this time we had become so saturated with the beauties of this enchanted island that we looked at it as a matter of course. The roads are in perfect repair; every little while en route we passed groups of women sitting breaking stones into small pieces for repairs.

From Ann Harbor we went to Port Antonio and the ruins which remained of Titchfield Hotel. A clerk was in charge and lodged us in a house near by, with meals in another house, which arrangement proved very satisfactory.

From there we motored across the island via Castleton Gardens to Kingston. At Castleton we bought one pound of vanilla beans for two dollars!

We discovered that a regular boat left Kingston weekly for Santiago de Cuba, and thought that for only one night on board we could put up with almost any discomfort, but did not dream of what was in store. We found everything dirty and very much alive. Fortunately, we had invested in several boxes of Keating's flea

powder, which we had used in Egypt, and were immune. We could not eat the food provided in the dining saloon, but managed with oranges and crackers we had brought with us.

We had decided to cross Cuba by the new railroad to Havana. It only ran by day and stopped three nights en route. Our first night, at Santiago, we put up at its best hotel, and, as usual, asked for a bathroom. This proved to be a forty-inch square of white hollowed-out marble, situated in the corner of the room, with a pitcher of water to pour over the bather as he stood in the centre of the square. As this marble basin was without outlet, I do not know how the water was gotten out when the bath was over.

The next night we stopped at Camaguay, at a hotel which had formerly been a barracks; here we were comfortable, as it was clean and well-kept. The next night we were put off the train at Santa Clara, about 10 P.M., and given rooms on the first floor, very dirty, ill-ventilated and looking out on a barnyard. One of the party was cold. I took a rubber bag and gave it to the native who had received us, saying, "Aguas Calientes," for hot water, and got it. I had learned that much Spanish in Mexico!

It is easy to enter Cuba and very hard to leave—especially to our United States. Our quarantine officials seemed to think that Cuba was a country infested with all sorts of disease. We again had difficulty in leaving Havana. First, we had to visit a doctor, who suspected us of smallpox. Then, before going on board the vessel, we passed the eyes of an examining physician; there was still another, who shook hands with us, and finally, before we landed at Key West, there was still another M.D. who asked us questions. Verily, I was thankful when, at two

o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Royal Palm Hotel, Miami. Thence we went to Palm Beach, Ormond, St. Augustine, and home. This time we sailed from Havana to Key West on a magnificent steamer.

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I HAVE mentioned the Gettysburg Camp review, July 4, 1910, when writing of our Panama trip, and cannot resist describing incidents of our motor ride home via Harrisburg, where we had intended to sleep. We stopped for a short call on my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Watts Rose, also at the Comstocks, at Mechanicsburg, and resisted all invitations to stay over night, until we reached "Rose Garden," the summer home of Mrs. Henry B. McCormick. She was so hospitable and pressing that we found it impossible to go farther, and thoroughly enjoyed being her guests. Her house is located on the brow of a hill overlooking a most romantic stream with flowers, shrubs, and trees abounding. We have a snapshot of her, sitting on her porch, as a memento of the occasion. No more peaceful spot could be imagined or a more charming picture than that of Mrs. McCormick that morning.

In my chapter on Harrisburg I have spoken of her husband, my friend, Henry B. McCormick, and his gallant conduct during the Civil War and in quelling the 1877 riots.

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HAVING gone out of business on January 1, 1910, and being free from active business interests, I turned my attention first to landscape and then to portrait painting. I had always had a fondness for drawing and colors, but this was the first time I had ever had leisure to devote to

my fad. A north room with a good light was fitted up as a studio, and in it I passed many pleasant hours. I then joined a class of painting at Miss Margaretta Archambault's studio; her suggestions were a great help. There were many interesting students.

I have had some success and a great deal of undeserved praise. Autumn and its changing foliage had unending charms for me, and my first efforts were landscapes with huntsman and dog at sunset.

My first portrait, that of my brother Frank, in his uniform of the 12th Regulars, as he appeared when raising a regiment for the Union League, now hangs upon its walls in the Directors' Room, and was pronounced by Mr. E. Burgess Warren more in unison with the times which it represents than any other there.

As I was president of the Egypt Mills Trout Fishing Club, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, and also president of the Belfield Country Club at Germantown, I painted two portraits of myself and presented one to each of the clubs. These pictures represent me as some twenty years younger. I think it an error to bequeath a portrait of anybody to posterity when past the prime of life. Therefore, all my portraits are younger, as I remember the originals some years past.

I painted for myself a portrait of each of my brothers, one of my good mother, and one of my father; also a third portrait of myself as I now appear, seventy-eight years of age, by request of my wife. I had less pleasure in painting this than any of the others, though I am told it is a good likeness.

I asked the privilege of placing a picture of my brother Rodman on the walls of the Germantown Cricket Club. This picture has been greatly admired. Rodman had

been president of the Young America Cricket Club when it and the Germantown joined, and located at Manheim in 1890, calling themselves the Germantown Cricket Club. He then became its vice-president and remained as such until his death. Several times he refused its presidency.

As no recognition of his services as cricketer or as official of both clubs, Young America and the Germantown, had been made, I felt much honored when my portrait of him was accepted. A year later I was asked to paint a portrait of myself for the club. This was done under the direction of Mr. George A. Newhall, art critic of the club. The picture is a full-length portrait of myself, as I appeared when twenty years of age, on the improvised cricket grounds at Camac's Woods, a picked Philadelphia team playing in 1859 against the first English eleven who had ever come to America.

This game was played during the early days of cricket, before pads and gloves were used, and while the bowling was underhand. The painting hangs in a conspicuous place over the stairway leading up to the ladies' quarters.

As one of the founders of the Germantown Cricket Club in 1854, and having been a life member for many years, I am glad to appear upon its walls and by it be identified with cricket, a game I then excelled in and have always loved. Old as I am, even now I am on the veteran eleven.

The face and figure of the picture is made up of parts taken from several photographs as I appeared about that time. I am told that the profile is the same as my own at present. My friend, George Stuart Patterson, who has always known me well, says that it is a remarkable likeness of me as I appeared at that game.

I have also painted a portrait of General Langhorne

Wister in uniform, which I will present to the Union League Club. The last portrait I have attempted, finished August 7, 1917, is that of Doctor Nathaniel R. Norton, of New York, husband of our daughter, Bertha Weightman.*

My wife gave me sittings and I painted her portrait as she appears to me, but she says it looks fifty years younger and no one would recognize it. Her sister, Mrs. Lewis Jones Levick, however, tells me that it is an excellent likeness of her, as she looked when a young girl.

I have given many lectures on various subjects, principally on science and travel, at all of which we were able to raise money for objects, if so desired. I have lectured at the School of Industrial Art, at the Belfield Club, at Harrisburg, before the Geographical Society and the American Institute of Mining Engineers; also at the Young Men's Christian Association at their headquarters in Philadelphia, Germantown, Jenkintown, etc.

IDEAL TOUR

MANY of our friends had spoken to us about the "Ideal Tour" by motor through New England, and wondered why we neglected it for other trips. So this summer we decided to try it for ourselves with variations. We left Philadelphia on July 10, 1912, in our Pennsylvania motor car, which we had bought from their plant at Bryn Mawr, and went via Shawnee and Water Gap to Egypt Mills for a week, where I had my heart's delight of trout fishing and spent many happy hours reading with Mrs. Wister up on her mountain path, trying one bench after another for the different views.

We then started on our itinerary and motored above

* Married April 23, 1904.

and beyond Milford to call on Emily and Arthur Hacker in their quiet, beautiful mountain retreat, by their silvery pool and trout stream, where we met Doctor and Mrs. Alfred Stengel, who were there on a visit.

We also motored to the luxurious Bloomingdale Park and lake for a luncheon, and saw their game preserves, incidentally killing on the road a huge rattlesnake more than six feet long. We stayed over night at High Point Inn, up on a mountain top above Port Jervis, at the junction of the three states, where you can plant your feet in two states, and reach over with your hand to touch another.

Schooley's Mountains, German Valley, Lake Hopatcong were also visited. En route, we stopped at Tuxedo Club for luncheon, by reason of a card given us by a member, my old friend, James Parrish. Moving on, we slept at Yama Farms Inn, a hotel not so very many miles from Lake Mohonk amid equally beautiful scenery. There you pay from twenty dollars per day up, for rooms and bath, and everything included, as many lunches and drinks, and drives in a surrey as desired, to say nothing of free barber, manicure, hairdresser, electric baths and massage, cocktails and wine at dinner. As I did not drink or smoke, some of the attractions did not appeal to me. However, we decided that, large as was our bill, it was reasonable as compared with those of some other hotels.

From Yama Farms we crossed the Hudson at Kingston to Poughkeepsie for another night, saw the college, and motored along that river to Mount Kisco, where our daughter and son-in-law, Doctor and Mrs. Nathaniel R. Norton, have a summer residence near the Wood Estate, their house having been the birthplace of Reverend Charles Wood, an eminent Presbyterian clergyman of Washington. Mr. James Wood is the guardian saint of

Mount Kisco; everybody calls him "Uncle James," and loves him for his many kindly qualities and humorous stories. His daughter, Caroline, did fine work in devastated France.

From Mount Kisco to Stamford, where we surprised a sweet little school friend of our daughters', Eva Hoyt; she wanted us to stay for a lunch party she was giving for girl friends.

Our next stop was Lenox, at Hotel Aspinwall, with its excellent table and extensive view; we found there many friends. The day after we lunched at Stockbridge Inn, with its quaint collection of old and modern bric-a-brac. We slept at Bennington, of Revolutionary fame. I am not describing scenery or handsome estates through which we passed, as that is given in the folders.

Then to Equinox House at Manchester, Vermont, and afterwards across the Green Mountains—by the way, we were charged toll for this mountain road, which was the only bad road we found—and on to Lake Sunapee and Granlidon Hotel, where were many friends. Mr. Herbert Welsh has there an attractive cottage and studio near the lake.

From Sunapee we pushed on to Wolfboro on Lake Winnepesaukee. There we stopped several nights at the hotel, in order to visit the camp where our grandson, Weightman Faries, was spending the summer, and to entertain him and some of his friends at the hotel.

From Wolfboro we motored on through Franconia Notch to Crawford Inn, where we also found friends, and next day to Mount Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods. Miss Lydia Morris and her brother, Mr. John T. Morris, were there and we enjoyed seeing them.

We stopped one night at the Profile House and then went on to Squam Lake, where my cousin, Frank Rodman, had a cottage. He was seventy-six and playing tennis! Miss Strange invited us to luncheon at her camp, and also extended an invitation to Miss Julia Rodman. Life in the woods, with every luxury, is certainly attractive. She showed us a room in her cottage which she was holding vacant for her beloved uncle, Nathaniel Norton, father of our son-in-law.

We now motored through Concord to Boston, and then on to Bristol, where our daughters, Louise Strawbridge and Ethel Benson, had a house for the summer, very near that of Doctor and Mrs. Herbert M. Howe. The latter took us out in their steam yacht for a sail on the bay. Doctor Howe has a model farm and garden. His apricots and peaches, trained against a wall, and hot-house grapes were as fine as any we saw in England or France.

From Bristol we passed through Newport and Jamestown on to Saunderstown to see our daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Barclay, and our grandchildren. We also visited Mr. and Mrs. William Rotch Wister, who were occupying with Frances and Jack, my niece and nephew, a house built by Owen Wister, while he and Molly and their children were on Owen's western ranch for the summer.

Our two days at Saunderstown passed all too quickly. We had been invited by my friend, Samuel Parrish, to stop at Southampton over night with him and visit the museum that he and his brother James had built to beautify the town. This meant staying over night at "The Griswold," New London, and then crossing the Sound next morning to Sag Harbor. There is a very

creditable collection of curios in the museum at Southampton well worth seeing, and an excellent organ was played by a protégé of Mr. Parrish's while we were there. We also went out to the Shinnycok Hills Golf Course. We met Judge and Mrs. Tuck, whom we had seen before at Cairo. James Parrish lives near by. I thanked the latter for his courtesy in sending me the card of admission to the Tuxedo Club, and thereupon he gave me his card of admission to the Ardsley Club on the Hudson near Tarrytown. Mr. Samuel Parrish was hospitality itself during the twenty-four hours we were his guests.

Our next stop was at Islip, where Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson were summering in a beautiful cottage by the sea. There we rejoiced to find her mother, Mrs. William Platt Pepper. They were just sitting down to lunch and we were hungry, and glad to be invited to join them.

From there we motored on through Garden City and Oyster Bay and were just in time to miss the last ferry boat across to Rye Beach, and were, of course, obliged to stay over night in a gay, third-class hotel. While we were at the ferry a very polite gentleman came over from his carriage and asked us if there was anything he could do for us. He was exactly like the pictures of Theodore Roosevelt, and we felt sure it was himself. Afterwards we met him socially, and knew we had not been mistaken.

Our next stop was Mount Kisco, where we rested several days. At the Ardsley Club we had an excellent meal and grand view of the Hudson River, but we could not compare Ardsley with Tuxedo, as they were so totally different. Ardsley is easy of access from New York, while Tuxedo is more secluded.

From Mount Kisco we took the shortest road to Philadelphia and Cape May, which we had left behind us when we started on our wild but enjoyable career.

1914

IN previous summers we had spent much time in motoring through the Berkshires, White Mountains, Newport, etc., but this summer we had no satisfactory chauffeur and determined to travel by train, with no objective point in view except perhaps the one in starting, which was to go to Hannah Randolph's wedding on July fourth at Narragansett Pier. We had missed her sister Dorothy's wedding a couple of years previous, on the same date, to John Fell, and made a special effort to be present at this wedding and reception of Hannah, daughter of my cousin, Philip Randolph.

His house is picturesquely perched high up on the rocks, overlooking the water. Breakfast was served on small tables dotted over the lawn. These surrounded by guests under the gay red and white striped umbrellas made a beautiful sight. Philip was an admirable host. He is a handsome man, and his children have inherited his good looks. I was told that without him there would be no polo, and that he was the life of the place.

We stopped at Matthewson Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Chase, of Waterbury, own the cottage next to it. We were invited to view a fine display of their fireworks that evening from their porch, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

I have mentioned before that we travelled to Panama and through Jamaica with Irving Chase and a party of friends. The following summer, when motoring through Waterbury, I had been invited to dine with him at the country club in the absence of his family. He also showed me

great courtesy by personally conducting me through the great Waterbury watch factory. He is president of the company.

We met my cousin, Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott, at the wedding, and promised to take luncheon with her two days later at Jamestown. We accordingly went and had a most enjoyable time. She had invited all our Jamestown friends to meet us, and before the meal was over, we were full of invitations and concluded to stay over and be entertained.

We went to Mrs. Joseph Lovering for dinner, to Mrs. John H. McFadden's to lunch, to the J. Lovering Whartons on their beautiful island for lunch and a sail in their yacht. The Isaac H. Clothiers also took us for a trip on the bay in their boat, and the Walter Lippincotts entertained us in their yacht. Mrs. John Price Wetherill had us to dinner. We certainly felt that we had good friends, and promised to come back for Marianna Lippincott's wedding to Paul O'Neill.

They were married by simple Friends' ceremony, August 6, 1914, on the wide piazza of their Jamestown home, overlooking the Sound and beautiful hills beyond. Chairs were arranged on either side an aisle, down which the bride and groom walked after receiving congratulations of their friends.

I must not omit mention here of happy days passed at Jamestown some years before with my cousins, before their son, Jos. W. Lippincott, married. My visit ostensibly was to his father and mother, although it seemed to be exclusively to him.

He was as enthusiastic a fisherman as myself, and we had good sport every day such as seldom it has been my good fortune to enjoy. At this time we saw his grandfather, Joseph W. Wharton, playing tennis several times

with his son-in-law, Harrison S. Morris, and his friend, Isaac H. Clothier.

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FROM Jamestown we went to New Bedford, where I found that nearly all my boyhood friends were dead, and their children scattered. We were staying at Tabitha Inn across the river. However, I had a very pleasant call at the house of Mrs. William Rotch, who, though ill in bed and with a nurse in attendance, hospitably invited us to make her a visit. It is always pleasant to receive an invitation, even though it can not be accepted. We went later to a night performance by the Hampton Institute students on her beautiful grounds.

Mrs. Nathaniel Hathaway sent her motor for us next morning, and we were hospitably welcomed to her house by her son, daughter and self. She was in deep grief because of the recent death of an older married daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Morgan and Doctor Thomas Rotch were gone to the great majority, and my cousin, Charles Morgan, was the only one we could secure to take luncheon with us. His wife was away at the mountains, and Miss Julia Rodman, my cousin, was also away.

There was a fine organ service at a very handsome church nearby, which we enjoyed, but, on the whole, on looking back, my visit was not what I had hoped. It was saddened by the loss of so many friends.

From New Bedford we went to Martha's Vineyard for the fishing. There we found my cousin, Mrs. George Goethals, in her attractive summer home, recuperating from the terrible tropic heat at Panama, expecting shortly to return there and join her husband, General Goethals. The son, George Goethals, Jr., and wife, a

charming young woman, were with her ; he was studying to be a professor of engineering at West Point. We enjoyed taking dinner with them and seeing them again. That evening they showed us the latest photographs of the work at the Panama Canal.

After a good day's fishing next morning, we took a boat across the Channel to Wood's Hole, expecting to stay over a train in order to call on our niece and nephew, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Meigs, but found that they had come to meet us with their launch, expecting us to stay over night, and would not take "No" for an answer. We found them comfortably fixed in a beautiful cottage facing the bay and near the bathing beach. Miss Frances Wister arrived later the same afternoon and we had a happy evening together. Next morning we left for Boston and the Belgrade Lakes.

In July, 1914, there was little thought that we were living at a momentous period of history, and that the World War would so soon begin.

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BELGRADE LAKES are a heaven for fishermen, the lakes are full of bass, but there are stringent rules. No fish under a foot in length is allowed to be taken from the water. Each angler is only entitled to six fish. Fishing can only be done in the lakes, not in the streams, under penalty of \$50 per fish.

We took a row boat in the afternoon of the day we arrived and in some flowing water I cast my line and immediately brought up a fish, took it off and threw in

again, with the same result. I think we were watched through glasses from the shore, for two men came after us in a motor boat and sang out, " Fifty dollars fine for every fish caught here."

I left my line in the water until they were out of sight, then having just caught another fish, I took it off the hook and put it back in the water along with its squirming companion from the bottom of the boat, the one I had caught first. We caught no more fish that day, but hired a motor boat and guide for next day.

By noon of the second day we had quite a good mess of fish, and were taken to an enchanting spot under the pine trees, carpeted with pine needles, with vistas of the sunkissed water through the trees. Here I helped the guide collect sticks. In a few minutes he had a bright fire, fish chowder made, and delicious coffee. We never tasted a better lunch. The accessories had all been supplied by the hotel, and included in our board, without extra charge. Next day we repeated our experience on one of the other lakes.

Each place we went to suggested another. Finding ourselves not far from Camden, Maine, we went to Rockport, and to the Samoset Hotel.

Passing through Damariscotta, we wondered whether the Miss Taylor from this place, who had been in our 1897 party to Muir glacier, had married the Alaskan who had been so attentive to her.

Arriving at the Samoset, we telephoned to our daughter, Mrs. John Strawbridge, at Camden. She immediately came over, took lunch with us, and insisted that we must return and pay her a visit. The Strawbridges had rented a romantically situated cottage near the water, and sur-

rounded by woods. They had a boat and could thoroughly enjoy rowing and swimming.

Doctor Joseph Sailer who had married John's sister, had just bought a fine large yacht in New York, and took us on three whole day beautiful excursions, one around Islesboro, another to Castine for lunch at the hotel, and to see the old fortifications, and another day on a fishing trip.

While at Camden, Maine, we found numbers of friends; Mrs. Edward Mellor, my cousin, was visiting her son, Barker Mellor, and wife, who was Miss Amy Moorhead. The latter invited us to dinner to meet her mother and aunt, Mrs. George B. Thomas.

Mrs. Charles W. Henry was also most kind, and took us for a long motor drive over the hills to Justis Strawbridge's estate, afterwards giving us a cup of tea at her charming villa near the sea.

We left Camden with regret and took steamboat to Northeast Harbor, Kimball House. There we met our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Frazier, Rev. and Mrs. Louis Benson, also Mrs. John Wentz, Mrs. Bertram Strange, and the Charlemagne Towers.

Some years before, in the summer of 1901, Doctor Charles Frazier and Miss Gardiner, granddaughter of Bishop Doane, were married at Northeast Harbor. The Fraziers had a handsome house there on the bay, which they modestly named "The Barnacle." We accepted an invitation to visit them the day of the wedding and for the week following.

The wedding reception was held on the spacious lawn of the Gardiner mansion, with a large tent erected as a dining hall.

During the week there was a succession of festivities, fishing and sailing parties, and excursions by steam yacht

to Isle au Haut for luncheon, past Devil's Island, a rocky possession of Mr. Frazier's.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Godfrey invited us and the Fraziers and a number of friends for a ride on their steam yacht all around the island of Mount Desert, with luncheon on board.

Added to these delights were card parties, a moon-light picnic up Sommes Sound, and supper there at the inn. Mrs. Frazier gave a delightful musicale, and presided over a reception at the country club. Our friends, Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Benson, who always summered at Northeast, were most particularly kind.

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WOULD you try kindness
That charmingly kills,
Then fly off to "Barnacles"
Away from all ills,
And find endless pleasures
Which fill every hour,
For Fraziers work wonders
Like genii of power;
They are happy mortals
Who reap as they sow;
Eclipsing all glories
Of famed Isle au Haut.

THAT week was one of my most pleasant memories. Now, it would seem that this visit would be equally pleasant. The W. W. Fraziers had taken a handsome yacht for the season and offered it to us, to make up our own party to Winter Harbor. The day was perfect and we arrived there all too soon. We had telegraphed Mrs.

Eli K. Price to meet us, and all sat around a round table at Grindstone Inn for a good luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Frazier, Mrs. Zimmermann, Miss Thomes, Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Wentz, Mrs. Price, and ourselves. After lunch the Northeast party took leave and returned, and we were bidden to a "Tea" that Mrs. Price was giving for us at the country club. There we met Mrs. Charles Cresswell, Mrs. Henry Borie, Mrs. Samuel Price Wetherill, and Mrs. Henry Hobart Brown, and many others. Mrs. Wetherill entertained us at luncheon next day and took us for a beautiful drive.

The trip was the most enjoyable we had ever undertaken. We had no cranky chauffeur to consider, and everybody was kindness itself.

After leaving Winter Harbor we went via Bar Harbor by boat and by train to Portland, Maine, where Mr. Samuel F. Houston the next morning came to the hotel with his motor and took us to the shore of Casco Bay, where his sons, Henry H. Houston and Charles W. Brown, piloted us on their power boat to Clapboard Island, where the Houstons had a handsome summer residence.

We were at their house twenty-four hours, and I do not know of another day so crowded with enjoyment. After lunch they took us out in their yacht, all around the islands in Casco Bay. We saw the island on which George Elkins was building his palace, and numbers of other charming residences on other islands, returning in time for a five o'clock tea at the little Dutch cottage, bought for their daughters by Mr. and Mrs. Houston when on a trip to Holland the year before, and put together by a local genius.

Next morning I went fishing with Eleanor Thompson, afterwards Mrs. Williams Roberts. We had a good catch.

After lunch we were escorted to the train by the two sons of the family, very fine young men, who moved our trunk and would not allow a porter to touch it.

Next we stayed over night at York Harbor with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts and with her went to the Casino dance. This was August fourth. August sixth we were due at Jamestown at the Lippincott wedding.

Everybody was buying newspapers and discussions were heard continually as to whether or not Germany would really go to war, or whether the questions could be diplomatically settled.

August seventh we were again at 1819 Walnut Street, and in spite of all our pleasure, decided that there was no place like home.

KILKENNY

MR. THOMAS ROBERTS owned a share in a deer preserve at Kilkenny on the coast of Georgia. It was at this point that General Sherman made his landing preparatory to his famous march through the South, at the time of the Civil War. About nine hundred densely wooded acres belonged to the club. I believe that Rodman Wanamaker, Randal Morgan, Alexander Van Rensselaer, and George Roberts were the other members. It was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts to invite parties of young people to visit the club with them early every December.

We were fortunate to be twice included in the party. Our first visit was made December, 1902. Mr. Thomas Roberts, Jr., was host, and certainly filled the post well; he was untiring in his efforts for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. Our daughters, Bertha and Ethel Weightman, with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reath,

Mary Godfrey, Edward C. Dale, Frank Cramp, Sydney Young, and Arthur Brockie made up the number.

A number of deer and wild turkeys were shot and the talk was all of game. The colored servants had good voices and gave us many a chorus. The river was full of delicious oysters, which we were able to obtain for ourselves. We had nightly feasts of roast oysters in one of the cabins, while the attendants treated us to a number of plantation songs.

One morning they took us in their motor boat to a distant island where we were stationed at "stands" to watch for deer, but game that day was scarce. However, the "stand" of one of the party produced a poetical effusion by Frank Cramp beginning, "I'm tired of standing alone."

"I'm tired of standing alone,
The dears will not come my way.
I want some one to stand with,
Someone to hold hands with,
I'm tired of being alone," etc.

There were several verses, sung to the tune of a hymn.

HOW TO LIVE

IN 1897 I was attacked by fainting spells, attended with complete loss of consciousness. An eminent physician told my wife to be prepared for my death at any moment, though I might live two years. Yet here I am twenty years later and feel as though my experience may be useful to others. I weighed then over 200 pounds.

Our son-in-law, Doctor Randolph Faries, advised me to lose flesh, that a man of my height and build ought not to weigh over 165 pounds. He gave me no medicines or diet list, but told me always to rise from table before eating as much as I wanted. I followed his advice.

There are 7,000,000 pores in our skin; the secret of all so-called "cures" is to keep them open by perspiration; to close them means death—as witness the case of a fine, healthy child who was covered with gold leaf on the occasion of the accession of Pope Leo X. The child died.

As we grow older it is more difficult to perspire, hence the stiffness of old age.

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THERE is one advantage in being old, and that is in having so many people know me, and who do not hesitate to introduce themselves—attention which always pleases an old man. It does not matter where I go, I almost invariably meet people who arouse old memories, take off strangeness of surroundings, and make me feel at home. For instance, I did not know how many friends I had in Washington until I met them at the delightful wedding of Helen, beautiful daughter of Charles M. Ffoulke, to

Mr. Havenith, minister from Belgium. The walls of the spacious ballroom were completely covered with superb tapestries, flowers everywhere, one end fitted up as an altar, and after the ceremony was over, in what seemed miraculously short time, round tables appeared, for guests to be seated at a well-served luncheon.

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IN 1915 our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward d'Invilliers, were wintering at Boca Grande, and we made that our objective point for our southern trip. Mr. and Mrs. John Crozer and daughter were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heebner, the latter of whom invited us to accompany them on their yacht to Fort Myers. We had never been to Fort Myers and were glad to accept, intending to return by train, but that evening at dinner, what was our surprise to be greeted by fellow-members of the Egypt Mills Club, Nathan Folwell, president of the Manufacturers' Club, W. F. Fray, president of the Stetson Hat Corporation, and Samuel E. Landis, chairman of our Fish and Game Committee, who were wintering around the Florida coast in their house boat *Nepenthe*. We were at once invited to return with them to Boca Grande; thus we had two enjoyable days on southern waters.

At Boca Grande, Mr. Willetts, another friend, presented us with a six-foot tarpon, which we gave orders to have stuffed and shipped to Egypt Mills Club, Pennsylvania, where it now hangs.

From Boca Grande we went by train and boat to Tampa, and its overgrown caravansary, the Tampa Bay Hotel, and thence to Bradentown on the Manatee River, and from there to St. Petersburg, where we stopped at the "Florenton Hotel."

A previous winter when we had gone to "Belair," near Clearwater, we had been delightfully entertained by the Clarence Hobarts at their charming house. Mrs. Hobart had been a schoolmate at Farmington, Connecticut, of one of our daughters, and we had her often as our guest before her marriage. The Charles R. Halls, of St. Petersburg, had also been most kind, and we invited the four to lunch with us. They came over some twenty odd miles of dusty roads, and we gave them welcome and a good lunch at the Florenton.

In order to return our civility, the Hobarts insisted, for the sake of old times, that we stop one night with them at Clearwater. We so arranged it, and they met us at the station with their auto, horses having been replaced by machinery.

Their place was as attractive as ever, but Clarence's health having been restored by his southern life, they talk of selling their 175 acres, with its orange groves, palm trees, and bulrushes.

Clearwater, like other resorts, has grown and improved. One or two large hotels have been added, in one of which we found Mrs. Levick and her daughter, Mrs. Winthrop Neilson; both had come for health and found it.

Our day at the Hobarts was restful and happy.

The tableland of Florida is only elevated some fifty feet above tidewater, but that seems enough to account for the difference in climate between the Gulf and Atlantic coast. Lake Eustis and its chain of lakes is the source of the St. John's River. They are famous for orange groves, beautiful wild scenery, and quantities of bass. Eustis is a paradise for fishermen. We chartered a motor boat and sailed through miles of country, different from any we had ever seen before, mourning cypress trees and trail-

ing vines. The day was so fine that it was impossible to receive a doleful impression from them; on the contrary, everything was enchanting. We found Mr. and Mrs. Amos Wakelin, Jr., son of our Belfield neighbor, located on a beautiful orange plantation on the shore of one of the lakes. Life here was ideal.

On one large lake the surface of the water was completely hidden by yellow spatterdocks and their green leaves. We seemed to be gliding over a carpet of beautiful flowers, from horizon to horizon.

Each time that we had visited Florida, we had read advertisements of the wonders of Silver Spring as the most beautiful spring in the world, and determined to take it in, on our way north, as well as Green Cove Springs.

After leaving Eustis, we took the train to Ocala, and promptly hired a motor to drive the six miles, over a fair road, to the spring, expecting to find a good hotel there and stay over night. On arriving, we found a tumble-down inn, shutters and porches hanging by a thread, ruined outbuildings and bath houses, and hurried to the landing for our ride in the glass-bottomed rowboat. This amply repaid us for our journey. The water was clear as air, and we were told that the ferns, grasses, and fish we saw were at a depth of 75 feet. On returning, we found that our motor had returned to Ocala, also, that there would be no boat to Palatka for two days. We felt stranded. Our landlady was sorry for us, said no guests had slept there for years, but politely offered her room, if we would stay.

Although everything was scrupulously clean, the place was in such an advanced state of dilapidation that we decided it would be kinder to her and to ourselves to return to Ocala, and telephoned for a motor. While wait-

ing we were treated to a good supper of poached eggs, milk cake and toast, for which we were charged 25 cents each! After the big sums we had been spending at hotels, I was ashamed to pay her so little. She waited on us herself; we saw no one else.

The glory of the surroundings of Silver Spring has departed, but the beauty of the spring itself can never be effaced. It is a wonder. It is the source of a river, the Ocklawaha, on which navigation is conducted for a hundred or more miles through the high grounds of Florida.

We were disappointed at not being able to travel by boat. Our time was limited, however, and we felt that a whole day at Silver Spring would be wasted, so took the Ocklawaha Valley Railroad, which carried us the forty-eight miles to Palatka in about ten hours.

The train seemed to us to be travelling backward most of the time, the reason being that spurs from the main road ran up to small towns. The train would move forward until it reached the stations, then back to the main line. The road ran through pines and palmetto forests, with a few farms.

Tapping the pines for turpentine was an ever-present industry. It was stated that large quantities were collected and shipped. It was from Palatka that our journey to Green Cove Spring began.

* * * * *

THAT day, on reaching Palatka, we found our train to Green Cove Spring had passed half an hour before, but that an express, the last train, would arrive in five minutes. When it came we tried persuasion and bribery, but found the conductor adamant. He said he would be discharged

and perhaps receive thirty days in jail for breaking rules if he halted the train at Green Cove.

By that time it was dark. A motor was waiting, which we engaged, and started on our 26-mile ride. The man who drove did not know the way and took a friend as guide to show it to him. There was no highway; our path lay through woods, fields and swamps. At any moment I expected we might be murdered and no one the wiser. However, I kept my thoughts to myself and was finally made happy by reaching Green Cove at 9 P.M.

Our guides proved as trustworthy as their faces demonstrated and we were grateful. The searchlights of our auto brought every twig, bough, tree and bug into prominence, with an effect like burnished silver on every object, making it both grand and impressive, and our ride through a wilderness, where any moment we might have been held up, was interesting and exciting.

Supper at the hotel was long past, but we were furnished with eggs, biscuits and milk, a King orange or two, and made an excellent supper. "The Quisisana" we found to be a modern and excellent hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, senior and junior, of Riverton, New Jersey, and Kilkenny, Georgia, were stopping there. Thomas, Jr., was a good sport and went partridge shooting nearly every day, bringing back twenty to thirty birds each time. Towards the last of his stay he was obliged to drive ten miles or more for game, as he had looted all nearby woods. "Thotmes"—Egyptian for Thomas—and I had been good friends during our trip to Egypt together and were glad to meet, and have some games of sniff for the sake of old times.

There is a wonderful spring adjoining the hotel grounds which always before this year had been open to

the public. Now it was fenced off and twenty-five cents admission charged, with the result that very few frequented it. However, we went there and drank several glasses of its pure water. The spring deservedly makes the place popular. It rises from a circular basin, flows over an apron about fifteen feet wide and eight or ten inches deep, into a large bathing casino, in which is one large pool together with half a dozen smaller ones. The large one is public, but we each took one of the two private swimming pools. The water has a uniform temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and is soft and slightly alkaline. It has a reputation for curing rheumatism, gout and allied diseases.

The people who frequent it year after year give ample testimony to its sanitary qualities.

The stream from the spring empties into St. John's River, which is about a mile in width, the water of which was said to be fresh. Fishing was said to be excellent, but our stay was too short to avail ourselves of such amusement.

We left Green Cove Spring on a Thursday afternoon, travelled all night and all the next day, and arrived at Washington on Friday night about 10 P.M. Saturday we took the trolley to Mt. Vernon mansion. It seemed strange that neither Mrs. Wister, nor I, had ever been there before, but having a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Chichester, at Leesburg, one and a half hours distant by trolley, it was natural that if we made excursions, we would give her the preference. We could not get her over the telephone the first day, but succeeded next morning, and took our midday Sunday dinner at her beautiful home.

PACIFIC COAST AND ADIRONDACKS

AUGUST 20, 1915, we left Cape May to go to Lake Clear and join our grandchildren, who had written us urgent invitations. This meant to close our cottage and end our trip at 1819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Lake Clear is centrally located in the Adirondack Mountains, a good place from which to make excursions in all directions, to Paul Smith's, Saranac, Lake Placid, Loon Lake, and Keene Valley, also Tupper Lake,* headquarters for campers and railroad station for Follensby Lake, where Edward Barbour owns a delightful camp with a beautiful mansion equipped with every modern luxury, many acres and the lake up to the summits of the surrounding hills, including an attractive log bungalow, formerly a Hudson Bay station.

The Read Strange Camp is owned by Bertram Strange and Mrs. William Read, cousins of our son-in-law, Doctor Nathaniel R. Norton, and situated on Wilbert Lake. It is an ideal spot, with its palatial log cabins, equipped with baths, etc. The camp was loaned to Doctor Norton for his honeymoon, but this is digression. This camp also comprises about 5000 acres and is within driving distance of Litchfield chateau.

We reached Lake Clear at 7 A.M., but early as it was, found Weightman Faries and his sister, Marie, there to meet us. He was driving a Ford machine. He had distinguished himself by buying this second-hand, then repairing and painting it himself. This investment was so encouraging that he also bought an old sail boat, repaired

* Tupper Lake is also station for Wilbert Lake.

and painted it white, and used it for excursions and fishing on the lake. Both of these purchases added greatly to our pleasure while visiting them.

We dined one evening at Saranac Inn, and found an old friend spending the summer there, Mrs. J. Campbell Harris. She was reputed to be ill, but looked well and very handsome. We lunched at Paul Smith's and at Loon Lake Hotel, where we canoed across to the point of land on which Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey H. Weightman had their camp.

Then one day we secured a large motor for our party and took a drive to Keene Valley, dining at St. Hubert's Inn, which is about five miles from where Winthrop Neilson, our nephew, has built his attractive camp on Upper Au Sable Lake. This is perhaps the most beautiful portion of the Adirondacks.

After a delightful week, we found, on looking up time tables, that Ottawa was only four hours distant by train, and as we had never seen that Canadian city, we suddenly decided to go there before turning our faces homeward. At Ottawa we became possessed with the spirit of travel and decided to go to Denver in order to look up some property we owned there.

We went via Sudbury, stopping at Nickel Range Hotel, a popular resort of travelling salesmen. As I wanted to visit the smelter works, we took a motor and drove the four or five miles. What was my disappointment to find it closed to us. The manager was polite and very frank, and told me that Wister was a German name, and as they were working on munitions, they feared spies! We were very much amused at our reception, but did not get through the smelter.

Our next stop was Sault St. Marie, on the Canadian

side, where the great steel works of Lake Superior Company are located. There we saw the process of making cannon cartridges.

Thence to Chicago, where my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Shoenberger, invited friends to meet us, and gave us a beautiful dinner at their handsome residence.

My niece, Ella Wister, had married Jansen Haines, and lived at Des Moines. We sent them a telegram and received one inviting us to stay over. They met us at the station with their automobile and took us to a handsome up-to-date clubhouse for dinner. Next day they drove us all over the city and suburbs.

Jansen Haines is connected with the United Gas Improvement Company, owns much property and is a man of importance in Des Moines. The couple have four fine boys. I was proud of my niece and nephews. Des Moines is a growing, flourishing city, with a great future ahead of her.

Everybody was asking us why we did not go on to the Pacific Exposition. At Denver we found the round trip railroad fare only \$45, including a stop at Grand Canyon. We concluded to take it all in. As the altitude at Denver did not affect us, we knew that we ran no risk at Grand Canyon.

Every description I have read of the Canyon has fallen so far short of its stupendous grandeur that I will not attempt one. I am thankful I have seen the greatest wonder on earth.

From there we went to San Diego and saw its exposition.

When in California in 1897, we neglected to fish at Catalona Island. This omission we made good now, eighteen years later. We took the excursion from Los

Angeles, via San Pedro, saw the improvement in the harbor, and sailed to Catalana. Stopped at the Hotel Metropole, the best there. It was destroyed by fire the following winter. We were glad it waited the eighteen years for us before it disappeared.

We took one of the glass-bottomed steamboats in the afternoon to view the sea gardens and shells on the bottom of the sea. At night we went again on a steamer, carrying flash lights, which attracted thousands of flying fish, sharks and other varieties, so that we saw them plainly.

Next morning I went fishing, but did not find it good. I had expected fish as abundant as at Yellowstone Park, and was disappointed.

At Los Angeles we visited the "Mission Play," also "Universal City," where moving pictures are constructed.

The Grand Exposition at San Francisco has been photographed and described. Nothing could exceed the beauty of its buildings and illumination. It far surpassed that of every other exposition, and I had seen them all, beginning with the Centennial—Chicago, Buffalo, Paris, St. Louis and San Diego Expositions. At San Francisco we met Miss Ella Eustis and Mrs. Francis Hazelhurst, and at Oaklands my cousin Anna Kidder, a brave little woman, who has reason to be proud of her children.

As we wanted to return via Denver, we took in the Petrified Forest and Painted Desert. When we alighted from the train at Adamana, we saw nothing except a small station house beside the railroad, and a vast plain, no signs of a hotel. The proprietor had come to meet us and politely carried our bags. We asked the whereabouts of the hotel. He answered, "There it is," and pointed down the embankment to a long shed, which looked like

a bowling alley building, with stove pipes protruding at intervals from the roof, with "Painted Desert" in large white letters painted on the sloping slide of the roof. We met there our cousins, Mrs. Joseph Fox and daughter Eliza, who had been on our train and whom we had missed seeing before.

Bedrooms were along each side of a long, narrow hall; ours had the distinction of a stove. Our three meals consisted of beef and potatoes—one huge slice of leathery beefsteak, which covered the plate, with a sprinkling of fried potatoes. I asked for milk, as the tea and coffee were undrinkable, but there was none. That surprised me, as I had been told that there were 25,000 cattle on the adjoining ranch. These, I was informed, were kept for breeding purposes only.

That afternoon as we motored on a trail across the prairie to the Painted Desert, and I saw lean cattle browsing on the dry withered herbage, I understood why the beef was so tough, also the scarcity of milk.

There are no standing trees in the Petrified Forest, only stumps and trunks of all sizes, half buried in sand. Some day, when Uncle Sam has time and opportunity to improve this national reservation, he may dig away most of the sand around these wonders of the past, that a succeeding generation may see more of the forest and not have so much left to imagination.

The climate is as dry as that in Egypt, which no doubt accounts for the brilliant coloring of soil and formations remaining intact. And like Egypt's historic ruins, excavations are necessary before they can be fully appreciated.

En route to Denver, we stopped a couple of days at Manitou Springs, and took several motor rides through the Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs, etc., noticing

the changes which eighteen years' time had developed in Colorado City, transforming it from a scattered village to a populous metropolis. Indeed, we found that almost every Western town had grown out of our recollection.

PASS-A-GRILLE

THE last of our daughters, our youngest, Martha Weightman,* was married October 10, 1910. After this we went South every winter, and were surprised at the number of white-haired people in every hotel.

On February 12, 1917, we took a drawing-room through from Philadelphia to St. Petersburg, and located there at the Florenton Hotel. On looking around the dining room, I saw no young people except nurses or daughters who had accompanied an old father or mother. It was depressing; we were accustomed to associating with a younger generation, so I said, "We must get out of this, and to a younger place." "Well," said my wife, "suppose we go to-morrow for a day's excursion to Pass-a-Grille." This was reached by trolley across the city, and then six miles by steamer to the long narrow island Pass-a-Grille, lying in the Gulf of Mexico, one of the West Florida Keys.

We discovered a pretty little hotel on the beach, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Lissote (French people). They gave us a good lunch, we liked their rooms, immediately engaged two, moved there the following day and stayed six weeks. It was the place of all others we thought the best in Florida. Sad to relate, the hotel has since burned down.

We found Pass-a-Grille to be a famous fishing resort,

* To William A. M. Fuller.

the bay on one side full of Spanish mackerel and sheeps-head, and the Gulf on the other, with its king fish, groupers and tarpon.

Mornings when we were not fishing or on some excursion, we would sit under the palms or on the porch, playing sniff, backgammon or cribbage, and in the late afternoon, towards sunset, would walk across the quarter mile to welcome returning fishermen laden with spoils, then, by another lane, cross again to the Gulf and watch the setting sun slowly sinking into the waters in unequalled beauty and splendor. There are concrete walks, and scattered benches, along both water fronts which we fully appreciated.

Many times we met John Wanamaker taking the same walk. He had, like us, discovered this quiet, restful spot. He was stopping at the larger Pass-a-Grille Hotel, and had his yacht anchored at its wharf. Every tide covers the beach with beautiful shells, and it was a usual sight in the morning to see numbers of children, who had come over by the early boat, with heads bent, picking up the shells, later to be peddled at St. Petersburg.

Bathing in the Gulf must be enjoyed to be appreciated; water is clear as crystal. Once I saw a large fish swimming near and went back to the beach for my rod and line which I had left lying there, and soon hooked the fish.

The climate is subject to wet and dry seasons; there is no fog or dampness like that of the east coast, trade winds blow and the warm dry air is delightful. After we had once tried the west coast, we let the east severely alone, with its fashionable Palm Beach and dissipated time-killers.

Boats plied regularly to busy St. Petersburg, with its shops, cafeterias and golf links—if one wanted a change to a livelier place, it was easy of access.

AVALON

THE only other place I know of which compares with Pass-a-Grille for rest and quiet, gorgeous sunsets, and beautiful moonlight nights is Avalon, New Jersey. There, too, the fishing is good and surf bathing unexcelled.

We have there a bungalow, built partly over water and partly over land; under it is our motor boat and garage. A road in front and harbor back, with porches at each end of the house. To illustrate: One morning we took a fourteen-mile ride on the hard beach to Stone Harbor and back. On the way I saw some clams, got out and picked them up. From the motor I walked into our boat, and with the clam bait, caught a good mess of fish for luncheon. We lived in a flat with bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchen, etc., over our boats and automobile.

I was working on these reminiscences, Mrs. Wister had sewing to do, or we would take turns reading to each other, play our favorite games together on the porch, or, of cool evenings, by the huge fireplace. Perhaps drive over to the Casino for moving pictures, or take excursions by motor to Atlantic City, Cape May, etc.

Back of the house suspended over the water was an electric light, which attracted multitudes of fish. They were too dazed by the light to bite at bait, but could be caught by net. Down by the ocean front was a fine casino, where every evening there would be motion pictures, followed by dancing, ice cream and soda water, games and shooting gallery combined.

We found it cooler there than at Cape May, the constant ebb and flood tides bringing currents of air which, combined with sea breezes, were life-giving.

The Avalon Yacht Club was about 500 feet further

from our house along the harbor. From our back porch we could see all sorts of aquatic sports, boat races, swimming matches, etc.

In front on the road, the farmer, milkman, baker and provision man came with laden wagons, so that house-keeping cares were unknown.

Is it any wonder that at Pass-a-Grille and Avalon we were perfectly happy and contented with such ideal life?

1917

We might be said to have begun 1917 with August and September, 1916, two happy months at Avalon, and October spent at Egypt Mills. Later we gave a large ball at the Ritz Carlton, on Wednesday evening, November 29th, for our two débutante granddaughters, Anne Meirs and Marie Faries, to which all our family came, as well as two younger granddaughters of the next season's débutante set, Caroline Barclay and Genette Faries, who had the best time of all, as they danced the whole evening and had no responsibility in receiving or entertaining guests.

As we grow older we are glad to realize that we may enjoy giving pleasure to our grandchildren, and that there is still something for us to live for.

BELFIELD CLUB

THE Belfield Club, of which I have the honor to be president, is built upon ground which belonged to our Belfield Estate. The club always holds its summer opening on the first Saturday in May.

There are outdoor sports as long as daylight lasts, golf and tennis matches, and girls versus boys in an exciting game of baseball. A year or two ago, I had put up



EGYPT MILLS CLUB, PIKE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA



a silver golf trophy cup, to be competed for by the best winner of three matches.

The Golf Committee of 1917 decided that it had been fairly won by Barton King, one of our popular members and our best golfer, so I decided to make the presentation at our regular club dinner. On these occasions a long table was always set across the end of the large ballroom upstairs, and three tables running out from it, down the length of the hall, thus:



Mrs. Wister and I usually sat at the middle of the upper side of the long table, immediately opposite the central of the three tables. The meal was served table d'hôte, to generally ninety or a hundred members and guests. Leaflets of songs were distributed and between courses everybody sang in chorus to the music of a good band.

At what I thought to be the psychological moment, I presented the cup to Mr. King with a complimentary speech, which elicited great applause.

After these dinners, I was always expected, when the tables had been cleared away, to open the ball with a few steps of a waltz with Mrs. Wister. Our duty done we could slip off and go home.

Mr. King has had "Wister Cup" engraved on his cup with dates and golf record, and date of presentation.

EGYPT MILLS

MRS. WISTER and I always arranged to return from the South by the end of March, so as to be at home a week or two before going on April 15th to Egypt Mills Club for the opening of the trout season.

This year, 1917, I particularly wished to meet the chairman of the Fish and Game Committee, Samuel E. Landis, as I hoped to enlist his coöperation in the matter of adding a bass preserve to the club. I had been president of the club since 1902, but, although I could suggest and advocate improvements, I had no power to order anything done, without the sanction of the Board of Directors.

On elevated ground above the club, between two of the foothills of Pharaoh's Knob and near Schoonover's Farm, there was a depression of 13 acres, which at one time had evidently been a lake. Nature had conveniently arranged the ground, so that a comparatively small dam would hold water.

I had often spoken to Mr. Landis of my project, but until this visit we had never gone over the ground together. We took him up there in our motor and I showed him the springs and small streams, and how I thought the dam should be built.

After much discussion at the last meeting of the board, I had gained their consent and the plan now only waited to be carried out. Mr. Landis approved highly of the scheme, and volunteered to see the work accomplished. I felt well satisfied to leave the lake in such competent hands. We often went up to the club and I expected to see the work under way at my next visit, and completed before we came in October.

The lake is now finished, is a great success, is filled with water, and well stocked with young bass, and is called "Landis Lake."

Egypt Mills is located at the most beautiful spot in famously beautiful Pike County, Pennsylvania, at the junction of Tom's Creek and Delaware River, four miles

from Bushkill, situated in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains, one of which "Pharaoh's Knob," rises abruptly alongside the clubhouse to a height of 1200 feet, from the top of which can be seen a most extended view of the surrounding country.

When I joined the club the face of the mountain was disfigured by signs, "No trespassing allowed," "Trespassers will be prosecuted according to law," etc. These notices were aggravating.

One of the party was public spirited enough to buy the mountain, whereupon Mr. Martin Brill, one of our members, who had been to Virginia Hot Springs and realized the advantages of a "Delafield Path," offered to bring his surveyor to lay out a similar path, and also promised to donate a dozen benches, to be placed every tenth of a mile, for the use of pedestrians, each bench representing a rise of fifty feet.

This offer was gladly accepted. In a few weeks he returned with Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Eustis, and his daughter, Miss Florence Brill. We met at the club. These with other members made up a gay party. Mrs. Eustis had an artistic eye, and took some excellent photographs, while Mr. Eustis, an expert surveyor, laid out the path.

Mr. Brill was well satisfied with the result. Any one fortunate enough to own an automobile would be able to testify to the scenic beauties everywhere in the vicinity, with the clubhouse as a centre or starting point. The situation is unsurpassed.

The comfortable clubhouse boasts an excellent cuisine and is presided over by Mrs. James Sutton, a clever gentlewoman, who welcomes the coming guest, shows them much consideration, and speeds the departing.

They enjoy every luxury while plying the gentle art of fishing, with none of the hardships, inseparable from old-time sport, such as I remember fifty years ago.

In remote, almost prehistoric times, when sailing vessels were the only means of communication with distant countries, history does not tell us how the names of Pharaoh and Egypt should have become mixed up with "Tom's" trout streams, Thomas's, or, better still, "Thotmes'" stream, for Thotmes is Egyptian for Thomas, and as Thotmes was the father of Rameses, and as Mr. Brill's path is now a "Rameses Path," it would seem eminently proper to have all these names in uniform language.

When the club was first instituted we took the property as we found it, content to own the historic mill with its fine water power. I became attached to the unique old structure, and loved to fish in its shade. Naturally, I was shocked to hear rumors (ten years later) that, as the roof must be renewed and gasoline was cheap, we should tear down the mill and use motor power. Modern machinery does not appeal to sentiment or imagination, and I, as a committee of one, volunteered to inspect the mill.

Accompanied by my wife we started early one morning of a bitter cold February day. The clubhouse was closed. We found it banked up by snow. However, we had comfortable quarters at the Peters House at Bushkill, and drove over from there in one of our host's sleighs. Mr. and Mrs. John Gunn, who kept a department store at Egypt Mills, and live in comfortable quarters, gave us an excellent lunch.

The ground was frozen, fingers and feet were numb, but we kept to our self-appointed task. I had taken the

precaution to have an expert meet me on the train at Stroudsburg and accompany us. He saw, what was evident, that silt and stones had been washed down Tom's Creek by the stream, and blocked the wheel, and that a little digging would clear all that out.

The inside was in thoroughly good order, timbers solid and substantial; we saw that the roof was the only thing out of repair. Also, that it would be wicked to do away with such fine water power and use machinery.

As the composition of bad doggerel is one of my weaknesses, and as I thought I might amuse the Board of Directors at our annual meeting, I wrote the following lines, and appended them to my regular report, with the result that, after much laughter and applause, a resolution was proposed and adopted to reshingle the roof. I apologize for the geography. It takes imagination to mix up the banks of the Nile with the River Delaware.

LEGEND OF EGYPT MILLS

I'll sing you a song both tragic and true
Of things that only our old mill knew,
A wonderful tale of ages ago
That all our members ought to know.
When Pharaoh reigned on Pharaoh's Knob
And all his neighbors fought to rob,
Of gold he piled up quite a store
And palaces he built galore.
Great granaries, and many stills,
But best of all, our Egypt Mills.
In Pharaoh's time, on Jersey's shore
Dwelt Jacob's sons, a dozen or more.

Old Jacob loved his Joseph best,
A jealous crowd were all the rest.
These devilish brothers formed a plot
To kill him, for they loved him not.
Though this was what they first intended,
Their feet got cold, and they pretended.
They dug a pit as deep as a moat
And killed a kid to stain his coat.
They sold him to the Ishmaelites
Who were a species of Garbeshites.
This might have been a tale of woe,
"But not for Joseph, Oh, dear' no!"
They brought the coat, all blooded o'er
And hung it by old Jacob's door,
Who mourned and wept and rent his clothes,
Till all his sons and daughters rose
To try and comfort dear old Dad,
Who knew not they had been so bad.
Joseph was sold for Potiphar's slave,
Whose wife over Joseph's looks did rave.
She met him on the Rameses Path
And great was her dismay and wrath,
In spite of all her arguments mighty,
He had no use for one so flighty.
Her frailty cost Joseph an excellent berth,
As she put him in jail to prove her own worth.
Then the butler and baker fell into a trance,
Joseph guessed their dreams rightly by chance.
The butler returned to the smiles of his king,
While the baker from a scaffold did swing.
The king after supper went to bed tight,
But his dreams gave him a terrible fright.

Magicians he summoned and soothsayers, too,
Pharaoh was in a horrible stew.
Their answers were useless and did him no good,
When up rose his butler and before Pharaoh stood.
The pompous old servant thus spoke to his king,
"A Hebrew from prison to thee I can bring,
He will interpret without any doubt."
The prison doors opened, and Joseph walked out.
After cutting his hair, a bath and a shave,
Pharaoh was pleased to honor his slave.
Then Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's bad dream.
The seven fat cows were the years of cream.
Famine would follow for seven years more,
And advised the king to lay up a store.
Pharaoh placed Joseph in high command,
Who wisely bought grain all over the land.
He cornered the market, naught was left o'er,
Till Jacob near starved on the opposite shore.
Now Joseph's fame had spread far and wide,
People flocked to the mountain side,
Ready to beg, borrow or steal
The price of a solid good square meal.
Via Dinghman's Ferry was Jacob brought
And when he the presence of Joseph sought,
He rejoiced to find his long lost son,
Who forgave his brothers all they'd done.
They ate the grain that was ground in the mill,
Till each had enough his belly to fill.
Then Jacob lived on Pharaoh's Knob,
Happy, ever after, so help me Bob,
To be near Joseph and the dear old mill;
Had he not died, he might be there still.

Thotmes creek sings, as it hurries along,
And this is the burden of its song:
Built ages ago, long time forgotten,
No wonder our mill's roof is rotten.
But pride and joy its old frame tingles
For trusted friends have bought new shingles.
Its clogged-up power with repairs crown,
And naught will now its music drown.
For Delaware Valley it alone
Ground grain between its wheels of stone.
Grain brought by peasants in distress
When famine stalked the wilderness.
To tear it down, thus lose our name,
'Twould be an everlasting shame.
Without our name upon the map,
And post office, a heap of scrap.
Then thrice three cheers for Egypt's Mills,
Where all is lovely except the bills.
Here's to the board who work for glory,
Here's to all who hear my story,
Here's to all whose health we nourish,
Wishing that our club may flourish.

(" Rameses Path " named by Jones Wister.)

* * * * *

CAPE MAY,
July 29, 1917.

DEAR _____:

We spent a part of June and all of July at Cape May. I had several very satisfactory fishing trips. One day I motored to Fishing Creek and took a small boat out on

the bay. My catch numbered 59. I had tried to catch the sixtieth fish, but was unsuccessful.

We have had a happy summer and many week-end friends as visitors. Cape May is crowded with people, on foot and on wheels, the boardwalk is alive with pedestrians, and the roads thronged with autos. There are four moving picture theatres, all of which are well attended. Surf bathing is very popular, and bathers frequent the beach pretty much all day.

If there is no hitch in our proceedings, we will rent this house for six weeks, leave on the 31st, attend the United Service Club opening August 1st, and leave August seventh for a tour of the Canadian Rockies via Canadian Pacific Railroad, and return by way of Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, and our own Glacier National Park on the Great Northern Railroad.

George Woodward called one evening, and we invited him to our Sunday dinner, and to bring several of his friends. He is located at the barracks, under Colonel Savage.

I see by the papers that 1000 motorists are to be sent from Allentown to France. Weightman Faries and Rodman Wister are at that ambulance camp. Both of them have been made lieutenants.

* * * * *

ONE night, about the middle of the month, we were sitting upstairs quietly playing cribbage, when three men burst into the room and loudly called out, "Your house is on fire!" They had gotten in through a window, as we had let the servants go to the movies.

My first idea was that they meant no good, that there was no fire, and that I must get rid of them as quickly

as possible. There was not even the smell of smoke. After I had politely but firmly insisted on their leaving and had carefully closed the window and front door, I joined Mrs. Wister on our second floor porch to learn if possible a reason for the alarm. The sight of the crowd in front and around the house stunned me. It seemed as if everybody in New Jersey and every motor were gathered there in front of the house—all the Cape May fire engines and hose carriages appeared in force.

We knew there was no fire and could only gaze at the people in astonishment. We looked at them and they looked at us, until, like the Arabs in the song, "They silently stole away." Some one had turned in a fire alarm. We thought afterwards that papers and trash we had burned in our little wood stove might have set fire to soot in the chimney, as we were told that a dense smoke came from its direction. Next day we had the chimney examined, only to find it entirely clean.

To this day we cannot understand how so "Much ado could be made about nothing."

1819 WALNUT STREET,
August 7, 1917.

DEAR ———:

On July 31st we left Cape May, after lunch, for Philadelphia. It was a very hot day; I do not remember ever before having to take off my coat in a motor in order to be comfortable.

The Paul duPonts had leased our cottage and we were off on our trip West. The southern end of New Jersey is a garden from Camden to Cape May. We had motored through it considerably. Indeed, all the way the country is well cultivated. Corn, which is just coming to tassel,

promises an abundant crop. Potatoes and tomatoes are in great abundance. Raspberries are just about over.

We stopped at Hammonton on the way up, to call on Charles d'Inwilliers, who has a summer home there, and were treated to grape juice, soda water, and cake.

Either the weather changed or Philadelphia was cooler, for, after reaching home at 8.30 P.M., tired and hungry, we were able to sleep well, and awakened refreshed and ready to prepare for our journey, and for the opening of the United Service Club, at 207 South 22d Street, at 8 P.M.

The building was formerly occupied as a Children's Hospital, and abandoned by its managers for new quarters at 18th and Bainbridge Streets. The club was organized by the Congress of Mothers, whose president called a meeting in May at the Acorn Club, to consider ways and means of giving sailors and soldiers, passing through Philadelphia, home influences and healthy surroundings. An Army and Navy Camp Committee was formed, with Mrs. William T. Carter as president, and it was resolved to use the old building of the Children's Hospital for a clubhouse.

The buildings were in bad repair, but these patriotic women, nothing daunted, gave time and money, repaired the roof, painted and calcimined it throughout, installed fifteen shower baths, bathrooms, reading, writing and billiard rooms, six hundred beds, and quarters for visitors, mothers and sisters; also, a cafeteria.

At the opening on August 1st it seemed almost impossible to enter the building, so great was the swarm of young men crowding up the steps. A boxing match on the roof was the grand attraction of the evening, after paying respects to the Reception Committee and seeing the clubhouse.

The venture proved a great success. The hospital managers had been generous. They had leased the property at one dollar a year rent to the ladies. They were there in force to give their approval to the scheme. Messrs. David Williams, Edward Sayres, John Cadwalader, Jr., also, husbands and friends of the Women's Committee, Edward T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Daniels, wife of Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB COMMITTEE

MRS. WILLIAM T. CARTER, President
MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF, Vice-President, and President of
National Congress of Mothers
MRS. JOHN GRIBBEL, Treasurer
MRS. LINGELBACH, Secretary.

Mrs. Edward Bok	Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury
Mrs. J. Albert Caldwell	Mrs. William Field
Mrs. George H. Earle	Miss Mary S. Garrett
Mrs. Spencer K. Mulford	Miss Clara Chase
Mrs. Joseph B. Mumford	Mrs. William Platt
Mrs. William Simpson, Jr.	Mrs. Jones Wister

Our week in town was a busy one and filled with engagements. On August second Doctor Randolph Faries accompanied us to visit the Allentown Ambulance Corps. Weightman met us at the Columbia Hotel for lunch, with two of his friends, Simon and Moss, his co-editors and assistants on a very creditable camp newspaper, about the size of the *Bulletin*, called *The Post Exchange*, published once a week. It costs him \$80 to publish a number and brings in \$200, so it is not a bad investment. Rodman Wister, with his company, was off on a hike and we were disappointed not to see him.

After the boys had bade us good-bye, we were caught in a cloud burst, and were glad to take refuge in a garage. The cool air brought by the storm was most welcome. We arrived home in another storm, but found a good supper, which Randolph shared with us.

Friday, August third, we lunched on the roof garden of the Bellevue-Stratford by Mr. and Mrs. William Fuller's invitation. The breeze up there was refreshing, and in delightful company we thoroughly enjoyed an extremely good meal.

Saturday, August fourth, we took lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Schoff. They are the parents of Leonard Schoff, who married Suzanne Levick. Mrs. Schoff is president of the National Congress of Mothers and originator of the service club idea.

Sunday, August fifth, we motored out to take lunch with the John Strawbridges. John has enlisted and has been vaccinated against smallpox and also against typhoid fever, preparatory to admission to Fort Niagara Officers' Training Camp. Four thousand are trying for admission and only one thousand will be accepted.

On our way home to-day we stopped at the Fuller farm and afterwards at the Belfield Club. Later we also called on my cousins, the Joseph Foxes, but found them all away.

Elsie (Mrs. Charles Keith) had telephoned, "Would we dine with them informally at Manheim before going away?" and we had fixed on Monday night, August sixth, our last night at home and only free time.

Our luggage had gone and as we expected to dine quietly on the porch of the Manheim Club, with only our cousins, the Keiths, we went in our travelling suits. What was our horror to find sixteen other guests invited

to meet us, and all of them in evening dress! Under the circumstances we were forgiven our lack of costume, and enjoyed what was a surprise party to us, in seeing so many old friends. The night was perfect, so was the company, and it was a delightful send-off.

CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMER,
August 8, 1917.

DEAR ———:

Two giddy old creatures, on pleasure bent, left the Reading Terminal, at 8 P.M., Tuesday, August seventh, in a drawing-room compartment, on the Buffalo and Canadian Express, and reached Niagara Falls at 7.30 this morning, Toronto at noon, and Port McNichol, where we took this magnificent Canadian Pacific steamboat, at 5.30.

We are now just twenty-four hours from Philadelphia. This steamer is as fine as any crossing the Atlantic. We have a beautiful stateroom on the uppermost deck of cabins, on the same deck as the dining saloon. The meals are fairly good, but by no means up to a high standard, although good enough for one who does not wish to increase his weight. We have a large number of babies on board, from a few months to six or seven years, including several with bow legs. They are noisy and sometimes amusing.

August 9, 1917 (continued).

This afternoon about three o'clock, after a sunshiny morning, the foghorn began its mournful tooting, and from a cloudless sky a heavy fog arose over Lake Superior. However, after dampening the deck and our spirits, it dissipated in about two hours.

This boat was built upon the Clyde, for ocean travel, and runs as quietly as possible. Mrs. Wister would have preferred coming by train. She says that she is used to

the drawing rooms and that as they are all alike, she feels at home in them. But this time she deferred to my wish to cross the lakes by water.

I am very fond of the freedom of a boat, and Mrs. W. admits that I am right, as there are no waves and we have mill-pond weather. Our dining room is too small for the number of passengers, so many must wait for a second table. We are fortunate in having a small table for ourselves.

It was hot when we retired and cold when we awoke, so that it is difficult to know how to dress. We have just passed through the canal lock at the "Soo" and are on Lake Superior. Sault St. Marie grows every time we see it.

Our trunk is not on board and we have wired to Philadelphia for it.

At least a dozen tents are on the banks of the lock, and probably twenty or twenty-five Canadian soldiers. There is constant war talk among the passengers, and no one seems able to guess the finish, though all agree that we have probably a lot of war ahead. Canada seems to be doing its "bit."

When we visited the "Soo" some years ago fresh whitefish were the chief feature of every menu, and we enjoyed them in their perfection. They should be abundant, but we have had them three times only, once quite stale, once a trifle better, and once pretty good. I am thinking that if I want to make sure of fresh fish I must do my own catching.

I forgot to mention that we have met on board a distinguished looking Spanish couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alcade, from Chile, South America, who are making a tour of Canada and the United States. They speak English per-

fectly, and we exchanged much information on deck while the fog lasted.

When the fog lifted we found that an Allan Line steamer was just behind us and afterward came beside us. We did not race, but the two steamers kept abreast of each other, speeding at exactly the same rate, about fifteen knots. I felt that her captain might have distanced us had he so wished. We lost sight of her in the night. I think she headed for Duluth.

I finished, the morning before I left home, what I think a fine portrait of Doctor Nathaniel Norton, our New York son-in-law. He had no likeness of himself, and as he had been giving us lots of good medical advice, it gave me pleasure to paint his portrait. I have been so little at home, it has been a slow process. Very likely when I return I shall see that necessary changes may improve it. It always happens that after an absence of a few weeks, the eye has a chance to rest and is able to remedy defects. The Nortons are all at Mt. Kisco this summer.

ROYAL ALEXANDRIA HOTEL, WINNIPEG,

August 11, 1917.

DEAR ———:

Twelve hours from Fort William in a sleeper by day, brought us here about nine o'clock last night. This is the big city of Canada West. We are very glad to stop over here for twenty-four hours. We are just three days from home, or rather, were last evening, on our arrival.

As our trunk is still among the missing, we did some shopping and found almost everything we wanted in the Hudson Bay Company's shops and at the "Big Injun" store of Robinson and Company.

This city, Winnipeg, had 190 inhabitants forty years ago, and now numbers 250,000. It has 46 or 47 theatres,

moving pictures, etc., and twenty-two parks! As we are here to rest, we are not investigating these various delights.

A complete system of trolley cars runs through the city, of which we took advantage while looking up shops this morning.

Our journey yesterday was through a desolate part of Canada, *vis.*, the Rainy Lake region, a series of big and little lakes, from one acre to thousands in extent. Many of them were most attractive looking, but I did not see a boat or a house or a bird, or any animal along the entire route until we reached the Lake of the Woods. Here we found a fine large city, the houses built along the shore of the lake, and plenty of life. If I mistake not, this lake is the source of the Mississippi.

At Fort William we rechecked our trunk to Wetaskiwin by simply exchanging checks, and left a duplicate key with the customs agent, so that it would not be delayed.

Craig Wright, son of Joseph Wright, an old friend, has invited us to visit him on his 1100-acre ranch.

* * * * *

Sunday, August 12th, en route.

The train left Winnipeg at 11.45 P.M. yesterday, Saturday. We found on board a lively company of actors who had finished playing an engagement at one of the theatres. They were as wide awake as if it were noon instead of midnight, and the next day afforded us much entertainment, as we watched them promenading at the various stations. The train was not a fast one and stops were frequent.

Numerous little gophers sat by the rails and looked at us with great curiosity, seeming not a bit afraid.

Our train was due at Wetaskiwin at 5 A.M., Monday morning, and we debated whether it would not be better

to stay on board two hours longer and return after breakfast at Edmonton. The latter is a thriving city of Northern Canada, and boasts one of the fine Canadian Pacific Hotels.

Our theatrical acquaintances were going there to begin an engagement at one of the theatres. They were all asleep when we left the train, and we did not see them again or look them up at Vancouver, where they said they would expect to see us.

We had done so much railroading that the shorter time and distance appealed to us. We reasoned that there must be some sort of station at Wetaskiwin where we could rest until we made inquiries as to where our friends lived. What was our surprise to find Craig Wright awaiting us, and it only five o'clock—not quite daylight. He had left home at 3.30 A.M., to take the long fifteen-mile motor ride from his ranch.

He at once took possession of us and our bags and piloted us to a clean, new, comfortable hotel across the way, where we found good coffee, ham and eggs ready for us. After breakfast he had a motor at the door to drive us fifteen miles to his home beside Battles River.

It is just harvesting time and the country we rode through was a sea of gold. He and his sister, Mrs. John S. Mucklé, live in a group of houses, surrounded by barns, storehouses, etc., in the centre of the rich land, covered with growing wheat and oats. Each individual seems to require a house to himself. Mrs. Mucklé and her son, Craig, occupy one, Craig Wright another, and we were assigned to the third house, with a large dining room through the middle, and a large kitchen on one side and a large bedroom on the other.

Craig has a fine machine shop and many up-to-date

farm engines, and seems to be nicely fixed and to know what he is about.

The soil on his ranch is a superb brown, some ten or fifteen feet deep, like that on our western prairies. On the road we passed numerous ducks in numerous pools, also many chickens, and hundreds of birds in the air. The creatures did not appear to be afraid of us and returned our stares.

Young Craig Mucklé was full of mischief. He had a pack of firecrackers he had been saving for a special occasion, and at dusk, our first evening, set them off close beside us. He said that friends from the States ought to have that sort of a welcome.

We stayed with them two days and two nights, which were full of interest. Craig drove us all over his property. It spread from horizon to horizon. On our last night, there was a grand display of northern lights, but no one appeared to take especial notice. They seemed to be a common sight.

We had never experienced more thorough hospitality and left with regret early on the 15th, with plenty of wraps, for the morning was cold.

Our train for Calgary left at 9 A.M. from Wetaskiwin station and you can imagine our joy to behold waiting for us our long-lost trunk, just in time to be checked through to Banff.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL,
August 16, 1917.

My DEAR FRIEND WRIGHT:

You left your bed at three in the morn,
When every fellow feels forlorn,
To be effeminate, you would scorn!

And met us at Wetaskiwin,
A busy town, with dirt and din,
Welcoming us, as though of kin.
To the hotel we then were taken
And breakfasted on eggs and bacon,
Hunger and thirst forthwith forsaken.
Your auto met us at the door
To carry us fifteen miles or more,
To your splendid ranch by Battle's shore.
The roads were very smooth and good
O'er thick black soil for motors trued.
The weather wore its happiest smile,
Wild ducks and gophers did beguile.
The day was warm, bright shone the sun,
And all too soon our ride was done.
We'll ne'er forget those bungalows,
Out of the oats and wheat they rose,
Our memory of them ever grows.
You gave us welcome from the start,
Your sister, too, with gentle art,
Made us forget the busy mart.
Accept, dear Craig, our bread and butter thanks
From two quite old and crippled cranks,
Who both once trod the youthful ranks.
Good-bye from us to your lovely sister,
To playful kid, who tried to assist her,
And to yourself, from your friend Jones Wister.

BANFF,
August 17, 1917.

DEAR ———:

We arrived at Calgary about 2 P.M. It is a large prosperous city and resembles Winnipeg. Having had our

lunch on the train, we started for a walk to the Hudson Bay Company's store. These shops are always located in the business part of a city, and in selecting that as a goal, we knew we would see enough to judge of Calgary's business prosperity.

In Canada during the summer months all shops close two half days each week, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, so as it was on a Wednesday afternoon that we were at Calgary, found ourselves barred out, and had to content ourselves with a walk, winding up at the Grand Palliser Hotel.

I have spoken before of these magnificent railroad hotels. Too much cannot be said in praise of them. Our train for Banff was scheduled to leave at 5 P.M., so we rested awhile in the hotel reading rooms, and returned to the depot. There we were amazed to see hundreds of Chinese and Japanese laborers, boarding a train east to be shipped to France for army work. By the way, in Canada all bell boys, errand boys, elevator men, etc., are Japanese. Indeed, men from the far east are pressed into all sorts of service.

The ride to Banff was interesting in the extreme. Daylight lasted so long that we were able to see mountain after mountain capped with snow. We had passed through so much flat country since leaving Cape May that we felt as if we could not get enough of the wild scenery.

Banff seems to think itself the best place on the map, and I am not entering into any argument on the subject. The enormous hotel is located in an immense mountain cup. Bare rocks of stupendous dimensions, rugged and seemingly inaccessible, surround it, yet almost every foolish tourist insists on climbing at least one or two of

these heights. Our Pennsylvania mountains have neither the grandeur nor bleakness of the Canadian Rockies, but can rival them in unsurpassed picturesque beauty.

Each point of interest offers drives. At Banff we took one in company with two boys, who were full of life and college songs, and I enjoyed singing with them. It is times like these which make me forget that I am no longer a boy. We had our kodak pictures taken in the carriage, and were promised one of the group when finished, which we hope to receive.

Banff is quite a large town. It possesses a wild animal preserve and a zoological garden, to both of which we drove, after a wonderful ride round, about and between mountains, with glimpses of superb scenery.

The hot spring of which we drank, in this northern region, and the hot baths, are unique. The former supplies the water, which comes boiling hot from the earth, for the swimming pool of a splendid modern stone bathing pavilion, frequented by numbers of swimmers, guests of the hotel, and other sojourners at Banff.

The air was exhilarating, and we enjoyed our good dinner on returning to our hotel. Rooms, with bathrooms attached, are always located in the "new" building, and about forty miles, it seemed to us, from the office or dining room.

At one end of the hotel a circular ballroom looks out on its three sides to wild mountains. We met Mr. and Mrs. Hampton Carson, intending to stay two weeks, while he was resting and writing up an address to be delivered in September to members of the Bar at Saratoga. Also, Edward Illsley and wife. Ned had some good trout fishing near Lake Louise before coming to Banff.

We stayed two days at Banff, and then took an hour's ride on the train to Lake Louise.

LAKE LOUISE HOTEL,
August 18, 1917.

DEAR ———:

We have been too busy looking at the lake and glacier beyond from our windows, while indoors, and too busy seeing more and more beautiful peaks and snow mountains and other interesting and unusual sights out of doors, to find time for a letter until to-night.

We discovered that a sight-seeing automobile would leave the hotel at 2 P.M., and at once secured places in it to visit Lakes Moraine and Consolation. En route we met a bear with three cubs. I believe it is unusual for a bear to have more than two cubs. This bear was huge and threatening, for she planted herself in the middle of the road in front of the automobile, and growled at us until one of the small bears, which had gone up the hill, returned to her, when she condescended to permit us to pass on, and, with her family, hastened down the mountain side.

MT. STEPHEN HOUSE, B. C.,
Field, August 19, 1917.

DEAR ———:

We are taking the wonders and glories of the Canadian Rockies in great hunks. Banff we found less wonderful than we expected and Lake Louise an unsurpassed gem. Each stop is provided with luxurious hotels, and the dining car service is exceptionally good.

The hotel at Field is deceptive; at first sight it seems an old-fashioned one, and we felt that it was superfluous to ask for a bathroom, but, to our surprise, we were shown around and up stairways, through numerous passages to a building back of the main hotel, which fronted

directly on the railroad, where were modern luxurious bedrooms with bathrooms, etc.

Yesterday we reached here (Field) about 11 A.M., after about an hour's ride in the cars from Lake Louise. After a twelve-o'clock lunch we left for a thirty-six mile drive through the Yoho Valley, Takahaw Falls, and then to Emerald Lake, where we dined, reaching this hotel at 9.30 P.M. We saw no game and only one gopher. Some say they are good eating. I believe they would make better terrapin meat than muskrats.

It is a good thing for this part of Canada that the idle tourist comes in great numbers, for we are passing through the most forbidding country one can imagine, for any purpose except to look at.

The hotels are unsurpassed. Where all the people get the money to pay the extravagant charges, remains a mystery.

GLACIER HOTEL,
August 20, 1917.

DEAR ——— :

Glacier Station is no longer where it was before the mountain was pierced by the Selkirk Tunnel, but is now one and a half miles away from the hotel, over a very bad road. The place is lovely.

We seem to like every place we reach better than any of the others, which means that we are continually feasting our eyes upon new wonders.

Glacier is a field of ice, between high snow-covered peaks. An enormous flow of water from the melting glacier makes about as much noise as the breakers on the seashore.

When you girls think you have seen all the good things in the world, come here and be disabused.

Hampton Carson agrees with me that the most beautiful mountain scene is the view from the top of Mount Rigi in Switzerland at sunrise. The sun tints are brilliant, red and pink, and all colors combined, which make the Jungfrau Mountain and the many peaks surrounding it brilliant beyond any power of description, and though it is twenty-eight years since I saw it, I remember the sight as though of yesterday.

We passed through the Selkirk Tunnel just before we reached Glacier. There are many small waterfalls which add picturesqueness to the scenery. Grandeur, height and ruggedness are the leading features of the Canadian Rockies. There are many mountains covered with foliage. The trees are all pine, and all spiral, straight as flagpoles, and seem to have grown especially for telegraph or telephone purposes. We are gathering numerous views.

There is an attractive little shop near what was the old railroad station. The platform is still there, and I was tempted to buy some beads as souvenirs, for young people at home.

* * * * *

I AM very old, past seventy-eight years of age, yet I love young people, and to see them enjoy themselves. We have been to many dinners, to the assemblies, and to almost every ball given during the winter of 1916 and 1917, yet instead of improving when the awful tragedy of a World's War is on us, society and morals seem to be retrograding in an alarmingly swift fashion. Short, tight skirts and bare backs and breasts do not appeal to my respect, or, I believe, to the respect of any man any more now than they would have done sixty years ago. Why mothers allow their daughters to make exhibitions of themselves, I fail

to understand. Nor why they allow them to smoke, drink cocktails, and dance modern rag-time dances. This morning a young party are just starting on a horseback trip over the mountains, two of the girls are dressed in trousers, which I am too old-fashioned to admire. Indeed, I am altogether out of date and very old, but not too old to criticise and to protest against transgression and demoralizing impropriety. The opera exerts a bad influence. There are very few operas which do not reek with immorality. Young people of both sexes meet in box parties, go time and again, and though they do not consult the libretto there, know full well all the intricacies of the plot, and listen to entrancing music, which makes seductive vice all the more attractive.

When I was a boy,
The girls were so coy,
They'd scarcely give me a glance.
If I wanted to talk,
Or with one take a walk,
I was lucky if I got a chance.
If I went to a ball,
They did not appal,
Half-naked they did not appear.
Their parents were blessed,
With girls properly dressed,
Modest in front and in rear.
But to-day we discover
What should be under cover,
Bare skin, both forward and aft.
A tailor-made gown,
Cut extremely low down,
One asks if the girl be not daft?

She says, " Not the least so,
'Tis the fashion, you know,
To bare both bosom and arm.
I am here to look well,
As I'm after a swell,
'Tis wiser to show every charm.
Both legs you may see,
Quite up to the knee,
My shape is thus clothed to admire."
" But you're wrong, foolish girl,
Not mid ball's giddy whirl,
Do men take stock in your clothes.
In seeking a wife,
True and loyal through life,
He'll scan you from topknot to toes.
He seeks for a bride
A girl chaste and tried,
One whose charms all cannot see.
In fact, a girl set apart,
From the frolicsome mart,
For his bride and his darling to be."
So girls, take this warning,
The men are all scorning
The girls who wear scanty attire.
Yet they all like a chance,
To hug close in a dance,
The girls whose legs they admire.

HOTEL VANCOUVER,
August 21, 1917.

DEAR ———:

We have been just two weeks on our way and leave
for Victoria and Seattle to-morrow. We had intended to

go to Portland, but as we were there twenty years ago, and know all about its geography, we can imagine the large modern city it has since become, and take that much longer time at Glacier Park.

We have finished our Canadian tour and found the scenery, as described by folders, not exaggerated, but a stupendous success. Yesterday, when we passed Sicamous, we had a gorgeous sunset, the railroad skirted the lake, and as we were in the dining car we had a good view of it. The effect was very peculiar and beautiful, the light of the sunset being reflected on the water, which, acting like a mirror, in turn reflected the light to the snow-capped mountains, until darkness finally blotted it out.

Sicamous Hotel is built partly over the lake, and I should think a good place for a fisherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and daughters from Haverford stopped over there all night.

Many times have I pitied passengers in a Philadelphia sight-seeing auto, but have changed my mind, for to-day we took a drive with a party through a beautiful park and along the bathing beaches and now congratulate these same passengers for knowing how to enjoy a new city.

Vancouver is exceptionally well situated on hills overlooking a fine deep harbor. It rejoices in huge shops, trolley cars, moving picture palaces and magnificent residences.

The hotel is a huge one, covers a whole block, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of accommodation or food.

Our return home is likely to be about September first, and if all goes well, we will afterwards visit our friend, Mrs. William T. Carter, at Camden, Maine. We are also

thinking of dropping in on our two daughters at Northeast, and perhaps at the Houstons, who are occupying their wonderful mansion at Casco Bay. So, you see, our strength and our giddiness are running a race.

We were anxious for letters and this morning went to get them at the Bank of Montreal, situated on the principal thoroughfare. From there we went to the Customs Office for a package which had been sent us by parcel post from Philadelphia.

NEW WASHINGTON HOTEL, SEATTLE,
August 23, 1917.

DEAR ROWLAND:

Although on the Pacific shore, I do not forget my Belfield friends. Mrs. Wister and I have just finished the tour of the Canadian Rockies, which is an object we have been wanting to accomplish for years.

My brother Rodman (peace to his ashes) was so enthusiastic over Lake Louise that we wanted to see for ourselves what it looked like.

Banff thinks itself the best spot in the Rockies, and I am not going to argue the subject. But every frog has its own special puddle, and Lake Louise is ours. It is not a large lake, probably not over twenty-five to forty acres, but nestled at the foot of two mountains covered with pine trees, each almost the pattern of the other, and each tree a perfect spiral in shape; it seemed to us the culmination of beauty. Our room looked out upon the lake (\$1 extra), but the dollar was well spent, especially in the morning, when the distant glacier was reproduced in the lake's mirror.

I have been to Mirror Lake in the Yosemite, and have seen the scenery of many mountains upside down in the

rivers, but Lake Louise seemed to us the rarest gem of them all, and the most perfect scene in the rockies.

When at Lake Louise we took a motor ride to Lakes Moraine and Consolation, over a good road, and saw two pedestriennes, a bear with three cubs, a lynx, two wildcats, and a hedgehog, besides some stupendous mountains, the ten peaks, etc.

At Lake Moraine we saw two fishermen with a string of twenty-six mountain trout, which made me want to try my hand, but I did not come out to fish and was not equipped for wading.

We visited many of these western towns twenty years ago (1897), and their growth is fabulous. Seattle had at last census 327,000 inhabitants. It now must have at least 400,000.

The lumber interest seems to be quite extensive. Someone told us that the Yankees had appropriated most of the good lumber in Canada. The country over which we have travelled is most varied. East of the rockies were thousands of acres of ripening wheat and oats. Thousands of small and large pools, each of which was the breeding place of a flock of ducks (mallards), so tame that the locomotive did not frighten them.

We visited a friend named Craig Wright at Wetaskiwin. His 1100-acre ranch is fifteen miles from the station. The road is over as beautiful a soil as I ever saw. At least ten to fifteen feet in depth, with wheat, oats, and barley about ready to harvest.

We have reservations for Glacier Park (via Great Northern), leaving here at 9.15 to-morrow morning, and are due in Philadelphia about September first to third.

We would stay here (at Seattle) another day, but one can

see crowded streets and big stores at home. Kind regards to any inquiring friends. I see Savery and Osborn are playing good tennis.

Yesterday was an ideal day, and the trip to Victoria uneventful and pleasant. We took a stateroom on the upper deck so as to rest if we felt like doing so.

At Victoria the boat stopped for two hours and everybody rushed off for a drive or to lunch at the Grand Hotel, which, if anything, surpasses all others in magnificent appointments, while the buildings around it are in keeping. When we travelled there twenty years ago, on our way to Seattle from Alaska, there was not even a decent eating saloon or a pretentious-looking building.

We reached here at 11 P.M. last night, and at first had difficulty in securing a room, as the vast hotel was crowded. However, at last the clerk found us one with bath on the top floor, very large and very comfortable.

Mrs. Wister wants to stay over, she says she is tired of scenery, but I tell her that if she will only go on to Glacier Park, she can rest there in the hotel while I fish; that I have been travelling all this distance, hoping to find good fishing at Glacier Park. We will probably stay there several days.

This morning after breakfast we went to the railroad office to have our tickets viséed. We had dropped Portland and the tickets had to be changed. Coming back, we bought some of the largest, most delicious peaches I ever saw. I also bought a book at the newspaper stand by Walt Mason, "His Book," which I shall read aloud after going home. We have mailed it and the beads and some other trifles via parcel post to 1819 Walnut Street, and expect they will reach there before us.

GLACIER PARK,
August 25, 1917.

DEAR ———:

We reached Glacier Park Hotel about noon to-day, and were fortunate in securing a room on the second floor, overlooking the huge main hall from our door, and having a private porch and bathroom attached on the side, with a beautiful view from both porch and windows.

The hotel is built entirely of unbarked wood inside and outside. The largest of the spiral trees we had so much admired were used as columns to uphold the roof. The inside balcony ran all around the huge hall, and the doors of the second floor of bedrooms opened out on this balcony.

The vast hall looked grand and imposing by daylight, but at night, when lit up by hundreds of Japanese lanterns, each one with an electric bulb inside, the effect was one of enchanted fairyland. The rough wood and absence of plaster gave it an effect that needs to be seen to be appreciated.

There is a huge fire of logs in the centre of one end of the hall, the chimney hanging like a huge inverted funnel over it, with easy chairs around. At the other end was the dining-room door, and on either side of that is the office and tourist agency for parties motoring, riding, or sight-seeing, and railroad accommodations.

At night moving pictures are thrown on a large screen at one end of the hall, so that looking out our door, we were able to see them on the reverse side. We are delighted with our quarters and expect to be very comfortable. We made inquiries about trips, decided to rest tomorrow, Sunday, get our bearings, and to motor on Monday morning to the Two Medicine Lakes.

This morning in the dining car they served heaping saucers of delicious large red raspberries, fruit we have not had for a month.

There is a wide corridor connecting the two hotel buildings with glass on each side, and a double row of writing desks, at one of which I am now seated, and while looking up, can see by moonlight glorious mountain scenery.

The hotel is built beside a small river and from its high banks and rough sides I should judge that in the rainy season it must be a roaring torrent.

ADDENDUM

It is far easier to say what is not true than to **proclaim** the truth, far easier to destroy than to build, far **easier** to undermine a structure than to substitute something **better**.

Morality and purity and self-denial are a trinity upon which to base a Christian life. The influence of the Church of Christ upon the lives of individuals is the best that has ever been devised. Faith through the moral teachings of Christ, of peace on earth, good will to men, permeates through the community, doing good.

Our powers of intelligence are limited. The finite mind is unable to understand the infinite. It is only by studying and comprehending things lower that we can finally evolve realization of things higher. For instance, a man at the head of a vast factory, who is worthy of the position, must understand not only the executive end, but also the smallest detail of his manufacturing department. Otherwise, he will not be able to see or remedy defects which might impair the perfect working of the whole.

Carry this to the point under consideration. Our universe is the largest enterprise of which we know. We cannot conceive it without a head, and that head must be omnipotent to grasp all its workings, so that "everything will work together for good." "The God who is everywhere"—think what is meant by "everywhere!" Omnipresent!

Think of the grub which lives at the bottom of a slimy pool, unattractive and uninteresting; it slowly works its way to the surface, when, casting off its ugly body, it soars above as a gorgeous dragon-fly. By this humble ex-

ample we can understand the spiritual world. As the dragon-fly hovers near the water, he is yet unable to communicate with the grubs he knows are beneath, nor can they understand him, or know that he is hovering near.

Nature is full of such illustrations. The cocoon which bursts its shell and becomes the beautiful butterfly, etc. All in nature advances; there is no retrograde movement. Assuming this theory to be correct, anyone who has watched a loved one die must realize that nothing is left but his shell, the spirit has gone to a hereafter to which we can go, but that spirit can no more come back than can the butterfly return to its cocoon existence. Yet the spirit exists, and if it exists, it lives, and if it lives, it may be near us every minute influencing us for good. We cannot see a spiritual body or soul until we are free of the bondage which binds us to our present grub condition.

Let us ponder on these truths and "live in the present so that when the future has become the past, there will be no cause for regret." "To do our best and leave the rest." Not one thing we do is unknown to our Lord. We may be small atoms, but our influence on neighboring atoms has a part in the perfect working of the whole.

As we stand above an ant hill teeming with bustling, busy creatures, each intent on its own business, do they not suggest the thought that we appear as insignificant to the eyes of a Superior Being? The ants are oblivious of our presence; perhaps they deny, as some of us do, that there is any creature superior to themselves, scouting the idea of a higher intelligence, and in blindness refusing to admit the existence of such Being.*

* This was found among Mr. Wister's papers—it expresses his views of the transition from this life to life hereafter.

BELFIELD COUNTRY CLUB

November 20, 1917

THE duty of making the annual address to the members of the Belfield Country Club devolves upon me through the unfortunate death of our late lamented President, Mr. Jones Wister, who passed away in Chicago on August 31st. Mr. Wister had been the President of this Club since its reorganization and incorporation in 1899, at which date the present name was assumed, it having for about ten years previously been known as the Belfield Club, with which Mr. Wister was also prominently connected. He was no mere figurehead, but an active member and patron during the Club's entire existence. In his early life he was an enthusiastic cricketer; later a devotee of golf and always interested in young people and their activities. Our general section of Germantown and its railroad station bear the name of his family and the Club's own name is derived from the Belfield farm, which belonged to them. Notwithstanding his approximately four score years, Mr. Wister was still active and vigorous, regular in attendance upon the meetings of your Board of Directors and all formal functions of the Club. Only a couple of days prior to his departure on the trip to the Pacific Coast, from which he never returned, he stopped at the Club to see how things were going and asked that I explain his absence during the coming month. From Seattle, his farthest point West, he wrote to the Club through me, sending greetings from himself and Mrs. Wister and giving some account of his trip

through the beauties of the Canadian Rockies. It was indeed a great shock to learn, through the newspapers, of his death only two days after this letter came to my hands, and I am sure his loss is one that is felt by us all, both individually and collectively.

WILLIAM F. ROWLAND,
Vice-President.

JONES WISTER *

As a labor of love I must accept THE AMERICAN CRICKETER's request for a "notice" on our late comrade, Jones Wister, the last survivor of that family of cricket brothers, Wm. Rotch, John, Langhorne, Jones, Francis, and Rodman.

Cricket owed much to them. They were not only enthusiasts about the game, they were organizers and energetic—they were fighting Quakers. They all wore cricket flannels at times and soldiers' uniforms at other times, returning with joy to the tented fields of peace. They were descended from settlers, who preferred America to Germany, but their kind, gentle, true, honest, sportsmanlike characters would never have betrayed their origin. Wm. Rotch Wister, in 1840, was quite the first American cricketer. It was through his knowledge of the game in association with some of the English resident players, that the others of the family founded the Germantown Cricket Club in 1854. This was the first American organization of the kind. They met and played on the Wister home grounds. Jones was one of the most active and by the time George Parr's all England eleven "came over" in 1859, playing at Philadelphia, we learn by the

* From *The American Cricketer*, Sept., 1917.

score that he led all the rest. He played then as he always played, swiping hard or blocking dead, trusting rather to his physical strength than to the theoretical science of batting. He never "put the ball away" in his life, I know, for I was official scorer for that game in 1859, and in decades afterwards found Jones' style unchanged. His brother, Wm. Rotch, captained the United States 22 against Parr's eleven. He was a correct player, without any particular "stroke," but as an instructor of the younger aspirants, and as a steady patron of the game for over sixty years, he could not escape being called "The Father of American Cricket."

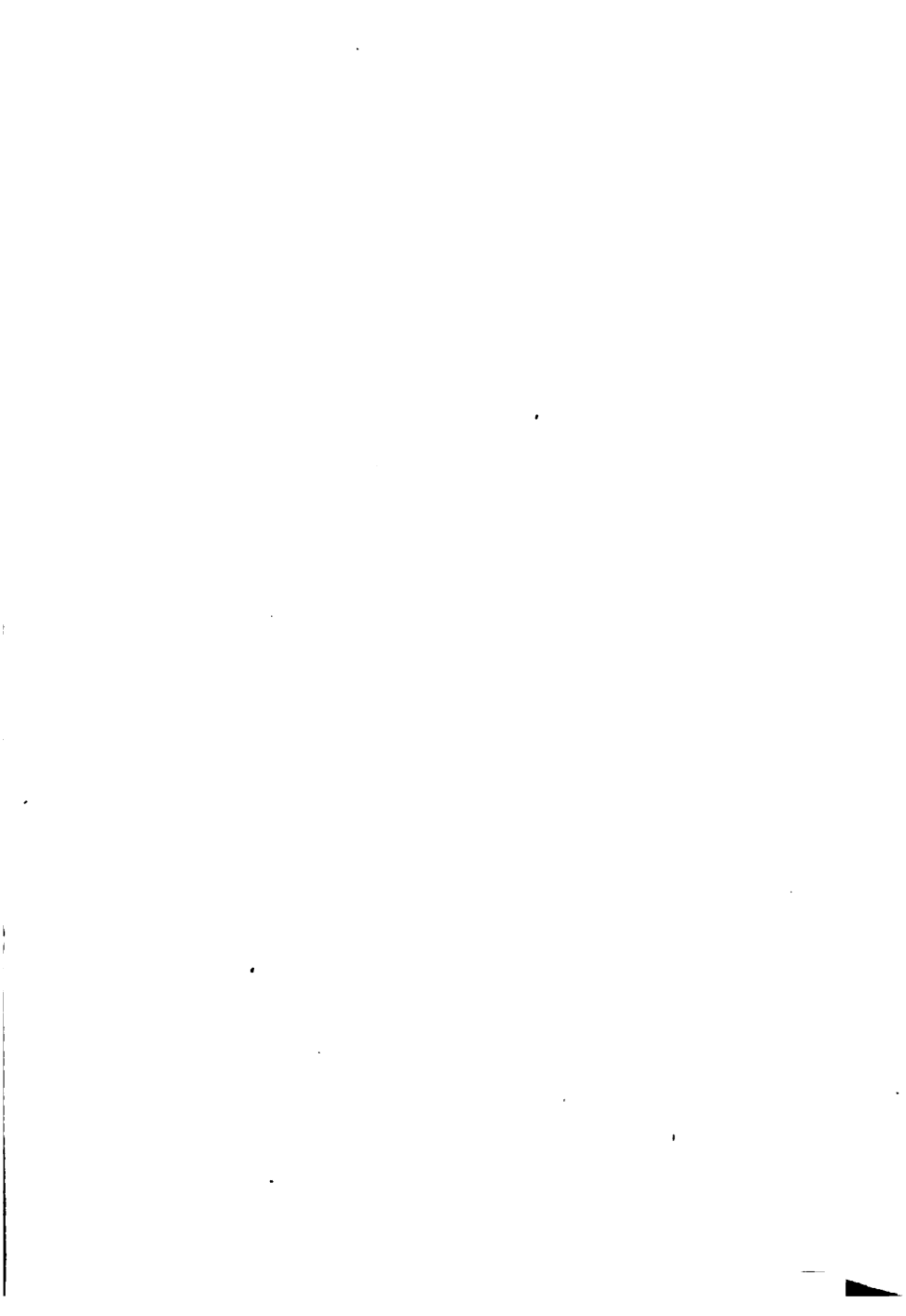
Jones Wister, as all loyal cricketers always are, was true to the noble game from first to last. I admired him in the early days as being intimately associated in cricket with my brother Walter—they both seemed to have such a love of the game and to be always pulling together. Cricket then was the only ball game to play, and deep were the impressions it made. After the Civil War, Jones, and his brother John, organized and maintained the Duncannon Cricket Club for years. Returning to Philadelphia before the consolidation of the Germantown and Young America Clubs, thus founding "Manheim," our friend played with the old organization, dead blocking and swiping as of old. He did the same as a veteran—and if not so, neither he nor his old friends would have enjoyed themselves. That is one of the beauties of cricket, from youth to hoary age one's play changeth not. Men and angels recognize the wielders of the willow from afar. It would scarcely do to claim that one's style shows one's character, but it is safe to say that one who keeps up any style of cricket over such a period of time

—from 1854 to 1917—is surely one of the “old boys” and a good sportsman.

It is probably a fact that the boy Jones, at fifteen years of age, was the first and foremost of that group who marched over to the Wister meadows and set up the first wicket. He, possibly, drove the first stump into the ground to inaugurate American cricket. He then devoted himself to the building up of the Germantown Club; mowing the field, rolling and sodding the ground, organizing and arranging matches with English local teams, and, before long, with rising rivals in and about Philadelphia; and, in their zeal to know more of the wonderful game, assisting in bringing the English champions to America in 1859; joining in the Civil War game; returning to cricket and never leaving it; organizing the Harrisburg Club, which thrived for the years that he was engaged in the mills there; later, always backing up the Germantown Club with all his influence, whether playing or not; writing a book on cricket with photographic illustrations for beginners; and attending all functions in the interests of cricket, year after year, the matches, meetings, banquets and the like—such things as only unselfish lovers of the game attend to.

Looking back over the history of our game in America, it would seem that the spirit of cricket brooding over this country, selected these six sturdy Wister boys to inaugurate this great sport among us, which they did, maintaining the “Institution” from that day to this, when the last of the band leaves their heritage to us. They saw the first of American cricket. We do well to honor their memory, for theirs was a good work, and the world is better for it.

GEORGE M. NEWHALL.



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